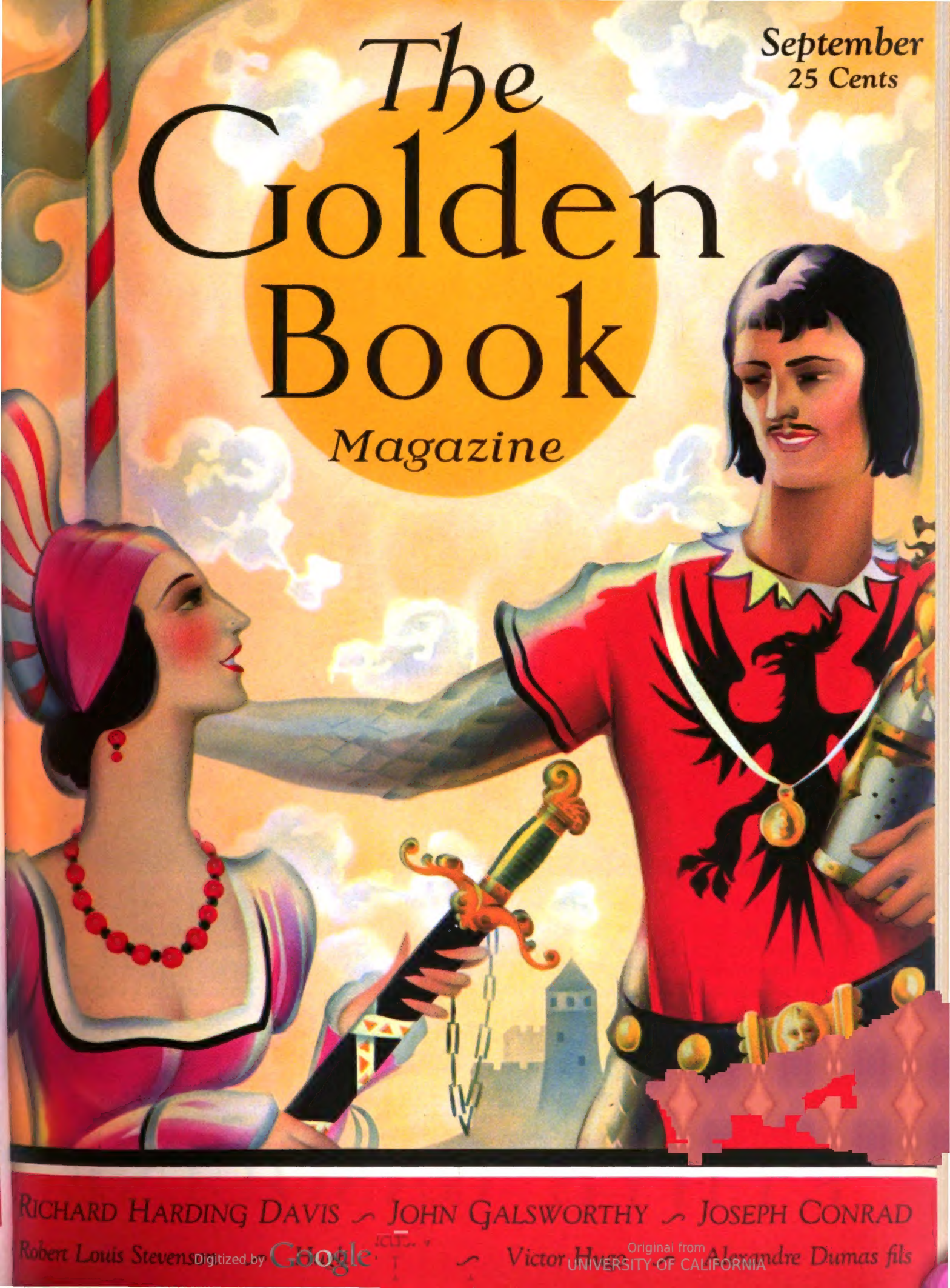
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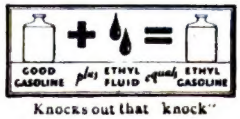


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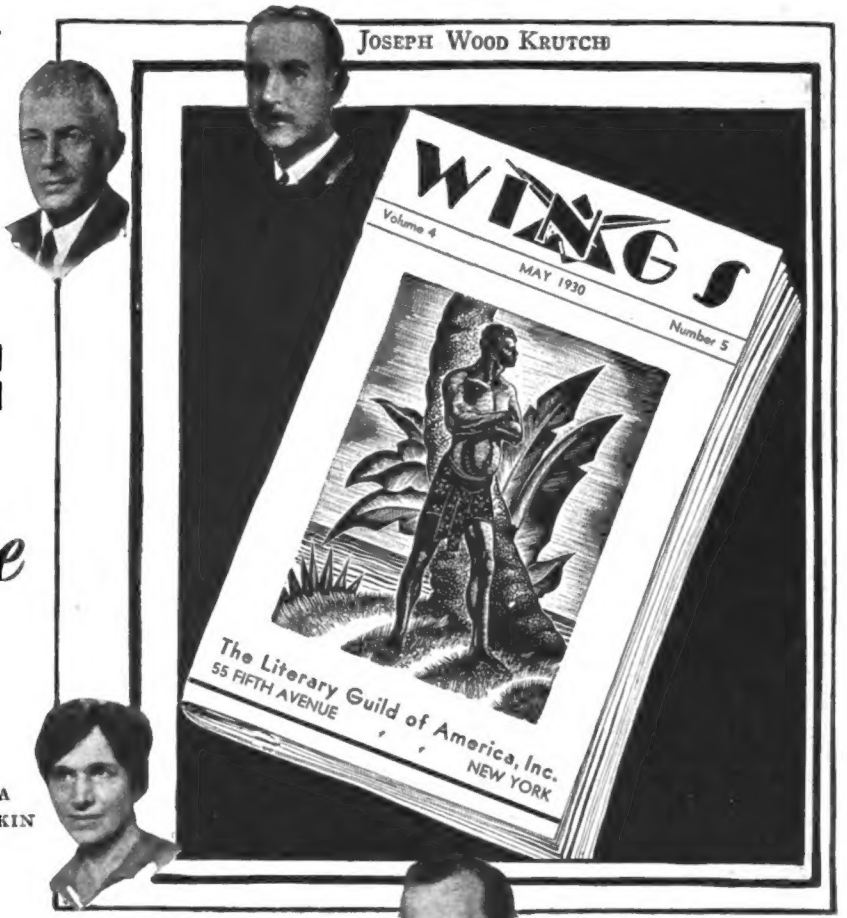


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# Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

AT THE AGE of twenty-eight when he published "The Unfinished Story," Richard Harding Davis had already won a brilliant reputation as a reporter on the New York *Sun,* and was accounted one of the few great American story-tellers for his "Gallegher," and "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan." The young Philadelphian extracted an enormous amount of fun out of life, week-ending at home with his family, poking through Chinatown, attending gay parties with Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, Charles Dana Gibson, E. H. Sothern, and Arthur Brisbane. Booth Tarkington wrote of him:

> To the college boy of the early nineties Richard Harding Davis was the "beau ideal of *jeunesse dorée,*" a sophisticated heart of gold. He was of that college boy's own age, but already an editor—already publishing books! His stalwart good looks were as familiar to us as were those of our own football captain; we knew his face as we knew the face of the President of the United States, but we infinitely preferred Davis'. When the Waldorf was wondrously completed, and we cut an exam in Cuneiform Inscriptions for an excursion to see the world at lunch in its new magnificence, and Richard Harding Davis came into the Palm Room—then, oh, then, our day was radiant. That was the top of our fortune; we could never have hoped for so much. Of all the great people of every continent, this was the one we most desired to see.

Born in 1864, he grew up in Philadelphia among literary and artistic surroundings. Both his father (who was a newspaper man) and his mother wrote and their friends numbered among them Booth, Jefferson, Boucicault, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. After attending Swarthmore for a year and graduating from Lehigh (Richard was not a good student, though he was popular alike with faculty and students), he went into newspaper work. His life as a reporter carried him all over the world; to New York; to Chicago to report the World's Fair; to Cuba to report the war with Spain; to Greece as correspondent during the war with Turkey; to Santiago during the Spanish-American War; to Africa during the Boer War; to Japan during the Japanese-Russian War, and finally to France during the World War. He died in 1916 leaving behind a glittering reputation as a journalist and war correspondent, and as a foremost American story-teller.

STACY AUMONIER knew the life of the professional "Funny Man." Aumonier was a quiet, mild-looking young man, but in 1908 when he was twenty-one years old, he took London by storm with recitals in person of his own original character sketches. He was chief entertainer at parties and performed at several London theaters. Rebecca West wrote of him: "He was an impersonator who had excelled Ruth Draper before Ruth Draper had visited these shores."

He had begun his career as a decorative designer and landscape painter, and had exhibited at the Royal Academy. For five years following he was on the stage, until, in 1913, he turned to writing. He was a private during the war and later a maker of charts at the Ministry of National Science. In December, 1928, he died at the age of forty-one. Though he was never well, he managed to make a name for himself in three careers. He left only a handful of books—three novels and three or four collections of short stories, but his quiet charm and deft handling of characters in dramatic situations have won him a definite place in modern letters.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY, whose "Selling Pigs" sparkles with such rare Irish wit, is only thirty-four years old, although he has already published five novels and packed a deal of adventure and travel into his life.

Born in 1896 in Aran Islands, Galway County, of strict Catholic parents, he was brought up on the Bible and Dickens. Though his family was poor, he went to the Jesuit College, studying for the priesthood, and later secured a scholarship to the University of Dublin. Intensely religious and patriotic, when Ireland called for volunteers to save Catholic Belgium, Liam enlisted under an assumed name (the greatest scandal that ever happened in the O'Flaherty family, according to his brother Tom). After a year of service at the front during which he wrote witty letters in Gaelic to his family, he was shell-shocked and returned to Ireland in time to take part in the Irish Revolution. He organized a troop of ex-soldiers and his little band held a public building in Dublin for a week.

When life became too quiet in Ireland for Liam, he decided to see the world without paying for it. During six weeks in London he paid his way by being a hotel porter, foreman in a brewery and clerk in an engineering firm. Finally he set out for the Near East and thence across to Montreal. He trekked across Canada as railroader, real estate agent, bookkeeper, lumber-jack, prospector, trapper, and hobo. He even visited this country, working in Boston, Hartford, and Baltimore. According to his brother, he was "always cheerful and utterly penniless, earning his living by working in restaurants and print shops or soap-boxing for the Labor Party" (he is an excellent speaker and his voice can reach six blocks in Dublin). While in Hartford, working in a tire factory, he wrote his first short stories, invariably throwing them into the waste-paper basket the moment they were finished.



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He then went to London where he wrote his first novel, *Thy Neighbor's Wife. The Informer, Spring Sowing, Mr. Gilhooley, The Assassin, The Mountain Tavern and Other Stories, The House of Gold,* and *The Return of the Brute* have followed in rapid succession. He now lives in Dublin, devoting his entire time to writing, and earning for himself an ever-increasing fame as Ireland's most distinguished novelist.

FRANCE WAS rich in literary men in the early nineteenth century—Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier and Honoré de Balzac were all at the height of their fame. And they were all representing in their own way a break with the older literary traditions. They represented the new romantic tendency in French literature.

Honoré de Balzac was born in 1799 in Tours, where his father held a civil position. From the age of nine to fifteen he studied at the College of Vendôme. He was then a "big, chubby-faced child" whose literary ability already marked him out from his classmates. He finished his studies at the Pension Lepître in Paris and then entered a notary's office. The law soon proved irksome and after three years of apprenticeship, he began writing —without success, however.

He had conceived the idea of a long, poetic drama on the life of Cromwell. After fifteen months of laborious writing he read his work to a group of his friends and relatives, who promptly declared that its author should take up "anything whatsoever except literature." Thus discouraged, in 1826 he entered into a partnership with the printer, Barbier. After three years of struggle, the venture ended and Balzac found himself poorer than ever, heavily in debt and with nothing for him to do but again turn to writing—a fortunate event for future generations of book-lovers.

He won his first success in 1829 with *Les Derniers Chouans* and by the time *Eugénie Grandet* appeared in 1833 his fame was assured. He wrote about thirty volumes under the names of St. Aubin, M. de Veillergré, St. Alme, etc., most of them designed to comprise a huge work, the *Comédie Humaine* which purposed to give a complete picture of human life in all its aspects. He died in 1850, before his great project was a third completed.

*The Elixir of Don Juan* was written in 1830 when its author was only thirty-one years of age. At the very outset of his literary career a friend had suggested to him the subject matter of the story. Later on he found the same story in a collection published about 1800. To the best of his belief it was some stray fancy of the early writer of horror-stories, Hoffmann of Berlin, now famed in the opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann.* Balzac has, however, taken the old story and remodeled it with his own genius.

MR. CABELL lives quietly in his home in an unfashionable part of Richmond, Virginia, seemingly unaware of the furor his writing has aroused and modestly doubtful of his high place in contemporary literature.

Born in Richmond in 1879, he attended William and Mary College. His last two years he taught Greek and French there, and then was a reporter for two years on a New York paper. When he returned to Richmond he married and settled down to writing. He works in a bare little room containing chiefly a desk, a huge unabridged dictionary, and the illustrations for his various books. It is there that he passes most of his days, coming out about noon for a two-hour luncheon recess and then returning to work until dinner. Saturdays he devotes to his voluminous correspondence, and Sundays he attends to his miscellaneous work, such as keeping his scrap-book up to date. It is his own private retreat and his cordial Southern hospitality does not extend to that inner sanctum.

Cabell seldom travels beyond the borders of his native state and seems to harbor a grudge against New York and other large cities. He is an antiquarian and a genealogist of note. Three volumes have already come from his pen on the history of the Branches and the Majors of Virginia from whom he is descended.

Shy and modest, he is reticent about his own personal affairs. He speaks with hesitancy of the charming play which we print in this issue:

> Prudence urges me here to forestall detection by conceding that this brief play has no pretension of "literary" quality. . . . The one virtue which anybody anywhere could claim for *The Jewel Merchant* is the fact that it "acts" easily and rather effectively.

Fate and a rather courageous Colonial Governor ordained that I should be sent on a special mission to the Sultan of Pahang—a large Malayan state on the eastern seaboard of the Peninsula—before I was quite one and twenty years of age. This was not, at the time, as reckless and desperate as it sounds. I had already more than three years' service and had acquired what was reckoned an unusual acquaintance with the vernacular. . . .

This meant that I was privileged to live for nearly two years in complete isolation among the Malays in a native state which was annually cut off from the outside world from October to March by the fury of the northeast monsoon; that this befell me at perhaps the most impressionable period of my life; that having already acquired considerable familiarity with the people, their ideas and their language, I was afforded an unusual opportunity of completing and perfecting my knowledge; and that circumstances compelled me to live in a native hut, on native food, and in native fashion in the company of a couple of dozen Malays—friends of mine, from the western side of the Peninsula,

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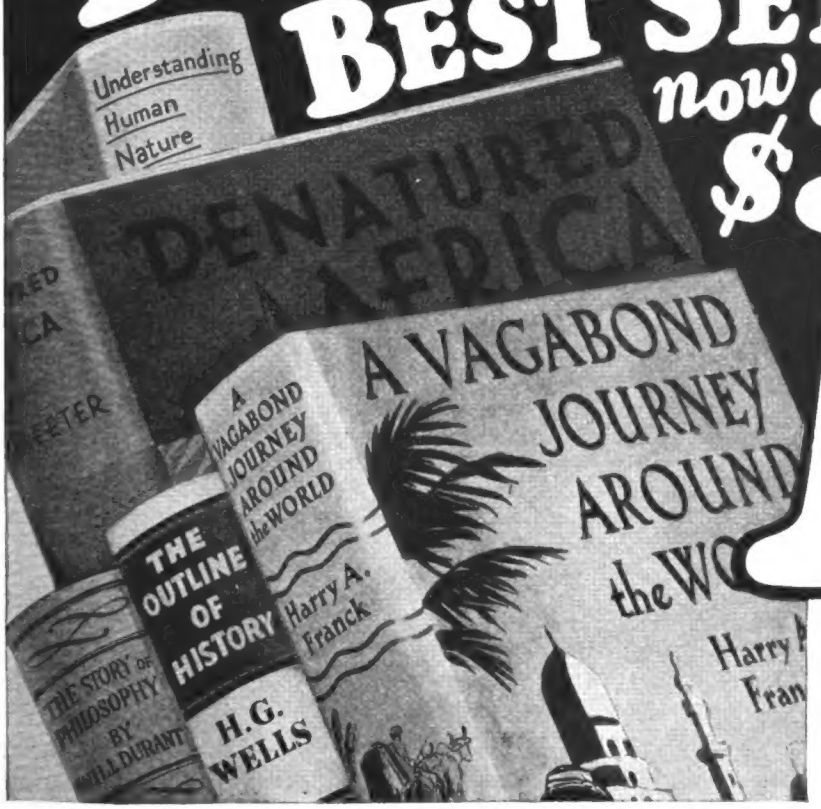


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# Are You Afraid to Face the Truth About Yourself?

THERE are occasions in the life of every man when he realizes how miserably he has fallen below what others have expected of him and what he had dreamed for himself. The "big" man faces the truth, and does something about it. The "little" man finds an excuse for his failure and does nothing. What are *your* answers when you ask yourself questions like these?

**Am I not drifting along aimlessly?**

**What, after all, is my purpose in life?**

**Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?**

**What is my greatest weak point?**

**Is it lack of will, poor memory, mental laziness, mind-wandering, or what?**

**Am I "licked" by life, am I a "quitter"?**

**What can I do, now, to "find myself"?**

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who had elected to follow my fortunes. . . .

This story is a relation of incidents in which the principal actors have been familiarly known to me. It faithfully reproduces conditions of life as they existed in the Malayan Peninsula before the white men took a hand in the government of the native states, or immediately after our coming—things as I knew them between 1883 and 1903—the twenty years that I passed in that most beautiful and at one time little frequented corner of Asia.

So wrote Sir Hugh Clifford of his experiences in the Malay Peninsula. Sir Hugh was born in 1866 and educated at Woburn. He went out to Malaya when he was seventeen as a cadet in the government service, and has had a distinguished career as colonial administrator in the Malay States, Trinidad, Ceylon and on the Gold Coast in Africa. He takes the keenest interest in all kinds of sports—especially in golf, shooting and swimming. Besides his administrative career, he has won distinction with his short stories. We like especially these stories of the brown folk of Pahang whom he knows so well and describes so vividly.

"MAX BEERBOHM is the most gentlemanly and the most elusive of humorists, descending from Charles Lamb and Thackeray. . . . He is our aristocrat of humor." So wrote C. Lewis Hind, famous biographer of literary men.

A great British caricaturist and writer, Max Beerbohm was born in 1872. He was the half-brother of the famous actor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. After graduating from Merton College, Oxford, he succeeded George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review*, where he won a well-deserved following with his light, witty reviews. While still in his twenties he began publishing the books of humorous essays on which his fame rests.

He would write, through spacious mornings, on cream laid paper, in large important calligraphy—and the erasures? Ah, the erasures! They were blacked out with an artistic blackness that a war-time censor might have envied.

As a caricaturist he is also beyond compare. In the six exhibitions of his drawings since 1901 "he has aroused more laughter than any two other caricaturists," writes one of his admirers.

He was quite a dandy in the London of the nineties, a very elegant figure at first nights and parties, a witty conversationalist, a gracious, pleasing guest. In 1910 he married an American, a girl from Tennessee, and the same year left England to take up permanent residence at Rapallo. Italy. His best known books are *The Works of Max Beerbohm, More, Yet Again, And Even Now* and *The Happy Hypocrite.*

The GOLDEN BOOK Contest for the best essay on "My Favorite Story and Why" seems to prove that for hundreds of our readers, at least, O. Henry is the most popular story-teller, with Maupassant, Stevenson, Kipling and Chekhov ranking next. We list here the twenty stories which have received the most votes. Fifteen of them have appeared in The GOLDEN BOOK:

The Gift of the Magi—O. Henry.
The Bet—Chekhov.
The Necklace—Maupassant.
Lodging for the Night—Stevenson.
Without Benefit of Clergy—Kipling.
The Procurateur of Judea—Anatole France.
Markheim—Stevenson.
The Monkey's Paw—W. W. Jacobs.
The Heart of Little Shikara—Edison Marshall.
Scared—William Hazlett Upson.
Three Strangers—Thomas Hardy.
The Outcasts of Poker Flat—Bret Harte.
The End of All—Nym Crinkle.
Purple and Fine Linen—Mae Edington.
Child of God—Roark Bradford.
Quality—John Galsworthy.
The Man with the Good Face—Frank Luther Mott.
The Pit and the Pendulum—Edgar Allan Poe.
Rappacini's Daughter—Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Man Who Saw Through Heaven—Wilbur Daniel Steele.

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# Authors and Books

SLIGHTLY TIMOROUSLY the publishers have taken their hands from over their ears. The din of dollar books has proved less dreadful than they feared. They are getting used to the horrid noise of business depression, and deciding that a good book will still sell. . . . So the first fall offerings are shyly making their appearance, and they are no less good than those of other years. . . .

FORTUNATELY MOST of the good books—with a few notable exceptions—are fiction . . . We find it hard to enter upon a contest with heavy thinkers in the heat. One of the best of these is *Doctor Serocold:* In it the record of one day in the life of a country physician is the simple base of a novel that has stability, spaciousness and charm. . . . Helen Ashton's *Doctor Serocold* (Doubleday Doran) is of the best tradition of American novel-writing, just as Doctor Serocold himself is of the best tradition of American medicine. . . . We see him start out middle-aged, over-worked, kindly and dry, a man whose scientific usefulness has deepened steadily with his experience, and to whom the love affairs, hates and spiritual maladjustments of his patients are as familiar as their bodily ills. . . . We follow him to the deathbed of a life-long friend, to the home of a fussy old lady, to poor folk, to the birth of a baby. . . . Steadily our affection deepens and our interest increases in tension, for Doctor Serocold, while he doles out calomel and advice, battles an ogre of expectancy. . . . All day he is awaiting a report which will tell him whether he has the cancer he suspects, and outwardly his accustomed self, he is inwardly reviewing the course of his full life. . . . The picture is a rounded one, the interest in the central figure heightened with every added detail, every shadow and homely lightness. . . . It is nice to find the Book-of-the-Month Club singling out such a very wholesome and fine homegrown product as this. . . .

Scissor-cut by L. Hummel from *The Little Pagan Faun.*

THE NOVELS James Boyd writes about early America have the vigor and freshness of the pioneer land. The details of this past life, with which so many historical romancers merely paint the lay figure of a story that might otherwise be taking place elsewhere, are knit into the muscular strength of his story; they have played their part in shaping his characters as the details of our daily lives have our own. . . . *Long Hunt* (Scribners), Mr. Boyd's latest, is set in pioneer Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri, with Murfree Rinnard, trapper and hunter, for dubious hero. . . . Always where Murfree went there was trouble. When he stayed in the woods, it was trouble he could handle, and that did not make him feel ashamed afterwards: being nearly killed by a bear, captured by Indians, or helping some silly lost settlers. . . . But surely it was not his fault if women liked him too well, and if his trips to Hill Town and Nashville and Natchez were apt to come to a sudden end, with some girl left watching the trail for his not-to-be return, or some man with a knife wound worse than the one he had aimed at Murfree. Although Murfree occasionally needed company, and liquor and love, he knew that he could never really settle down. He was an Eastern cowboy: wandering always, earning just enough with beaver skins or bear meat to come to town, have a good time, and then, outfitting himself on credit, go off again on a long hunt. . . . He could end only as this story does. . . . This is a good book, the first half better than the end; all of it without a false note as a recreation of that day. . . .

"A statue will yet be erected to the man who goes home when he wants to." Drawing by Don Herold, for Seldes' *The Future of Drinking.*

ALAS THAT not all of Edith Oliver's *Triumphant Footman* (Viking) is as good as it is at its best. . . . If it were, it would be by far the most light-hearted and delectable book of the year—Sylvia Townsend Warner having published nothing in 1930. . . . It is the story of Alphonse Biskin, footman, who foots it suavely among the Victorian bric-a-brac of Mrs. Lemaur's absurd drawing-room, concealing beneath his handsome exterior more imagination and gaiety than all Florence of the day possessed. . . . He impersonates the head of a Spanish museum, a chorus-boy, an Australian representative at the Jubilee Ball, a devoted secretary, a Vicomte—and at no time is he playing a part more than as himself, footman. . . . Needless to say, he does not long remain a footman; the end of the book is sufficiently irresponsible and glorious. . . . At times, however, the story breaks down into level stretches of modern and commonplace farce, and you will cherish it in your memory less as a complete success than for the gay inventiveness of the conception, a dozen neat barbs of wit, and a few great scenes. . . .

"SEED," by Charles G. Norris, starts out as a massive, clumsy record of the huge families of Captain Dan Carter and his brother and sisters in California in the 90's, and at length settles down into an able but often-written story of Bart who journeys to the East to become the inevitable novelist. . . . In the first half of the book there are no less than fifty cousins to be kept straight; one is never sure which aunt or daughter is having a baby (usually all of them are); which children belong to which; which are in love with the other. . . . It is perfectly clear throughout the book that there are too many children, however. This is in fact Mr. Norris's theme, heavily insisted



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upon. . . . It is also made very clear by Mr. Norris that the only children who are any good are those who break away from the family tree resolved to have fewer children. . . . Bart and Peggy particularly—who love poetry and come to the East so that Bart can write a great novel about the West. . . . They do have children, though; a fascinating editress enters Bart's life; and love dies in the crowded bedroom of a suburban house. . . . This novel like a protracted Thanksgiving family dinner has a thousand brilliant moments: the children's experiences and relationships; wedding anniversaries, visits to relatives, funerals, married interludes that are realism at its best, as Mr. Norris's can be. . . . If Mr. Norris had only taken his own theme more to heart, and had fewer children in the story, or less to heart and cared more for the painting of a broad canvas and the depths of character, this would have been a more readable book. . . .

From Foujita's *Book of Cats.*

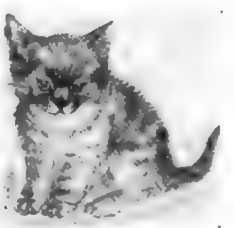
*Thirteen Men,* by Tiffany Thayer, is a book of thirteen case histories strung together by a fantastic and amusing string, spattered with collegiate irony and philosophy, and absorbing in interest. . . . Twelve of the men are the members of the jury chosen to judge the actions of the thirteenth—"The Phantom" who has murdered persons by the dozen, for reasons which, while all excellent, vary from the victim's being the child of hopelessly stupid parents to his singing a bad song badly in a revue. . . . It is the twelve brief biographies, in which the unexaggerated stuff of life is rendered intensely dramatic, that form the important core of the book. . . . From James F. Larkin, practical Irish idealist and man of wealth, to Thomas Patterson, sickly, incompetent father of seven, the gamut runs. . . . At last each sits on the jury seeing the problem of the prisoner through the bias of his own life: Mahlon Blaine has done magnificent end papers and not so good inside illustrations for the book in his own fantastic manner. . . . Claude Kendall publishes it. . . .

A FIRST NOVEL that helps make the world safer for first-novelists is *Red Wagon* (Bobbs Merrill), a story of circus life by Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of the Earl of Birkenhead. . . . Its power lies not in its style or story, but as a full canvas painting of a phase of circus life now known only to an older generation. . . . There is no attempt at cleverness, but rather a remarkably fine and unsentimental characterization that breathes authenticity. . . . It is the life story of Joe Prince, orphan of the American circus, early transplanted to the British Isles. No polish attaches to his rolling person as he rises from bareback rider to owner of a small circus. But his life is a happy pageant of clowns and tents and Romany gypsies, with misfortunes in love and disappointments in his children never as important as his circus. . . . *Red Wagon* is splendid. . . .

IRVING BACHELLER remembered that 1930 was the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers in time to write a pleasant novel about it. . . . *A Candle in the Wilderness* (Century) is the wholesome story of two young English lads who come to America in search of freedom and adventure, and find mighty little freedom, and more adventure than they bargained for. . . . They marry the maidens of their choice, however, in the end, and set about the serious task of being forefathers. . . . There is a wealth of interesting material here about Puritan life. . . .

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC NOVEL is *The Last Full Measure,* the final volume in Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow's trilogy about Abraham Lincoln. . . . This one covers the last years of the Civil War and Lincoln's death, with a truly absorbing account of the Booth conspiracy. . . . Like the earlier volumes, *Forever Free* and *With Malice Toward None,* Lincoln himself is the real hero, with a secondary younger hero who can be married off in the end for the sake of time-honored fiction formula. . . . As in the other volumes, too, the interest depends largely on a wealth of amusing and touching anecdotes about Lincoln and life at the White House. . . .

THREE OF THE notable exceptions we mentioned before are *Only Saps Work; The Future of Drinking,* and *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson,* which are good enough to rise above any heat.



THE SOLID CITIZEN is familiar enough with the activities of the ordinary mug—burglar, gangster, murderer or confidence man. But of the workings of the big, high powered executives ("the main guys," "big shots") of the easy money industry, he knows virtually nothing. . . . Yet his income is rarely affected by stick-up men, while the organized business of racketeering robs him daily in increased rents, increased cost of food, laundry, insurance, furniture. . . . Those who prefer to suffer knowingly can get a rough idea of where their dollars go from *Only Saps Work* (Vanguard Press), by Courtenay Terrett, handsome, highest-paid newspaper reporter. . . . Mr. Terrett did a good deal of poking about among rackets for the New York *World,* and his findings were cosmic. . . . The crude thug who muscles his way into a scant living does little to affect commodity prices and savings bank deposits. . . . The industrial extortioner who tacks $60,000,000 onto the cost of building operations in New York City in a year makes an unpleasantly close connection with every rent-payer. . . . Artichokes suddenly became unprecedentedly cheap when Mr. Ciro Terranova, the Artichoke King, could not watch them because he was answering questions at Police Headquarters. . . . All this can hardly fail to broaden your picture of industrial America. Mr. Terrett can write, and he knows rackets and how they are carried on. Rejoice with him in the increasing respectability of the racketeer who seeks to grow away from "slugs, apples and heat" (bullets, bombs and arson), and goes in for philanthropy, art and robin's-egg blue Rolls-Royces. . . .

BECAUSE Harold Bell Wright has written a new novel, *Exit,* his publishers have seen fit to send us some statistics, and we are a great one for statistics. . . . Mr. Wright's two first novels, *The Shepherd of the Hills* and *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* have, according to Appleton's, sold an aggregate, in America only, of 2,490,413 copies, and the average sale of a novel by him is 737,443 copies. . . . They do not send us his total sales—probably because no one can multiply as far as 437,443 times the number of books he has written. . . .

DISPASSIONATELY, EVEN CHEERILY, Gilbert Seldes in *The Future of Drinking* (Little, Brown) paints a speaking likeness of things as they are. . . . His book presents neither "assurance that the Eighteenth Amendment will be immediately repealed," nor "a brilliant solution to the problem of law enforcement." "What is said of the pleasures of drinking will irritate the professional drys and the very sour notes in the hymn of drunkenness will annoy the professional drunkards." . . . It cannot possibly be construed into argument for one side or the other, but it is propaganda of the most forceful, for change of some sort in the present situation. . . . Mr. Seldes shows that the art of drinking is dead, and drinking in America has instead become a religion, tyrannical, compulsory, intolerant . . . Worship is carried on at parties, and "a statue will yet be erected to the man who goes home from one when he wants to"—and does not ask next morning: "What happened after I left?" . . . Mr. Seldes also points out quite clearly that the unconscious priest of this religion is the man who believes that drinking is wrong. . . . On and on he goes, with little stories from life that smack of statistics, so convincing they are. . . . He leaves you thoroughly amused, but with a very horrid picture of what history books and

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archaeological records will some day say about a large portion of our country, 1930. . . .

IT IS A HUNDRED YEARS since the birth of that strange and lovely little creature, Emily Dickinson, with her gaiety, her elusiveness, her wit, her secretiveness of mind, her near madness and her flashes of thinking saner than sense. . . . And it is only very recently that anything has been known about her, because she never published the poems she wrote on little pieces of paper and hid away in her desk, and it is only this winter that three biographers have broken the seal of a family half-revelation of her life-story that left one more wondering than before. . . . The first two books, an excellent biography by Josephine Pollitt (Harper) and a reminiscence by Macgreggor Jenkins, who as a boy visited the little recluse in her Amherst garden, have now been capped by a rich, full volume called *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* (Knopf) and written by Genevieve Taggard, herself a poet fitted in every way to interpret the meager facts of Emily's life and the cryptic testimony of her poetry. . . . This book is certainly the most important literary biography of the summer—and it is thrilling reading. Miss Taggard has made an absorbing drama of the contrast between the "fifty-six years of sweet fastidious nothingness" that was this New England spinster's outward life, and the intense awareness within, which made of her submission to her father's confining dictates a knowledge of all liberty; of the two frozen buds that were her love affairs, a deep draught of life; of her seclusion and her garden, a philosopher's laboratory where she could watch the workings of her own mind and soul. . . .

ANOTHER FAIRLY WEIGHTY tome that we sailed through happily in spite of the heat was *Hindenburg—the Man and the Legend,* by Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voight (Morrow). . . . This is a competent-seeming biography about a man whose story holds great drama, a man who led two great wars, whose greatest moment was perhaps his moment of greatest defeat, who, seemingly an unchangeable royalist, has established his country as a firm republic. . . . The book deals largely with the World War years, attempting to weigh the contributions of Hindenburg and Ludendorff to the German victories and ultimate defeat. This they do by a recital of the campaigns in rather full detail—which proves, surprisingly enough, to make pretty good reading. . . . There is another biography of Hindenburg recently published by Macmillan, by Rudolph Wetterstetten and A. M. K. Watson, of which we also hear nice things. . . .

CERTAINLY AN OUTSTANDING biography of the month is the delightful volume by eleven-year William Marsh, *Our President,*


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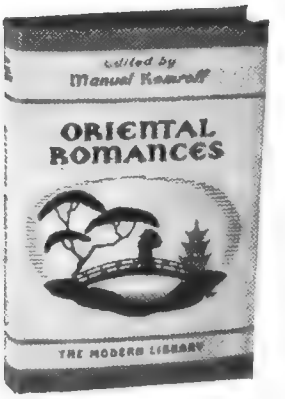


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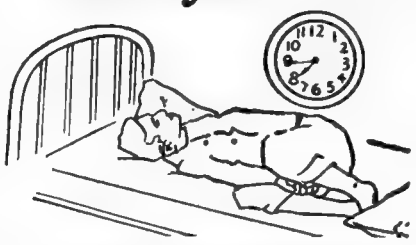
*Herbert Hoover.* . . . William Marsh, Jr., not only wrote but printed the first sixty copies of the book himself, then supply failing demand, turned the printing job over to Doubleday, Doran. . . . This biography owes its birth largely to a bad case of water on the knee, which kept William out of school for four weeks. William wrote and then set up his manuscript in type himself. Eventually his own type ran out and he had to borrow some from the local paper. When he had printed off sixty copies, William sent one to the *Herald Tribune,* asking for a write-up, which he received, on the front page. . . . Here is a moving passage about Mr. Hoover in love: "It was at the University that Mr. Hoover met his wife, Miss Lou Henry. Miss Henry was a beautiful girl, she was like Mrs. Hoover. . . . She heard the boys talking so much about a boy by the name of Herbert Hoover, so, like most all the girls, was very anxious to see what kind of looking person he was. Do you know girls are very curious; just mention a fellow's name a few times, and you are sure of getting the girls interested. I guess it was just this way in this case, too. So one day he happened to meet Miss Henry in one of the Professor's offices. I guess it was just luck for both, for I hear women say Mrs. Hoover is just the woman for the White House."

THROUGH WELL-CHOSEN excerpts from her letters, Dormer Creston has reconstructed, somewhat too tenderly for us, the romance of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and draped it in the title *Andromeda of Wimpole Street* (Dutton). . . . It is a Victorian dream of a love affair, anyway: the ogre father; the delicate invalid; the flame of love fanned by the constant current of letters; the flight to Italy. . . . The facts of this life are enough to make the hardest-boiled biographer grow sentimental. . . . Even after five years of married life, Mrs. Browning wrote: "Husband, lover, nurse—not one of these has Robert been to me, but all three together." And there are many appealing human touches. At the height of her love affair, she cries: "How dreadfully natural it would be to me, if you *did* leave off loving me!"

IT WAS HIGH TIME for a modern biography of *Captain Cook, Navigator and Discoverer,* and Maurice Thiery has done a good job in the book of that title published by McBride. . . . Captain Cook may even have been so long without a press agent in the shape of a conscientious but colorful biographer that some readers may have him confused with Dr. Cook, of hoax fame. . . . James, our hero, dwelt in the 18th century, and brought both lands and scientific honor to his native country, England. . . . He was a farmer's boy who had never seen the sea until at the age of 12 he set out for it, determined to become a sailor. . . . By the time he was twenty-four he was a mate,


# ACROBATICS *while you* SLEEP



Are you *sure* that you "slept like a log" last night? Or, would a moving picture machine reveal you rolled up like a ball, twisted like a rope or hanging over the side of the bed like a line of clothes? Drs. Johnson, Swan and Weigart took movies of 150 sleepers. The results were astonishing. They show that a soundly sleeping, healthy man may struggle through forty or fifty different positions nightly, not one of which will be held more than an hour. A description of this extraordinary, scientific experiment, with pictures of 33 "sleeping beauty" postures, appears in the September HYGEIA, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association. It is a real contribution to an all-important subject.

## COLDS *and* The Other Fellow

You have heard that colds are contagious, and you would like to know just how they are spread so that you can allay unnecessary fears and sensibly avoid the cold-infection. The September HYGEIA contains a timely discussion, by Dr. Rachael Ash, especially directed to parents and teachers, explaining the way colds spread and how to keep yourselves and your children from catching the debilitating cold-germ—a most helpful article with the cold season just around the corner.

## *Other Vital Features* in HYGEIA

"How Much Should the Patient Know?"—"The Tardy but Tempting Tomato"—"The Movies in Medicine"—"The Undernourished School Child"—"Questions and Answers"—these are only a few of the features of the September HYGEIA. Every article is written by an authority who proves theory with practice. The language of HYGEIA is non-technical, simple and even entertaining. Every issue is a gold mine of reliable health information. As you value your health you will value HYGEIA.

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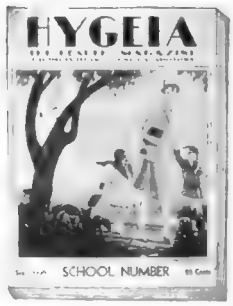


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and in the Royal Navy during the war of 1755 with the French he earned great distinction as a maker of charts and author of a treatise on eclipses. . . . In 1768 he set out as head of an expedition to observe the transit of Venus at Tahiti. . . . Incidental to this trip, Cook and his men discovered Australia and New Zealand. He was now a hero. And in addition to new and rich lands for the crown, he brought back with him amazingly accurate charts, biological and botanical specimens, and records of the lands he visited. . . . Between 1772-1775 he explored the Antarctic in his gallant but very inadequate ships and dispelled the legend of a great southern continent. . . . In 1776 he made a third and last voyage of exploration in the Pacific, during which he was killed by natives in Hawaii. . . . Cook possessed "a sure and profound knowledge of his profession" and "a vast and powerful genius." . . .

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, America's proudest boast as a biographer, makes it a practice to read a mystery story for exactly a half hour every evening before going to bed. "When the half-hour strikes, I stop," says he, "no matter if the assassin has his knife poised over the heart of the victim. Mrs. Bradford thinks this inhuman, but it suits my taste very well. I know there is always something for the next evening." And apparently no book has yet been found so absorbing that he doesn't hear the clock. . . .

MYSTERY STORIES which we can recommend are: *The Murder of Cecily Thane,* by H. Ashbrook (Coward-McCann); *The Coldstone,* by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott); *The Torch Murder,* by Charles Reed (Dutton); *The Secret of the Bungalow,* by Robert M. Casey (Bobbs-Merrill). . . .

FOUJITA'S *Book of Cats* comes with a complete extra set of its extraordinarily nice feline drawings. . . . Twenty of these loose sheets, the same size as the book (10x13), most suitable for framing. . . . They are on beautiful paper, and one of them is signed by the artist in person. . . . Foujita, as you no doubt know, is the most brilliant of modern Japanese woodcut artists and etchers, living in Paris and devoting a large share of his time to cats. The blurbs which accompany the pictures, elegantly described as "poems in prose," do not have to be read. . . . This is a limited edition signed by the artist, published by Messrs. Covici-Friede for $25 . . . and is a find for anyone who likes cats that much. . . .

THE PERFECT SUMMER soufflé is Stephen McKenna's *The Datchley Inheritance* (Dodd, Mead). . . . It misses no trick of rich old uncle, somber castle, eccentric will, and marriages to be brought about within a twelfth-month, and ends on a pleasant note of farce. . . .

**"Skunk"**

**What does *your* dictionary say that it is?**

SUPPOSE that you want a clear, concise definition of the simple word "skunk," and let us assume that you own a dictionary which defines the word as follows:

SKUNK—*An American mephitine musteloid carnivore of stout form, with a bushy tail, and very large anal glands that secrete a liquid of very offensive odor which can be ejected at will.*

Before you can fully understand this definition, you must have patience to look up the meanings of *mephitine* and *musteloid,* and possibly *carnivore* and *anal.* Four obstacles to easy comprehension!

Let us try defining *skunk* again. Turning to another dictionary, assume that you read:

SKUNK—*A fetid animal of the American genus* Mephitis, M. Mephitica. *By extension—2. Any species of one of the American genera* Mephitis Spilogale, *and* Conepatus, *and some others of the family* Mustidae, *as the African zorille, Asiatic zeledu, or stinkard, etc. See these words.*

After being annoyed by a mere parade of Latin names, we are told to look farther!

And *now* let us look up SKUNK in

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SKUNK—*A small American mammal (genus Mephitis) usually black with white markings, able at will to eject a liquid of very offensive odor. In the United States also called* polecat.

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AS LIGHT and irresistible a tale of "show business" as any stage-struck reader could ask is Dorothy Heyward's *Three-a-day* (Century). . . . Mrs. Heyward, hitherto known to us as an author only for her collaboration with her husband on the stage version of *Porgy*, has turned out a gay-sad chronicle of the footlight world that is also a penetrating picture of human inconsistencies. . . . Jan is a mediocre harpist, but a wonderful girl, managing and mismanaging the affairs of two worshiping fellow-troupers, whose talents carry them upward without her. . . . Mrs. Heyward herself has spent a few years on vaudeville circuits. . . . A musical comedy, *Jonica*, for which she wrote the book, opened on Broadway the same week that *Three-a-day* was published. . . .

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, we take pleasure in announcing that we have just read a straightforward, scholarly account of the dramatic life of Simon Bolivar, from which he emerges both human and a hero. . . . There have been three biographies of Bolivar this winter, and we admit to having read only this one by Hildegarde Angell (*Simon Bolivar, South American Liberator*, published by W. W. Norton. We hope to read the other two some day, for Miss Angell has aroused our interest in her dashing hero. . . .

THE LITERARY GUILD has embarked on a new venture. . . . On July Third, Mr.


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## Recommended Books

### *Fiction*

DR. SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A simple, absorbing novel made of no more than the happenings of a day in the life of a country doctor.

LONG HUNT, by James Boyd. Scribner's. $2.50. The trapper and hunter was an important member of American pioneer society, and here is an excellent novel with one for hero and North Carolina, Tennessee and Missouri woods and settlements for stage.

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN, by Edith Olivier. Viking. $2.50. The gay adventures in a Victorian world of such-a-footman-as-never-was, told with moments of inspired fooling, and always charmingly.

SEED, by Charles G. Norris. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A bulky chronicle novel about the evils of too many babies, set in California ranch land of the 90's and then in New York's literary world and its more stuffy suburbs.

THIRTEEN MEN, by Tiffany Thayer. Claude Kendall. $2.50. The life stories of a murderer and twelve men chosen to be his jurors, told in a fantastic novel with long stretches of sound brilliance.

RED WAGON, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. A portrait in full color of old-time circus days in America and England, by a young novelist who can create real character.

A PRETTY PICKLE, by Bellamy Partridge. Brewer and Warren. $2. A frivolous novel of mixed identities and the pickle industry, done with a nice, light touch.

MITSOU, by Colette. Albert and Charles Boni. $2. A delicate study of a Parisian dancing girl's love for a young man high above her station, which will increase your admiration for the artistry of Colette.

THE LAST FULL MEASURE, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. W. W. Morrow. $2.50. The last years of Lincoln's life are covered in this final volume of Mrs. Morrow's trilogy, which began with *Forever Free* and continued with *With Malice Toward None*.

LALLA ROOKH, by Thomas Moore. Dial Press. $5. Thomas Moore's oriental romance reappears in a new edition decoratively illustrated by Ben Krutcher.

FRENCH LEAVE, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs. Little, Brown. $2.50. Free love of an American artist in Bohemian Paris for an American heiress.

STORM AT THE CROSSROADS, by Tristram Tupper. Lippincott. $2.50. Six novelettes of unusual beauty and power, giving portraits of six unforgetable men, and the women who loved them.

THE IMMEDIATE FAMILY, by Nalbro Bartley. Farrar and Rinehart. $1. A modern girl attempts to escape her family.

THE LITTLE PAGAN FAUN, by Patrick R. Chalmers. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. A series of gay little stories, half-fairy tale, half satire, collected from *Punch*.

COMRADES AT ARMS, by Paul Feval. Longmans. A further continuation of the *Three Musketeers* by the gentlemen authorized by the Dumas family to do it. Cyrano and D'Artagnan foil Mazarin and rescue young George Villiers.

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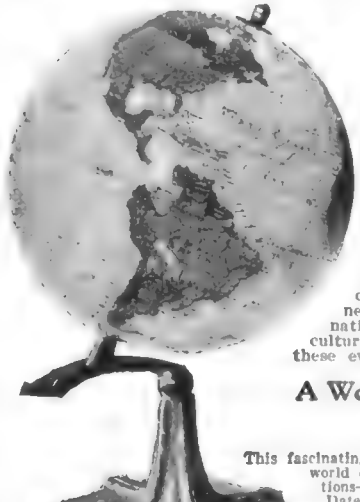

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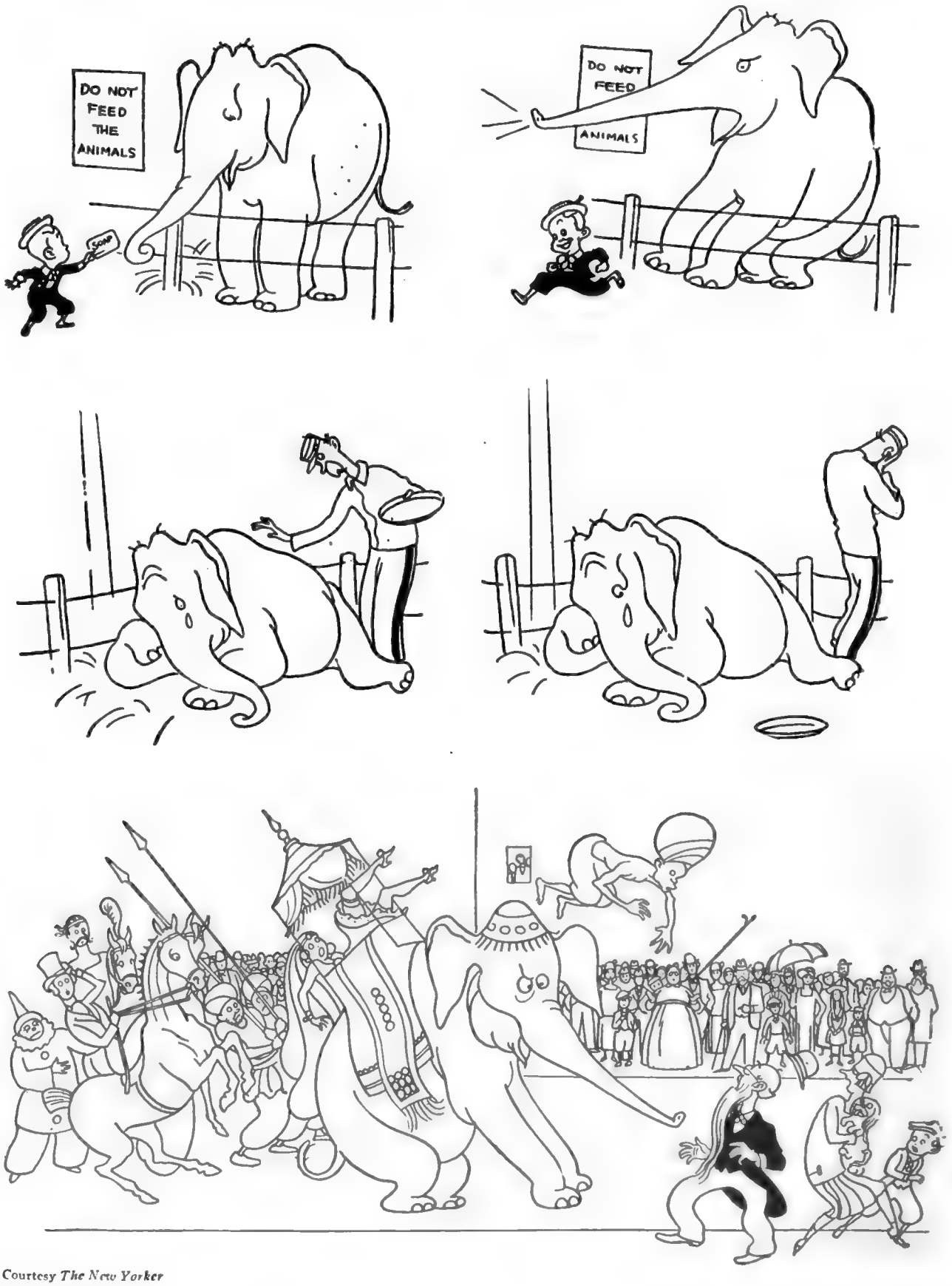


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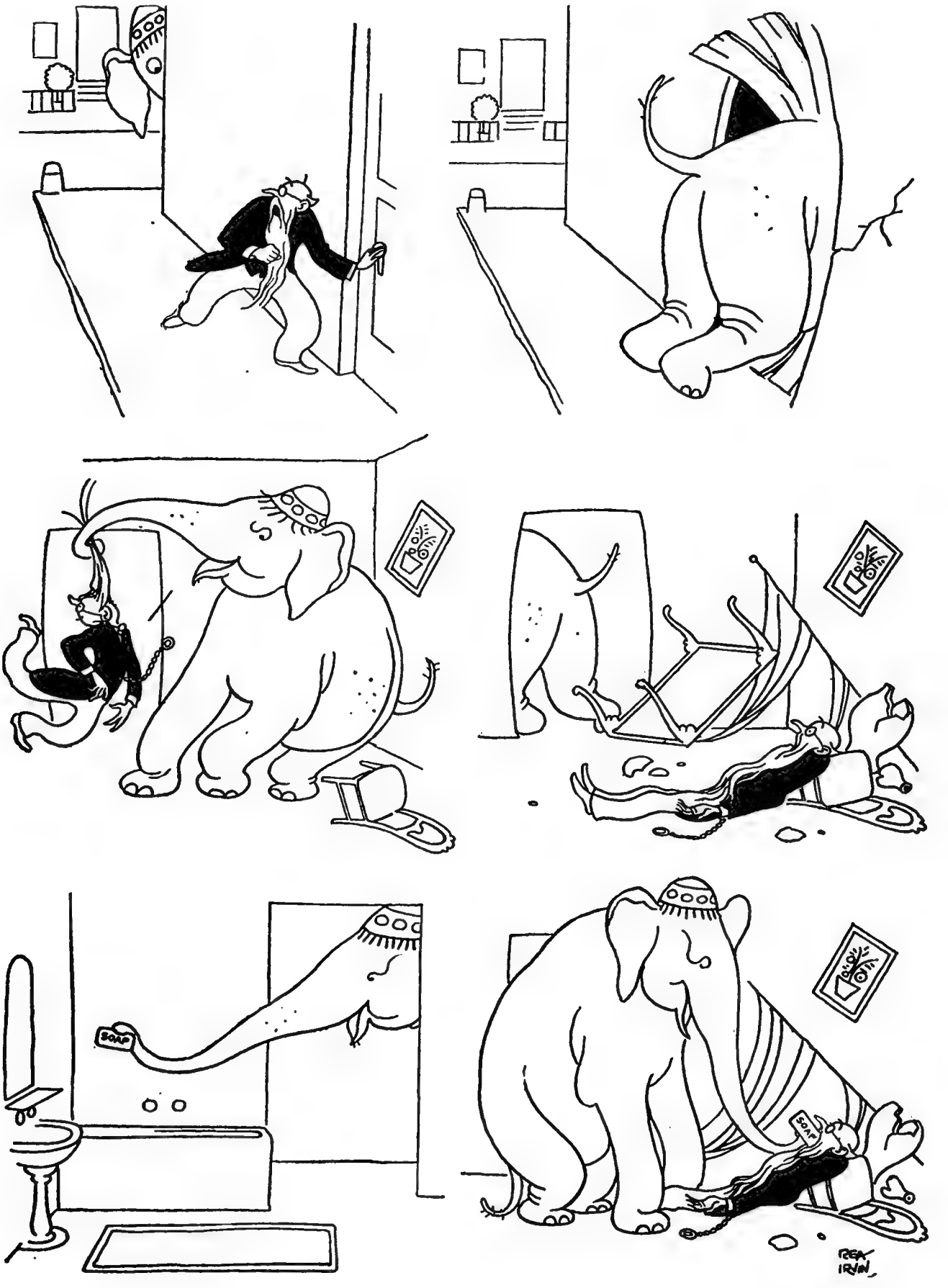




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# Going Out *for a* Walk

## By MAX BEERBOHM

IT IS a fact that not once in all my life have I gone out for a walk. I have been taken out for walks; but that is another matter. Even while I trotted prattling by my nurse's side I regretted the good old days when I had, and wasn't, a perambulator. When I grew up it seemed to me that the one advantage of living in London was that nobody ever wanted me to come out for a walk. London's very drawbacks—its endless noise and hustle, its smoky air, the squalor ambushed everywhere in it—assured this one immunity. Whenever I was with friends in the country, I knew that at any moment, unless rain were actually falling, some man might suddenly say "Come out for a walk!" in that sharp imperative tone which he would not dream of using in any other connection. People seem to think there is something inherently noble and virtuous in the desire to go for a walk. Any one thus desirous feels that he has a right to impose his will on whomever he sees comfortably settled in an armchair, reading. It is easy to say simply "No" to an old friend. In the case of a mere acquaintance one wants some excuse. "I wish I could, but"—nothing ever occurs to me except "I have some letters to write." This formula is unsatisfactory in three ways. (1) It isn't believed. (2) It compels you to rise from your chair, go to the writing-table, and sit improvising a letter to somebody until the walk-monger (just not daring to call you liar and hypocrite) shall have lumbered out of the room. (3) It won't operate on Sunday mornings. "There's no post out till this evening" clinches the matter . . .

Walking for walking's sake may be as highly laudable and exemplary a thing as it is held to be by those who practice it. My objection to it is that it stops the brain. Many a man has professed to me that his brain never works so well as when he is swinging along the high road or over hill and dale. This boast is not confirmed by my memory of anybody who on a Sunday morning has forced me to partake of his adventure. Experience teaches me that whatever a fellow-guest may have of power to instruct or to amuse when he is sitting on a chair, or standing on a hearth-rug, quickly leaves him when he takes one out for a walk. The ideas that came so thick and fast to him in any room, where are they now? where that encyclopædic knowledge which he bore so lightly? where the kindling fancy that played like summer lightning over *any* topic that was started? The man's face that was so mobile is set now: gone is the light from his fine eyes. He says that A. (our host) is a thoroughly good fellow. Fifty yards further on, he adds that A. is one of the best fellows he has ever met. We tramp another furlong or so, and he says that Mrs. A. is a charming woman. Presently he adds that she is one of the most charming women he has ever known. We pass an inn. He reads vapidly aloud to me: "The King's Arms. Licensed to sell Ales and Spirits." I foresee that during the rest of the walk he will read aloud any inscription that occurs. We pass a milestone. He points at it with his stick and says "Uxminster. 11 miles" . . . And in due course "Trespassers," he says, "Will Be Prosecuted." Poor man!—mentally a wreck.



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*Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

# An Unfinished Story

*WHAT was the true end of the strange story Gordon told at the Trevelyan's dinner?*

MRS. TREVELYAN, as she took her seat, shot a quick glance down the length of her table at the arrangement of her guests, and tried to learn if her lord and master approved. But he was listening to something Lady Arbuthnot, who sat on his right, was saying, and, being a man, failed to catch her meaning, and only smiled unconcernedly and cheerfully back at her. But the wife of the Austrian Minister, who was her very dearest friend, saw and appreciated, and gave her a quick little smile over her fan, which said that the table was perfect, the people most interesting, and that she could possess her soul in peace. So Mrs. Trevelyan smiled upon her guests. Mrs. Trevelyan was not used to questioning her powers, but this dinner had been impromptu, and she had been in doubt. It was quite unnecessary, for her dinner carried with it the added virtue of being the last of the season, an encore to all that had gone before—a special number by request on the social program. It was not one of many others stretching on for weeks, for the summer's change and leisure began on the morrow, and there was nothing hanging over her guests that they must go on to later. They knew that their luggage stood ready locked and strapped at home; they could look before them to the whole summer's pleasure, and they were relaxed and ready to be pleased, and broke simultaneously into a long murmur of talk and laughter. The windows of the dining-room stood open from the floor, and from the tiny garden that surrounded the house, even in the great mass of stucco and brick of encircling London, came the odor of flowers and of fresh turf. They all knew each other very well; and if there was a guest of the evening, it was one of the two Americans —either Miss Egerton, the girl who was to marry Lord Arbuthnot, whose mother sat on Trevelyan's right, or young Gordon, the explorer, who had just come out of Africa. Miss Egerton was a most strikingly beautiful girl, with a strong, fine face, and an earnest, interested way when she spoke, which the English found most attractive. In appearance she had been variously likened by Trevelyan, who was painting her portrait, to a druidess, a vestal virgin, and a Greek goddess; and Lady Arbuthnot's friends, who thought to please the girl, assured her that no one would ever suppose her to be an American—their



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ideas of the American young woman having been gathered from those who pick out tunes with one finger on the pianos in the public parlors of the Métropole. Miss Egerton was said to be intensely interested in her lover's career, and was as ambitious for his success in the House as he was himself. They were both very much in love, and showed it to others as little as people of their class do. The others at the table were General Sir Henry Kent; Phillips, the novelist; the Austrian Minister and his young wife; and Trevelyan, who painted portraits for large sums of money and figure pieces for art; and some simply fashionable smart people who were good listeners, and who were rather disappointed that the American explorer was no more sunburned than the other young men who had stayed at home, and who had gone in for tennis or yachting.

The worst of Gordon was that he made it next to impossible for one to lionize him. He had been back in civilization and London only two weeks, unless Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel are civilization, and he had been asked everywhere, and for the first week had gone everywhere. But whenever his hostess looked for him, to present another and not so recent a lion, he was generally found either humbly carrying an ice to some neglected dowager, or talking big game or international yachting or tailors to a circle of younger sons in the smoking-room, just as though several hundred attractive and distinguished people were not waiting to fling the speeches they had prepared on Africa at him, in the drawing-room above. He had suddenly disappeared during the second week of his stay in London, which was also the last week of the London season, and managers of lecture tours and publishers and lion-hunters, and even friends who cared for him for himself, had failed to find him at his lodgings. Trevelyan, who had known him when he was a traveling correspondent and artist for one of the great weeklies, had found him at the club the night before, and had asked him to his wife's impromptu dinner, from which he had at first begged off, but, on learning who was to be there, had changed his mind and accepted. Mrs. Trevelyan was very glad he had come; she had always spoken of him as a nice boy, and now that he had become famous she liked him none the less, but did not show it before people as much as she had been used to do. She forgot to ask him whether he knew his beautiful compatriot or not; but she took it for granted that they had met, if not at home, at least in London, as they had both been made so much of, and at the same houses.

The dinner was well on its way towards its end, and the women had begun to talk across the table, and to exchange bankers' addresses, and to say "Be sure and look us up in Paris," and "When do you expect to sail from Cowes?"

The Austrian Minister was saying this to his hostess, when Sir Henry Kent, who had been talking across to Phillips, the novelist, leaned back and said, as though to challenge the attention of every one, "I can't agree with you, Phillips. I am sure no one else will."

Illustrations by Arnold Lorne Hicks

"Dear me," complained Mrs. Trevelyan, plaintively, "what have you been saying now, Mr. Phillips? He always has such debatable theories," she explained.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Trevelyan," answered the novelist, "it is the other way. It is Sir Henry who is making all the trouble. He is attacking one of the oldest and dearest platitudes I know." He paused for the general to speak, but the older man nodded his head for him to go on. "He has just said that fiction is stranger than truth," continued the novelist. "He says that I—that people who write could never interest people who read if they wrote of things as they really are. They select, he says—they take the critical moment in a man's life and the crises, and want others to believe that that is what happens every day. Which it is not, so the general says. He thinks that life is commonplace, uneventful—that is, uneventful

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in a picturesque or dramatic way. He admits that women's lives are saved from drowning, but that they are not saved by their lovers, but by a longshoreman with a wife and six children, who accepts five pounds for doing it. That's it, is it not?" he asked.

The general nodded and smiled. "What I said to Phillips was," he explained, "that if things were related just as they happen, they would not be interesting. People do not say the dramatic things they say on the stage or in novels; in real life they are commonplace or sordid—or disappointing. I have seen men die on the battle-field, for instance, and they never cried, 'I die that my country may live,' or 'I have got my promotion at last'; they just stared up at the surgeon and said, 'Have I got to lose that arm?' or 'I am killed, I think.' You see, when men are dying around you, and horses are plunging, and the batteries are firing, one doesn't have time to think up the appropriate remark for the occasion. I don't believe, now, that Pitt's last words were, 'Roll up the map of Europe.' A man who could change the face of a continent would not use his dying breath in making epigrams. It was one of his secretaries or one of the doctors who said that. And the man who was capable of writing home, 'All is lost but honor,' was just the sort of a man who would lose more battles than he would win. No; you, Phillips," said the general, raising his voice as he became more confident and conscious that he held the center of the stage, "and you, Trevelyan, don't write and paint every-day things as they are. You introduce something for a contrast or for an effect; a red coat in a landscape for the bit of color you want, when in real life the red coat would not be within miles; or you have a band of music playing a popular air in the street when a murder is going on inside the house. You do it because it is effective; but it isn't true. Now Mr. Caithness was telling us the other night at the club, on this very matter——"

*"She gave him this chain and locket to wear." His eyes were watching the American girl. "Would you like to see it?" he said.*

"Oh, that's hardly fair," laughed Trevelyan; "you've rehearsed all this before. You've come prepared."

"No, not at all," frowned the general, sweeping on. "He said that before he was raised to the bench, when he practised criminal law, he had brought a word to a man that he was to be reprieved, and to another that he was to die. Now, you know," exclaimed the general with a shrug, and appealing to the table, "how that would be done on the stage or in a novel, with the prisoner bound ready for execution, and a galloping horse, and a fluttering piece of white paper, and all that. Well, now, Caithness told us that he went into the man's cell and said, 'You have been reprieved, John,' or William, or whatever the fellow's name was. And the man looked at him and said: 'Is that so? That's good—that's good'; and that was all he said. And then, again, he told of one man whose life he had tried very hard to save: 'The Home Secretary has refused to intercede for you. I saw him at his house last night at nine o'clock.' And the murderer, instead of saying, 'My God! what will my wife and children do?' looked at him, and repeated, 'At nine o'clock last night!' just as though that were the important part of the message."

"Well, but, general," said Phillips, smiling, "that's dramatic enough as it is, I think. Why——"

"Yes," interrupted the general, quickly and triumphantly. "But that is not what you would have made him say, is it? That's my point."

"There was a man told me once," Lord Arbuthnot began, leisurely—"he was a great chum of mine, and it illustrates what Sir Henry has said, I think—he was engaged to a girl, and he had a misunderstanding or an understanding with her that opened both their eyes, at a dance, and the next afternoon he called, and they talked it over in the drawing-room, with the tea-tray between them, and agreed to end it. On the stage he would have risen and said, 'Well the comedy is over, the tragedy begins, or the curtain falls'; and she would have gone to the piano and played Chopin

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sadly while he made his exit. Instead of which he got up to go without saying anything, and as he rose he upset a cup and saucer on the tea-table, and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon'; and she said, 'It isn't broken'; and he went out. You see," the young man added, smiling, "there were two young people whose hearts were breaking, and yet they talked of teacups, not because they did not feel, but because custom is too strong on us and too much for us. We do not say dramatic things or do theatrical ones. It does not make interesting reading, but it is the truth."

Phillips raised his eyebrows and looked carefully around the table. "Does any one else feel called upon to testify?" he asked.

"It's awful, isn't it, Phillips," laughed Trevelyan, comfortably, "to find that the photographer is the only artist, after all? I feel very guilty."

"You ought to," pronounced the general, gaily. He was very well satisfied with himself at having held his own against these clever people. "And I am sure Mr. Gordon will agree with me, too," he went on, confidently, with a bow towards the younger man. "He has seen more of the world than any of us, and he will tell you, I am sure, that what happens only suggests the story; it is not complete in itself. That it always needs the author's touch, just as the rough diamond——"

"Oh, thanks, thanks, general," laughed Phillips. "My feelings are not hurt as badly as that."

Gordon had been turning the stem of a wine-glass slowly between his thumb and finger while the others were talking, and looking down at it smiling. Now he raised his eyes as though he meant to speak, and then dropped them again. "I am afraid, Sir Henry," he said, "that I don't agree with you at all."

Those who had said nothing felt a certain satisfaction that they had not committed themselves. The Austrian Minister tried to remember what it was he had said, and whether it was too late to retreat, and the general looked blankly at Gordon and said, "Indeed?"

"You shouldn't have called on that last witness, Sir Henry," said Phillips, smiling. "Your case was very good as it was."

"I am quite sure," said Gordon, seriously, "that the story Phillips will never write is a true story, but he will not write it because people would say it is impossible, just as you have all seen sunsets sometimes that you knew would be laughed at if any one tried to paint them. We all know such a story, something in our own lives, or in the lives of our friends. Not ghost stories, or stories of adventure, but of ambitions that come to nothing, of people who were rewarded or punished in this world instead of in the next, and love stories."

Phillips looked at the young man keenly and smiled. "Especially love stories," he said.

Gordon looked back at him as if he did not understand.

"Tell it, Gordon," said Mr. Trevelyan.

"Yes," said Gordon, nodding his head in assent, "I was thinking of a particular story. It is as complete, I think, and as dramatic as any of those we read. It is about a man I met in Africa. It is not a long story," he said, looking around the table tentatively, "but it ends badly."

There was a silence much more appreciated than a polite murmur of invitation would have been, and the simply smart people settled themselves rigidly to catch every word for future use. They realized that this would be a story which had not as yet appeared in the newspapers, and which would not make a part of Gordon's book. Mrs. Trevelyan smiled encouragingly upon her former protégé; she was sure he was going to do himself credit; but the American girl chose this chance, when all other eyes were turned expectantly towards the explorer, to look at her lover.

"We were on our return march from Lake Tchad to the Mobangi," said Gordon. "We had been traveling over a month, sometimes by water and sometimes through the forest, and we did not expect to see any other white man besides those of our own party for several months to come. In the middle of a jungle late one afternoon I found this man lying at the foot of a tree. He had been cut and beaten and left for dead. It was as much of a surprise to me, you understand, as it would be to you if you were driving through Trafalgar Square in a hansom, and an African lion should spring up on your horses' haunches. We believed we were the only white men that had ever succeeded in getting that far south. Crampel had tried it, and no one knows yet whether he is dead or alive; Doctor Schlemen had

## Send Me Back My Heart

*I* PRITHEE SEND *me back my heart,*
*Since I cannot have thine,*
*For if from yours you will not part,*
*Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?*

*Yet now I think on't, let it lie;*
*To find it were in vain;*
*For thou'st a thief in either eye*
*Would steal it back again.*

*Why should two hearts in one breast lie*
*And yet not lodge together?*
*O Love! where is thy sympathy,*
*If thus our breasts thou sever?*

*But love is such a mystery,*
*I cannot find it out;*
*For when I think I'm best resolved,*
*I then am in most doubt.*

*Then farewell care, and farewell woe,*
*I will no longer pine:*
*For I'll believe I have her heart*
*As much as she has mine.*

—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

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been eaten by cannibals, and Major Bethume had turned back two hundred miles farther north; and we could no more account for this man's presence than if he had been dropped from the clouds. Lieutenant Royce, my surgeon, went to work at him, and we halted where we were for the night. In about an hour the man moved and opened his eyes. He looked up at us and said, 'Thank God!'—because we were white, I suppose—and went off into unconsciousness again. When he came to the next time, he asked Royce, in a whisper, how long he had to live. He wasn't the sort of a man you had to lie to about a thing like that, and Royce told him he did not think he could live for more than an hour or two. The man moved his head to show that he understood, and raised his hand to his throat and began pulling at his shirt, but the effort sent him off into a fainting-fit again. I opened his collar for him as gently as I could, and found that his fingers had clinched around a silver necklace that he wore about his neck, and from which there hung a gold locket shaped like a heart."

*He abused us for not hurrying so that he could get back to the woman he loved.*

Gordon raised his eyes slowly from the observation of his finger-tips as they rested on the edge of the table before him to those of the American girl who sat opposite. She had heard his story so far without any show of attention, and had been watching rather with a touch of fondness in her eyes, the clever, earnest face of Arbuthnot, who was following Gordon's story with polite interest. But now, at Gordon's last words, she turned her eyes to him with a look of awful indignation, which was followed, when she met his calmly polite look of inquiry, by one of fear and almost of entreaty.

"When the man came to," continued Gordon, in the same conventional monotone, "he begged me to take the chain and locket to a girl whom he said I would find either in London or in New York. He gave me the address of her banker. He said: 'Take it off my neck before you bury me; tell her I wore it ever since she gave it to me. That it has been a charm and lodestone to me. That when the locket rose and fell against my breast, it was as if her heart were pressing against mine and answering the beating and throbbing of the blood in my veins.'"

Gordon paused, and returned to the thoughtful scrutiny of his finger-tips.

"The man did not die," he said, raising his head. "Royce brought him back into such form again that in about a week we were able to take him along with us on a litter. But he was very weak, and would lie for hours sleeping when we rested, or mumbling and raving in a fever. We learned from him at odd times that he had been trying to reach Lake Tchad, to do what we had done, without any means of doing it. He had had not more than a couple of dozen porters and a corporal's guard of Sengalese soldiers. He was the only white man in the party, and his men had turned on him, and left him as we found him, carrying off with them his stock of provisions and arms. He had undertaken the expedition on a promise from the French government to make him governor of the territory he opened up if he succeeded, but he had had no official help. If he failed, he got nothing; if he succeeded, he did so at his own expense and by his own endeavors. It was only a wonder he had been able to get as far as he did. He did not seem to feel the failure of his expedition. All that was lost in the happiness of getting back alive to this woman with whom he was in love. He had been three days alone before we found him, and in those three days, while he waited for death, he had thought of nothing but that he would never see her again. He had resigned himself to this, had given up all hope, and our coming seemed like a miracle to him. I have read about men in love, I have seen it on the stage, I have seen it in real life, but I never saw a man so grateful to God and so happy and so insane over a woman as this man was. He raved about her when he was feverish, and he talked and talked to me about her when he was in his senses. The porters could not understand him, and he found me sympathetic, I suppose, or else he did not care, and only wanted to speak of her to someone, and so he told me the story over and over again as I walked beside the litter, or as we sat by the fire at night. She must have been a very remarkable girl. He had met her first the year before, on one of the Italian steamers that ply from New York to Gibraltar. She was traveling with her father, who was an invalid going to Tangier for his health; from Tangier they were to go on up to Nice and Cannes, and in the spring to Paris and on to London for this season just over. The man was going from Gibraltar to Zanzibar, and then on into the Congo. They had met the first night out; they had separated thirteen days later at Gibraltar, and in that time the girl had fallen in love with him, and had promised to marry him if he would let her, for he was very proud. He had to be. He had absolutely nothing to offer her. She is very well known at home. I mean her family is: they have lived in New York from its first days, and they are very rich. The girl had lived a life as different from his as the life of a girl in society must be from that of a vagabond. He had been an engineer, a newspaper correspondent, an officer in a Chinese army, and had built bridges in South America, and led their little revolutions there, and had seen service on the desert in the French army of Algiers. He had no home or nationality even, for he had left America when he was sixteen; he had no family, had saved no money, and was trusting everything to the success of

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this expedition into Africa to make him known and to give him position. It was the story of Othello and Desdemona over again. His blackness lay from her point of view, or rather would have lain from the point of view of her friends, in the fact that he was as helplessly ineligible a young man as a cowboy. And he really had lived a life of which he had not great reason to be proud. He had existed entirely for excitement, as other men live to drink until they kill themselves by it; nothing he had done had counted for much except his bridges. They are still standing. But the things he had written are lost in the columns of the daily papers. The soldiers he had fought with knew him only as a man who cared more for the fighting than for what the fighting was about, and he had been as ready to write on one side as to fight on the other. He was a rolling stone, and had been a rolling stone from the time he was sixteen and had run away to sea, up to the day he had met this girl, when he was just thirty. Yet you can see how such a man would attract a young, impressionable girl, who had met only those men whose actions are bounded by the courts of law or Wall Street, or the younger set who drive coaches and who live the life of the clubs. She had gone through life as some people go through picture galleries, with their catalogues marked at the best pictures. She knew nothing of the little fellows whose work was skied, who were trying to be known, who were not of her world, but who toiled and prayed and hoped to be famous. This man came into her life suddenly with his stories of adventure and strange people and strange places, of things done for the love of doing them and not for the reward or reputation, and he bewildered her at first, I suppose, and then fascinated, and then won her. You can imagine how it was, these two walking the deck together during the day, or sitting side by side when the night came on, the ocean stretched before them. The daring of his present undertaking, the absurd glamor that is thrown over those who have gone into that strange country from which some travelers return, and the picturesqueness of his past life. It is no wonder the girl made too much of him. I do not think he knew what was coming. He did not pose before her. I am quite sure, from what I knew of him, that he did not. Indeed, I believed him when he said that he had fought against the more than interest she had begun to show for him. He was the sort of man women care for, but they had not been of this woman's class or calibre. It came to him like a sign from the heavens. It was as if a goddess had stooped to him. He told her when they separated that if he succeeded—if he opened this unknown country, if he was rewarded as they had promised to reward him—he might dare to come to her; and she called him her knight-errant, and gave him her chain and locket to wear, and told him whether he failed or succeeded it meant nothing to her, and that her life was his while it lasted, and her soul as well.

*"Is that what you have learned among your savages—to torture a woman?"*

"I think," Gordon said, stopping abruptly, with an air of careful consideration, "that those were her words as he repeated them to me."

He raised his eyes thoughtfully towards the face of the girl opposite, and then glanced past her, as if he were trying to recall the words the man had used. The fine, beautiful face of the woman was white and drawn around the lips, and she gave a quick, appealing glance at her hostess, as if she would beg to be allowed to go. But Mrs. Trevelyan and her guests were watching Gordon or toying with the things in front of them. The dinner had been served, and not even the soft movements of the servants interrupted the young man's story.

"You can imagine a man," Gordon went on, more lightly, "finding a hansom cab slow when he is riding from the station to see the woman he loves; but imagine this man urging himself and the rest of us to hurry when we were in the heart of Africa, with six months' travel in front of us before we could reach the first limits of civilization. That is what this man did. When he was still on his litter he used to toss and turn, and abuse the bearers and porters and myself because we moved so slowly. When we stopped for the night he would chafe and fret at the delay; and when the morning came he was the first to wake, if he slept at all, and eager to push on. When at last

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he was able to walk, he worked himself into a fever again, and it was only when Royce warned him that he would kill himself if he kept on that he submitted to be carried, and forced himself to be patient. And all the time the poor devil kept saying how unworthy he was of her, how miserably he had wasted his years, how unfitted he was for the great happiness which had come into his life. I suppose every man says that when he is in love; very properly, too; but the worst of it was, in this man's case, that it was so very true. He was unworthy of her in everything but his love for her. It used to frighten me to see how much he cared. Well, we got out of it at last, and reached Alexandria, and saw white faces once more, and heard women's voices, and the strain and fear of failure were over, and we could breathe again. I was quite ready enough to push on to London, but we had to wait a week for the steamer, and during that time that man made my life miserable. He had done so well, and would have done so much more if he had had my equipment, that I tried to see that he received all the credit due him. But he would have none of the public receptions, and the audience with the Khedive, or any of the fuss they made over us. He only wanted to get back to her. He spent the days on the quay watching them load the steamer, and counting the hours until she was to sail; and even at night he would leave the first bed he had slept in for six months, and would come into my room and ask me if I would not sit up and talk with him until daylight. You see, after he had given up all thought of her, and believed himself about to die without seeing her again, it made her all the dearer, I suppose, and made him all the more fearful of losing her again.

"He became very quiet as soon as we were really under way, and Royce and I hardly knew him for the same man. He would sit in silence in his steamer-chair for hours, looking out at the sea and smiling to himself, and sometimes, for he was still very weak and feverish, the tears would come to his eyes and run down his cheeks. 'This is the way we would sit,' he said to me one night, 'with the dark purple sky and the strange Southern stars over our heads, and the rail of the boat rising and sinking below the line of the horizon. And I can hear her voice, and I try to imagine she is still sitting there, as she did the last night out, when I held her hands between mine.'" Gordon paused a moment, and then went on more slowly: "I do not know whether it was that the excitement of the journey overland had kept him up or not, but as we went on he became much weaker and slept more, until Royce became anxious and alarmed about him. But he did not know it himself; he had grown so sure of his recovery then that he did not understand what the weakness meant. He fell off into long spells of sleep or unconsciousness, and woke only to be fed, and would then fall back to sleep again. And in one of these spells of unconsciousness he died. He died within two days of land. He had no home and no country and no family, as I told you, and we buried him at sea. He left nothing behind him, for the very clothes he wore were those we had given him—nothing but the locket and the chain which he had told me to take from his neck when he died."

Gordon's voice had grown very cold and hard. He stopped and ran his fingers down into his pocket and pulled out a little leather bag. The people at the table watched him in silence as he opened it and took out a dull silver chain with a gold heart hanging from it.

"This is it," he said, gently. He leaned across the table, with his eyes fixed on those of the American girl, and dropped the chain in front of her. "Would you like to see it?" he said.

The rest moved curiously forward to look at the little heap of gold and silver as it lay on the white cloth. But the girl, with her eyes half closed and her lips pressed together, pushed it on with her hand to the man who sat next her, and bowed her head slightly, as though it was an effort for her to move at all. The wife of the Austrian Minister gave a little sigh of relief.

"I should say your story did end badly, Mr. Gordon," she said. "It is terribly sad, and so unnecessarily so."

"I don't know," said Lady Arbuthnot, thoughtfully—"I don't know; it seems to me it was better. As Mr. Gordon says, the man was hardly worthy of her. A man should have something more to offer a woman than love; it is a woman's prerogative to be loved. Any number of men may love her; it is nothing to their credit: they cannot help themselves."

"Well," said General Kent, "if all true stories turn out as badly as that one does, I will take back what I said against those the story-writers tell. I prefer the ones Anstey and Jerome make up. I call it a most unpleasant story."

"But it isn't finished yet," said Gordon, as he leaned over and picked up the chain and locket. "There is still a little more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the wife of the Austrian Minister, eagerly. "But then," she added, "you can't make it any better. You cannot bring the man back to life."

"No," said Gordon, "but I can make it a little worse."

"Ah, I see," said Phillips, with a story-teller's intuition—"the girl."

"THE FIRST day I reached London I went to her banker's for her address," continued Gordon. "I wrote, saying I wanted to see her, but before I could get an answer I met her the next afternoon at a garden party. At least I did not meet her; she was pointed out to me. I saw a very beautiful girl surrounded by a lot of men, and asked who she was, and found out it was the woman I had written to, the owner of the chain and locket; and I was also told that her engagement had just been announced to a young Englishman of family and position, who had known her only a few months, and with whom she was very much in love. So you see," he went on, smiling, "that it was better that he died, believing in her and in her love for him. Mr. Phillips, now, would have let him live to return and find her married; but Nature is kinder than writers of fiction, and quite as dramatic."

Phillips did not reply to this, and the general only shook his head doubtfully and said nothing. So Mrs.

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Trevelyan looked at Lady Arbuthnot, and the ladies rose and left the room. When the men had left them, a young girl went to the piano, and the other women seated themselves to listen; but Miss Egerton, saying that it was warm, stepped out through one of the high windows on to the little balcony that overhung the garden. It was dark out there and cool, and the rumbling of the encircling city sounded as distant and as far off as the reflection seemed that its million lights threw up to the sky above. The girl leaned her face and bare shoulder against the rough stone wall of the house, and pressed her hands together, with her fingers locking and unlocking and her rings cutting through her gloves. She was trembling slightly. She heard the voices of the men as they entered the drawing-room, the momentary cessation of the music at the piano, and its renewal, and then a figure blocked the light from the window, and Gordon stepped out of it and stood in front of her with the locket in his hand.

"Will you take it now?" he said.

The girl raised her head, and drew herself up until she stood straight and tall before him. "Have you not punished me enough?" she asked, in a whisper. "Are you not satisfied? Was it brave? Was it manly? Is that what you have learned among your savages—to torture a woman?" She stopped with a quick sob, and pressed her hands against her breast.

Gordon observed her, curiously, with cold consideration. "What of the sufferings of the man to whom you gave this?" he asked. "Why not consider him? What was your bad quarter of an hour at the table, with your friends around you, to the year he suffered danger and pain for you—for you, remember?"

The girl hid her face for a moment in her hands, and when she lowered them again her cheeks were wet and her voice was changed and softer. "They told me he was dead," she said. "Then it was denied, and then the French papers told of it again, and with horrible detail, and how it happened."

Gordon took a step nearer her. "And does your love come and go with the editions of the daily papers?" he asked, fiercely. "If they say tomorrow morning that Arbuthnot is false to his principles or his party, that he is a bribe-taker, a man who sells his vote, will you believe them and stop loving him?" He gave a sharp exclamation of disdain. "Or will you wait," he went on, bitterly, "until the Liberal organs have had time to deny it? Is that the love, the life, and the soul you promised the man who——"

There was a soft step on the floor of the drawing-room, and the tall figure of young Arbuthnot appeared in the opening of the window as he looked doubtfully out into the darkness. Gordon took a step back into the light of the window, where he could be seen, and leaned easily against the railing of the balcony.

"Miss Egerton?" asked Arbuthnot, his eyes still blinded by the lights of the room he had left. "Is she here? Oh, is that you?" he said, as he saw the movement of the white dress. "I was sent to look for you," he said. "They were afraid something was wrong." He turned to Gordon, as if in explanation of his lover-like solicitude. "It has been rather a hard week, and it has kept one pretty well on the go all the time, and I thought Miss Egerton looked tired at dinner."

The moment he had spoken, the girl came towards him quickly, and put her arm inside of his, and took his hand.

He looked down at her wonderingly at this show of affection, and then drew her nearer, and said, gently, "You are tired, aren't you? I came to tell you Lady Arbuthnot is going. She is waiting for you."

It struck Gordon, as they stood there, how handsome they were and how well suited. They took a step towards the window, and then the young nobleman turned and looked out at the pretty garden.

"It is very pretty and peaceful out here," he said, "is it not? It seems a pity to leave it. Good-night, Gordon, and thank you for your story." He stopped, with one foot on the threshold, and smiled. "And yet do you know," he said, "I cannot help thinking you were guilty of doing just what you accused Phillips of doing. I somehow thought you helped the true story out a little. Now didn't you? Was it all just as you told it? Or am I wrong?"

"No," Gordon answered; "you are right. I did change it a little, in one particular."

"And what was that, may I ask?" said Arbuthnot.

"The man did not die," Gordon answered.

Arbuthnot gave a quick little sigh of sympathy. "Poor devil!" he said, softly; "poor chap!" He moved his left hand over and touched the hand of the girl, as though to reassure himself of his own good fortune. Then he raised his eyes to Gordon's with a curious, puzzled look in them. "But then," he said, "if he is not dead, how did you get the chain?"

The girl's arm within his own moved slightly, and her fingers tightened their hold upon his hand.

"Oh," said Gordon, indifferently, "it did not mean anything to him, you see, when he found he had lost her, and it could not mean anything to her. It is of no value. It means nothing to any one—except, perhaps, to me."

◆

## To Fight Aloud

By EMILY DICKINSON

To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom,
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,
Who fall, and none observe,
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow.

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*ONE of the most dramatic scenes in literature*

*With drawings by Victor Hugo*

# Battling a Sea Monster

## By VICTOR HUGO

Drawn in another direction by the pangs of hunger, Gilliatt pursued his search for food without much reflection. He wandered, not in the gorge, but outside among the smaller rocks where the *Durande*, ten weeks before, had first struck upon the sunken reef.

For the search that Gilliatt was prosecuting, this part was more favorable than the interior. At low water the crabs are accustomed to crawl out into the air. They seem to like to warm themselves in the sun, where they swarm, sometimes to the disgust of loiterers, who see in these creatures, with their awkward sidelong gait, climbing clumsily from crack to crack upon the rocks, a species of sea vermin.

For two months Gilliatt had lived almost entirely upon these creatures.

This time, however, the crayfish and crabs were both wanting. The tempest had driven them into their solitary retreats, and they had not yet mustered up courage to venture abroad.

Gilliatt held his open knife in his hand, and from time to time scraped a cockle from under the bunches of seaweed, and ate it as he walked on.

As Gilliatt was trying to make up his mind to be content with the sea-urchins and the *châtaignes de mer*, a little clattering noise at his feet aroused his attention. A large crab, startled by his approach, had just dropped into a pool. The water was shallow, and he did not lose sight of it.

He chased the crab along the base of the rock; but the crab moved fast, and suddenly disappeared.

It had buried itself in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clutched the projections of the rock, and leaned over to look where it shelved away under the water.

As he suspected, there was an opening in which the creature had evidently taken refuge. It was more than a crevice; it was a kind of porch.

The water beneath it was not deep, and the bottom, covered with large pebbles, was plainly visible. The stones were green and clothed with *confervæ*, indicating that they were never dry. They looked like the tops of a number of infants' heads, covered with a kind of green hair.

Holding his knife between his teeth, Gilliatt descended, by the aid of his feet and hands, from the upper part of the escarpment, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He made his way through the porch, and found himself in a blind passage, with a roof shaped like a rude arch over his head. The walls were polished and slippery. The crab was nowhere visible.



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As Gilliatt advanced the light grew fainter, so that he began to lose the power to distinguish objects.

When he had gone about fifteen yards the vaulted roof overhead ended. He had penetrated beyond the low passage. There was more space here, and consequently more daylight. The pupils of his eyes, moreover, had dilated, and he could see pretty clearly. . . . His vision became clearer and clearer. He was astonished. He found himself in an extraordinary palace of shadows; saw before his eyes a vaulted roof, fantastic columns, purple, blood-like stains, the vegetation rich with gems, and at the farther end, a crypt or sanctuary, and a huge stone which resembled an altar. . . .

Nearer the molded arch, he noticed low, dark grottoes, caves within caves. The entrance to the nearest was out of the water, and easily approached.

Nearer still than this recess he noticed, above the level of the water, and within reach of his hand, a horizontal fissure.

It seemed to him probable that the crab had taken refuge there, and he plunged his hand in as far as he was able, and groped in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled him.

Some living thing, thin, rough, flat, cold, and slimy had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In another instant the same mysterious spiral form had wound around his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit.

GILLIATT RECOILED, but he had scarcely power to move! He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand gripping the knife, he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm; but he only succeeded in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated, and narrow issued from the crevice like a tongue out of monstrous jaws.

It seemed to lick his naked body; then suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin, and wound itself around him. At the same time a terrible sensation of pain, utterly unlike any he had ever known, made all his muscles contract. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened themselves in his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock, seemed to feel its way around his body to lash itself around his ribs like a cord, and fix itself there.

Intense agony is dumb. Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had wound themselves about him.

A fourth ligature—but this one swift as an arrow—darted towards his stomach, and wound around him.

It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly around his body, and which were adhering to it at a number of points. Each of these points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It seemed as if innumerable small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, ribbon-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly around his chest. The compression increased his sufferings. He could scarcely breathe.

These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword towards its hilt. All five evidently belonged to the same center. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like so many mouths, change their position from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from beneath the crevice. It was the center; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the hub of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the beginning of three other similar tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass were two eyes.

These eyes were fixed on Gilliatt.

He recognized the Devil-Fish.

It is difficult for those who have not seen it to believe in the existence of the devil-fish. Compared with this creature, the ancient hydras are insignificant. . . .

The devil-fish has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breast-plate, no horn, no dart, no claw, no tail with which to hold or bruise; no cutting fins, or wings with nails, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no poison, no claws, no beak, no jaws. Yet he is of all creatures the most formidably armed.

What, then, is the devil-fish? It is a huge cupping-glass.

The swimmer who, attracted by the beauty of the spot, ventures among reefs far out to sea, where still waters hide rocks, or in unknown caverns abounding in marine plants, testacea, and crustacea, under the deep portals of the ocean, runs the risk of meeting it. If that fate should be yours, be not curious, but fly. The intruder enters there dazzled, but quits the spot in terror.

This frightful monster which is so often encountered amid the rocks in the open sea, is of a grayish color, about five feet long, and about the thickness of a man's arm. It is ragged in outline, and in shape strongly resembles a closed umbrella, without a handle. This irregular mass advances slowly towards you. Suddenly it opens, and eight radii issue abruptly from around a face with two eyes. These radii are alive; their undulation is like lambent flames; they resemble, when opened, the spokes of a wheel measuring four or five feet in diameter.

This monster winds itself around its victim, covering and entangling him in its long folds. Underneath it is yellow; above, it is of a dull grayish hue. It is spider-like in form, but its tints are those of the chameleon. When irritated it becomes violent. Its most horrible characteristic is its softness.

Its folds strangle; its contact paralyzes.

It has the aspect of gangrened or scabrous flesh. It is a monstrous embodiment of disease.

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*The Demon of the Storm*

*AFTER the coup d'état of 1851, Victor Hugo was one of those who to the last kept up the struggle in the streets against Napoleon. He was already a man of note and leader of the Romanticists in France, author of* Hernani *and* Notre Dame de Paris *and member of the French Academy. But he was nevertheless forced to flee from France for his political activities.*

*He settled down on an estate on the little Channel island of Guernsey, and it is there that some of his greatest work was done. He was early abed and rose early, beginning his work at dawn. During the afternoons he drew, wielding his gouge and jointer and making the etchings, and drawings such as these. Then, wearing a wide brimmed, soft hat, and with hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched and elbows at his ribs, he would walk for hours along the sea wall watching the surf. During these years of exile he wrote* Les Miserables, *1862, and* Toilers of the Sea, *1866, from which this great fight is taken.*

*He dedicated this story "to the rock of hospitality and liberty, to that portion of old Norman ground inhabitated by the noble little nation of the sea; to the island of Guernsey, austere yet kind, my present refuge, my probable tomb." But it was not his tomb. In 1870 after the fall of the empire, he returned to Paris and to the acclaim of his countrymen and at his death in 1883 he was buried in state in the Pantheon.*

*The Wreck*

It clings to its prey, and cannot be torn away—a fact which is due to its power of exhausting air. The eight antennæ, large at their roots, diminish gradually, and end in needle-like points. Underneath each of these feelers are two rows of suckers, decreasing in size, the largest ones near the head, the smallest at the extremities. Each row contains twenty-five of these. There are, therefore, fifty suckers to each feeler, and the creature possesses four hundred in all. These suckers act like cupping-glasses.

They are cartilaginous substances, cylindrical, horny, and livid. Upon the large species they diminish gradually from the diameter of a five-franc piece to the size of a split pea. These small tubes can be thrust out and withdrawn by the animal at will. They are capable of piercing to a depth of more than an inch. . . .

While swimming, the devil-fish remains, so to speak, in its sheath. It swims with all its parts drawn close together. It might be likened to a sleeve sewed up with a closed fist within. This protuberance, which is the head, pushes the water aside and advances with an undulatory movement. The two eyes, though large, are indistinct, being the color of water.

When it is lying in ambush, or seeking its prey, it retires into itself as it were, becomes smaller and condenses itself. It is then scarcely distinguishable in the dim, submarine light. It looks like a mere ripple in the water. It resembles anything except a living creature.

The devil-fish is crafty. When one is least expecting it, it suddenly opens.

A glutinous mass, endowed with a malevolent will, what could be more horrible.

It is in the most beautiful azure depths of limpid water that this hideous, voracious, sea-monster delights.

It always conceals itself—a fact which increases its terrible associations. When they are seen, it is almost invariably after they have captured their victim.

At night, however, and particularly in the breeding season, it becomes phosphorescent. These horrible creatures have their passions, their submarine nuptials. Then it adores itself, glows, and illumines; and from some rock it can sometimes be discerned in the deep obscurity of the waves below, expanding with a pale irradiation—a spectral sun.

The devil-fish not only swims, but crawls. It is part fish, part reptile. It crawls upon the bed of the sea. At such times, it makes use of its eight feelers, and creeps along after the fashion of a swiftly moving caterpillar.

It has no blood, no bones, no flesh. It is soft and flabby; a skin with nothing inside. Its eight tentacles may be turned inside out like the fingers of a glove.

It has a single orifice in the center of its radii, which appears at first to be neither the vent nor the mouth. It is in fact both. It performs a double function.

The entire creature is cold.

The jelly-fish of the Mediterranean is repulsive. Contact with that animated gelatinous substance, in which the hands sink, and at which the nails tear ineffectually; which can be rent in twain without killing it, and which can be plucked off without entirely removing it, that soft and yet tenacious creature which slips through the fingers—is disgusting; but no horror can equal the sudden apparition of the devil-fish, that Medusa with its eight serpents.

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No grasp is like the sudden strain of the cephalopod. It is with the sucking apparatus that it attacks. The victim is oppressed by a vacuum drawing at numberless points; it is not a clawing or a biting, but an indescribable scarification. A tearing of the flesh is terrible, but less terrible than a sucking of the blood. Claws are harmless in comparison with the terrible action of these natural cupping-glasses. The claws of the wild beast enter your flesh; but with the cephalopod, it is you who enter the creature that attacks you.

The muscles swell, the fibers of the body are contorted, the skin cracks under the loathsome oppression, the blood spurts out and mingles horribly with the lymph of the monster, which clings to its victim by innumerable hideous mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man becomes one with the hydra. The specter lies upon you; the tiger can only devour you; the horrible devil-fish sucks your life-blood away. He draws you to and into himself; while bound down, glued fast, powerless, you feel yourself gradually emptied into this pouch, which is the monster itself. To be eaten alive is terrible; to be absorbed alive is horrible beyond expression. . . .

Such was the creature in whose power Gilliatt had fallen.

The monster was the mysterious inmate of the grotto; the terrible genius of the place; a kind of marine demon.

The splendors of the cavern existed for it alone. . . .

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it.

It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on one side, and to its human prey on the other, it chained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, each finger of which was nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

As we have said, it is impossible to tear one's self from the clutches of the devil-fish. The attempt only results in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its efforts increase with those of his victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures.

Gilliatt had but one resource—his knife.

His left hand only was free. . . .

His open knife was in his hand.

The antennae of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance upon which a knife makes no impression; it slips under the blade; to sever it would be to wound severely the victim's own flesh.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know it, and so does anyone who has seen them execute certain abrupt movements in the sea. Porpoises know it, too; they have a way of biting the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of headless pen-fish, polypuses, and cuttle-fish.

In fact, its only vulnerable part is its head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

He had never seen a devil-fish of this size. His first encounter was with one of the largest species. Any other man would have been overwhelmed with terror.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain instant in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers his neck; it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. One who loses that moment is irrevocably doomed.

The events we have described occupied only a few seconds, Gilliatt, however, felt the increasing power of the monster's innumerable suckers.

The monster is cunning; it tries first to stupefy its prey. It seizes and then pauses awhile.

Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking increased.

He looked at the monster, which seemed to return the look.

Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and darting it at him, seized him by the arm.

At the same moment, it advanced its head with a quick movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man. But Gilliatt was watchful.

He avoided the antenna, and at the very instant the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clinched in his left hand.

There were two convulsive movements in opposite directions—that of the devil-fish, and that of its prey.

The movements were as rapid as lightning.

Gilliatt had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whiplash in the air, had described a circle round the two eyes, and wrenched off the head as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The slimy bands relaxed. The air-pump being broken, the vacuum was destroyed. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could dimly discern on the stones at his feet two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the rest of the monster on the other.

Nevertheless, fearing a convulsive return of the death agony, he recoiled to be out of reach of the dread tentacles.

But the monster was quite dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.

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*MEN, my dear, are very queer animals, a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please, are very hard to drive.*

—THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

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*Woodcut by James C. Reid*

# The Prize-Winning Essay *for* September

*on "My Favorite Story and Why"*

## *An* Occurrence *at* Owl Creek Bridge*

WHILE YET a child in my early 'teens, Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" left an indelible impression upon my mind. Through the passing years I retained a distinct remembrance of those masterfully portrayed incidents—the description of a Southerner during the throes of the Civil War, and of his terrible hanging from the Owl Creek Bridge.

There was nothing of morbidity in my liking for it as a child, but probably an unconscious realization at an early age of Poe's truths regarding the perfect short story: A good story occurs where the author, "having conceived with deliberate care a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, then invents such incidents . . . as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. . . . And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it, a sense of the fullest satisfaction."

There is not a bit of irrelevant matter in the story. You are directly brought into acquaintance with the striking essence of the plot—that of the physical and mental reactions of a man in the process of being hanged. And Bierce's powers of description and apprehension are well fitted to do this.

The portrayal of the hanged man's reactions is no dry, psychological dissertation, but every word is intensely alive and thrilling. The man's thoughts appear as actualities, until we are suddenly surprised by the ending, the abruptness of which helps to accentuate the effect.

Bierce has created a powerful impression, not soon to be forgotten, and for that reason his story remains my favorite one.

—ELI CLAYMAN, Los Angeles, California.

* This story was published in the GOLDEN BOOK for March, 1925.

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## Have You A Favorite Story?

**$25 Prize** each month for the best essay

¶ *The* GOLDEN BOOK *is the one magazine that the reader can—and must—help to edit. Our job is to choose the best entertainment from the true literature of the world, and you can help us to find it.*

¶ *Each month* GOLDEN BOOK *offers a cash prize of $25 for the best essay of about 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanly touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful.*

¶ *It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the* GOLDEN BOOK *or not. We have been proud to find that an overwhelming number of the favorite stories chosen by contestants have appeared in our pages. But we are also particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the* GOLDEN BOOK.

¶ *The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.*



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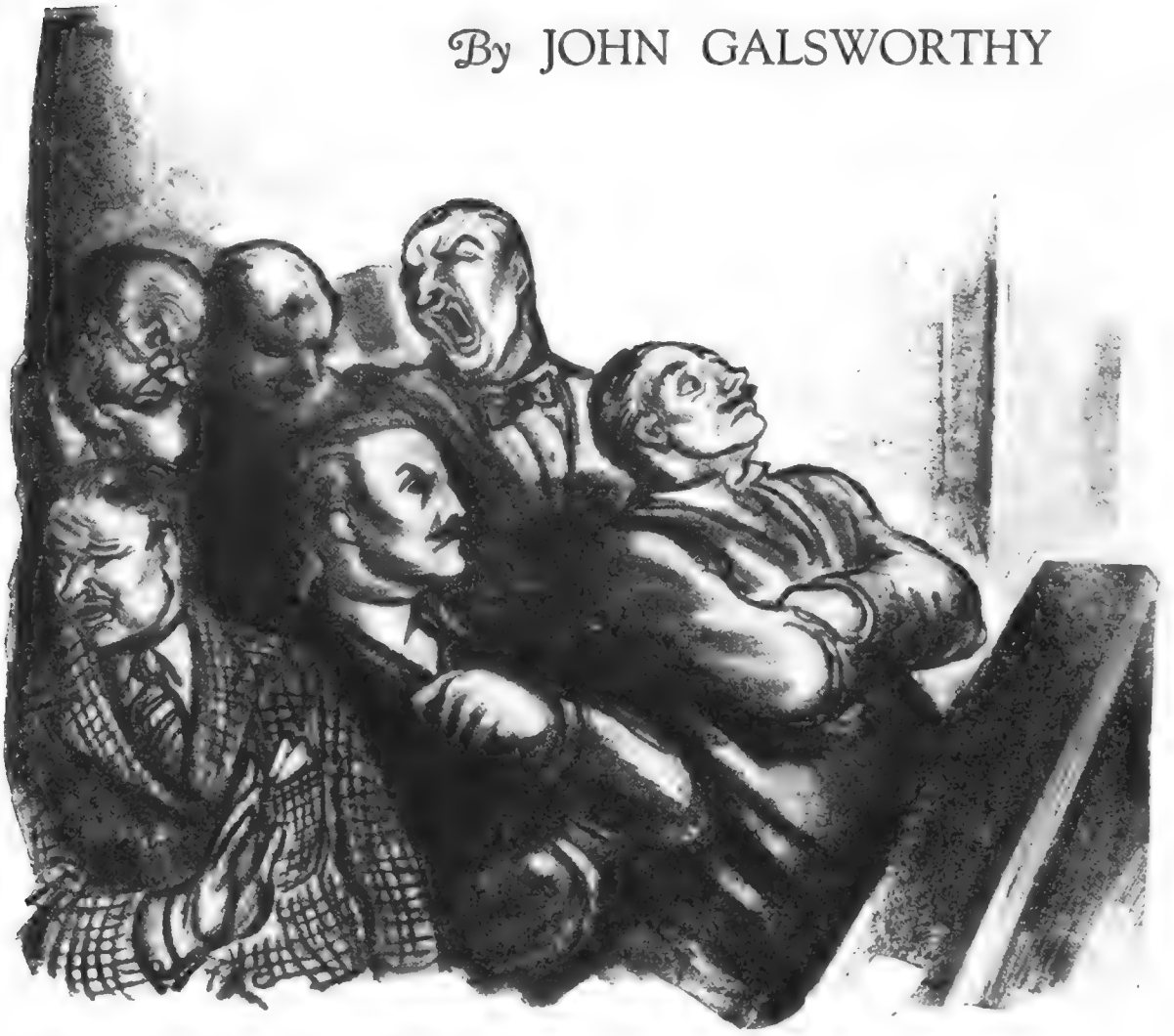
# The Juryman

By JOHN GALSWORTHY



"Don't you see, brother, I was reading yesterday the Gospel about Christ, the little Father; how He suffered, how He walked on the earth. I suppose you have heard about it?"

"Indeed, I have," replied Stepanuitch; "but we are people in darkness; we can't read."—TOLSTOI.

MR. HENRY BOSENGATE, of the London Stock Exchange, seated himself in his car that morning during the Great War with a sense of injury. Major in a Volunteer Corps; member of all the local committees; lending this very car to the neighboring hospital, at times even driving it himself for their benefit; subscribing to funds, so far as his diminished income permitted—he was conscious of being an asset to the country, and one whose time could not be wasted with impunity. To be summoned to sit on a jury at the local assizes, and not even the grand jury at that! It was in the nature of an outrage.

Strong and upright, with hazel eyes and dark eyebrows, pinkish-brown cheeks, a forehead white, well-shaped, and getting high, with grayish hair glossy and well-brushed, and a trim mustache, he might have been taken for that colonel of Volunteers which indeed he was in a fair way of becoming.

His wife had followed him out under the porch, and stood bracing her supple body clothed in lilac linen. Red rambler roses formed a sort of crown to her dark head: her ivory-colored face had in it just a suggestion of the Japanese.

Mr. Bosengate spoke through the whirr of the engine:

"I don't expect to be late, dear. This business is ridiculous. There oughtn't to *be* any crime in these days."

His wife—her name was Kathleen—smiled. She looked very pretty and cool, Mr. Bosengate thought. To one bound on this dull and stuffy business everything he owned seemed pleasant—the geranium beds beside the gravel drive, his long, red-brick house



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*"I did it because I couldn't bear being away from my wife."*

Drawings by
Lewis C. Daniel

mellowing decorously in its creepers and ivy, the little clock-tower over stables now converted to a garage, the dovecote, masking at the other end the conservatory which adjoined the billiard-room. Close to the red-brick lodge his two children, Kate and Harry, ran out from under the acacia trees, and waved to him, scrambling bare-legged on to the low, red, ivy-covered wall which guarded his domain of eleven acres. Mr. Bosengate waved back, thinking: "Jolly couple—by Jove, they are!" Above their heads, through the trees, he could see right away to some Downs, faint in the July heat haze. And he thought: "Pretty a spot as one could have got, so close to town!"

Despite the war he had enjoyed these last two years more than any of the ten since he built "Charmleigh" and settled down to semi-rural domesticity with his young wife. There had been a certain piquancy, a savor added to existence, by the country's peril, and all the public service and sacrifice it demanded. His chauffeur was gone, and one gardener did the work of three. He enjoyed—positively enjoyed—his committee work; even the serious decline of business and increase of taxation had not much worried one continually conscious of the national crisis and his own part therein. The country had wanted waking up, wanted a lesson in effort and economy; and the feeling that he had not spared himself in these strenuous times had given a zest to those quiet pleasures of bed and board which, at his age, even the most patriotic could retain with a good conscience. He had denied himself many things—new clothes, presents for Kathleen and the children, travel, and that pineapple house which he had been on the point of building when the war broke out; new wine, too, and cigars, and membership of the two clubs which he had never used in the old days. The hours had seemed fuller and longer, sleep better earned—wonderful, the things one could do without when put to it! He turned the car into the high road, driving dreamily, for he was in plenty of time. The war was going pretty well now; he was no fool



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optimist, but now conscription was in force, one might reasonably hope for its end within a year. Then there would be a boom, and one might let oneself go a little. Visions of theaters and supper with his wife at the Savoy afterwards, and cozy night drives back into the sweet-smelling country behind your own chauffeur once more teased a fancy which even now did not soar beyond the confines of domestic pleasures. He pictured his wife in new dresses by Jay—she was fifteen years younger than himself, and "paid for dressing" as they said. He had always delighted—as men older than their wives will—in the admiration she excited from others not privileged to enjoy her charms. Her rather queer and ironical beauty, her cool irreproachable wifeliness, was a constant balm to him. They would give dinner parties again, have their friends down from town, and he would once more enjoy sitting at the foot of the dinner table while Kathleen sat at the head, with the light soft on her ivory shoulders, behind flowers she had arranged in that original way of hers, and fruit which he had grown in his hothouses; once more he would take legitimate interest in the wine he offered to his guests—once more stock that Chinese cabinet wherein he kept cigars. Yes—there was a certain satisfaction in these days of privation, if only from the anticipation they created.

*"One need only grow to become gentler in one's judgments."*

*Here in this remark of Galsworthy is much of the man himself—the quiet, tolerant, kindly observer.*

*Here too is the mainspring of much that he writes, as it is in this tale of the awakening of Henry Bosengate—one of his greatest short stories.*

The sprinkling of villas had become continuous on either side of the high road; and women going to shop, tradesmen's boys delivering victuals, young men in khaki, began to abound. Now and then a limping or bandaged form would pass—some bit of human wreckage! and Mr. Bosengate would think mechanically: "Another of those poor devils! Wonder if we've had his case before us!"

Running his car into the best hotel garage of the little town, he made his way leisurely over to the court. It stood back from the market-place, and was already lapped by a sea of persons having, as in the outer ring at race meetings, an air of business at which one must not be caught at, together with a soaked or flushed appearance. Mr. Bosengate could not resist putting his handkerchief to his nose. He had carefully drenched it with lavender water, and to this fact owed, perhaps, his immunity from the post of foreman on the jury—for, say what you will about the English, they have a deep instinct for affairs.

He found himself second in the front row of the jury box, and through the odor of "Sanitas" gazed at the judge's face expressionless up there, for all the world like a be-wigged bust. His fellows in the box had that appearance of falling between two classes characteristic of jurymen. Mr. Bosengate was not impressed. On one side of him the foreman sat, a prominent upholsterer, known in the town as "Gentleman Fox." His dark and beautifully brushed and oiled hair and mustache, his radiant linen, gold watch and chain, the white piping to his waistcoat, and a habit of never saying "Sir" had long marked him out from commoner men; he undertook to bury people too, to save them trouble; and was altogether superior. On the other side Mr. Bosengate had one of those men who, except when they sit on juries, are never seen without a little brown bag, and the appearance of having been interrupted in a drink. Pale and shiny, with large loose eyes shifting from side to side, he had an underdone voice and uneasy, flabby hands. Mr. Bosengate disliked sitting next to him. Beyond this commercial traveler sat a dark pale young man with spectacles; beyond him again, a short old man with gray mustache, mutton chops, and innumerable wrinkles; and the front row was completed by a chemist. The three immediately behind, Mr. Bosengate did not thoroughly master; but the three at the end of the second row he learned in their order of an oldish man in a gray suit, given to winking; an inanimate person with the mouth of a mustachioed codfish, over whose long bald crown three wisps of damp hair were carefully arranged; and a dried, dapperish, clean-shorn man, whose mouth seemed terrified lest it should be surprised without a smile. Their first and second verdicts were recorded without the necessity for withdrawal, and Mr. Bosengate was already sleepy when the third case was called. The sight of khaki revived his drooping attention. But what a weedy-looking specimen! This prisoner had a truly nerveless, pitiable, dejected air. If he had ever had a military bearing it had shrunk into him during his confinement. His ill-shaped brown tunic, whose little brass buttons seemed trying to keep smiling, struck Mr. Bosengate as ridiculously short, used though he was to such things. "Absurd," he thought—"Lumbago! Just where they ought to be covered!" Then the officer and gentleman stirred in him, and he added to himself: "Still, there must be some distinction made!" The little soldier's visage had once perhaps been tanned, but was now the color of dark dough; his large brown eyes with white showing below the iris, as so often in the eyes of very nervous people—wandered from face to face, of judge, counsel, jury, and public. There were hollows in his cheeks, his dark hair looked damp; around his neck he wore a bandage. The commercial traveler on Mr. Bosengate's left turned, and whispered: *"Felo de se!* My hat! what a guy!" Mr. Bosengate pretended not to hear—he could not bear that fellow!—and slowly wrote on a bit of paper: "Owen Lewis." Welsh! Well, he looked it—not at all an English face. Attempted suicide—not at all an English crime!

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Suicide implied surrender, a putting-up of hands to Fate—to say nothing of the religious aspect of the matter. And suicide in khaki seemed to Mr. Bosengate particularly abhorrent; like turning tail in face of the enemy; almost meriting the fate of a deserter. He looked at the prisoner, trying not to give way to this prejudice. And the prisoner seemed to look at him, though this, perhaps, was fancy.

The counsel for the prosecution, a little, alert, gray, decided man, above military age, began detailing the circumstances of the crime. Mr. Bosengate, though not particularly sensitive to atmosphere, could perceive a sort of current running through the court. It was as if jury and public were thinking rhythmically in obedience to the same unexpressed prejudice of which he himself was conscious. Even the Cæsar-like pale face up there, presiding, seemed in its ironic serenity responding to that current.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before I call my evidence, I direct your attention to the bandage the accused is still wearing. He gave himself this wound with his Army razor, adding, if I may say so, insult to the injury he was inflicting on his country. He pleads not guilty; and before the magistrates he said that absence from his wife was preying on his mind"—the advocate's close lips widened— "Well, gentlemen, if such an excuse is to weigh with us in these days, I'm sure I don't know what's to happen to the Empire."

"No, by George!" thought Mr. Bosengate.

The evidence of the first witness, a room-mate who had caught the prisoner's hand, and of the sergeant, who had at once been summoned, was conclusive, and he began to cherish a hope that they would get through without withdrawing, and he would be home before five. But then a hitch occurred. The regimental doctor failed to respond when his name was called; and the judge having for the first time that day showed himself capable of human emotion, intimated that he would adjourn until the morrow.

Mr. Bosengate received the announcement with equanimity. He would be home even earlier! And gathering up the sheets of paper he had scribbled on, he put them in his pocket and got up. The would-be suicide was being taken out of the court—a shambling drab figure with shoulders hunched. What good were men like that in these days! What good! The prisoner looked up. Mr. Bosengate encountered in full the gaze of those large brown eyes, with the white showing underneath. What a suffering, wretched, pitiful face! A man had no business to give you a look like that! The prisoner passed on down the stairs, and vanished. Mr. Bosengate went out and across the market-place to the garage of the hotel where he had left his car. The sun shone fiercely and he thought: "I must do some watering in the garden." He brought the car out, and was about to start the engine, when some one passing said: "Good evenin'. Seedy-lookin' beggar that last prisoner, ain't he? We don't want men of that stamp." It was his neighbor on the jury, the commercial traveler, in a straw hat, with a little brown bag already in his hand and the froth of an interrupted drink on his mustache. Answering curtly: "Good evening!" and thinking: "Nor of yours, my friend!" Mr. Bosengate started the car with unnecessary clamor. But as if brought back to life by the commercial traveler's remark, the prisoner's figure seemed to speed along too, turning up at Mr. Bosengate his pitifully unhappy eyes. Want of his wife!—queer excuse that for trying to put it out of his power ever to see her again. Why! Half a loaf, even a slice, was better than no bread. Not many of that neurotic type in the Army—thank Heaven! The lugubrious figure vanished, and Mr. Bosengate pictured instead the form of his own wife bending over her "Gloire de Dijon" roses in the rosery, where she generally worked a little before tea now that they were short of gardeners. He saw her, as often he had seen her, raise herself and stand, head to one side, a gloved hand on her slender hip, gazing as it were ironically from under drooped lids at buds which did not come out fast enough. And the word *"Caline,"* for he was something of a French scholar, shot through his mind: "Kathleen—*Caline!*" If he found her there when he got in, he would steal up on the grass and—ah! but with great care not to crease her dress or disturb her hair! "If only she weren't quite so self-contained," he thought. "It's like a cat you can't get near, not really near!"

THE CAR, returning faster than it had come down that morning, had already passed the outskirt villas, and was breasting the hill to where, among fields and old trees, Charmleigh lay apart from commoner life. Turning into his drive, Mr. Bosengate thought with a certain surprise: "I wonder what she *does* think of! I wonder!" He put his gloves and hat down in the outer hall and went into the lavatory to dip his face in cold water and wash it with sweet-smelling soap—delicious revenge on the unclean atmosphere in which he had been stewing so many hours. He came out again into the hall dazed by soap and the mellowed light, and a voice from half-way up the stairs said: "Daddy! Look!" His little daughter was standing up there with one hand on the banisters. She scrambled on to them and came sliding down, her frock up to her eyes, and her knickers to her middle.

"Well, that's elegant!" Mr. Bosengate said mildly.

"Tea's in the summer-house. Mummy's waiting. Come on!"

With her hand in his, Mr. Bosengate went on, through the drawing-room, long and cool, with sun-blinds down, through the billiard-room, high and cool, through the conservatory, green and sweet-smelling, out on to the terrace and the upper lawn. He had never felt such sheer exhilarated joy in his home surroundings, so cool, glistening and green under the July sun; and he said:

"Well, Kit, what have you all been doing?"

"I've fed my rabbits and Harry's; and we've been in the attic; Harry got his leg through the skylight."

Mr. Bosengate drew in his breath with a hiss.

"It's all right, Daddy; we got it out again, it only grazed the skin. And we've been making swabs — I made seventeen—Mummy made thirty-three, and then she went to the hospital. Did you put many men in prison?"

Mr. Bosengate cleared his throat. The question seemed to him untimely. "Only two."

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"What's it like in prison, Daddy?"

Mr. Bosengate, who had no more knowledge than his little daughter, replied in an absent voice:

"Not very nice."

They were passing under a young oak tree, where the path wound round to the rosery and summer-house. Something shot down and clawed Mr. Bosengate's neck. His little daughter began to hop and suffocate with laughter.

"Oh, Daddy! Aren't you caught! I led you on purpose!"

Looking up, Mr. Bosengate saw his small son lying along a low branch above him—like the leopard he was declaring himself to be (for fear of error), and thought blithely: "What an active little chap it is!"

"Let me drop on your shoulders, Daddy—like they do on the deer."

"Oh, yes! Do be a deer, Daddy!"

Mr. Bosengate did not see being a deer; his hair had just been brushed. But he entered the rosery buoyantly between his offspring. His wife was standing precisely as he had imagined her, in a pale blue frock open at the neck, with a narrow black band round the waist, and little accordion pleats below. She looked her coolest. Her smile, when she turned her head, hardly seemed to take Mr. Bosengate seriously enough. He placed his lips below one of her half-drooped eyelids. She even smelled of roses. His children began to dance around their mother, and Mr. Bosengate, firmly held between them, was also compelled to do this, until she said:

"When you've quite done, let's have tea!"

It was not the greeting he had imagined coming along in the car. Earwigs were plentiful in the summer-house—used perhaps twice a year, but indispensable to every country residence—and Mr. Bosengate was not sorry for the excuse to get out again. Though all was so pleasant, he felt oddly restless, rather suffocated; and lighting his pipe, began to move about among the roses; blowing tobacco at the greenfly; in war-time one was never quite idle! And suddenly he said:

"We're trying a wretched Tommy at the assizes."

His wife looked up from a rose. "What for?"

"Attempted suicide."

"Why did he?"

"Can't stand the separation from his wife."

She looked at him, gave a low laugh, and said:

"Oh, dear!"

Mr. Bosengate was puzzled. Why did she laugh? He looked round, saw that the children were gone, took his pipe from his mouth, and approached her.

"You look very pretty," he said. "Give me a kiss!"

His wife bent her body forward from the waist, and pushed her lips out till they touched his mustache. Mr. Bosengate felt a sensation as if he had arisen from breakfast without having eaten marmalade. He mastered it and said:

"That jury are a rum lot."

His wife's eyelids flickered. "I wish women sat on juries."

"Why?"

"It would be an experience."

Not the first time she had used that curious expression! Yet her life was far from dull, so far as he could see; with the new interests created by the war, and the constant calls on her time made by the perfection of their home life, she had a useful and busy existence. Again the random thought passed through him: "But she never tells me anything!" And suddenly that lugubrious khaki-clad figure started up among the rose bushes. "We've got a lot to be thankful for!" he said abruptly. "I must go to work!" His wife, raising one eyebrow, smiled. "And I to weep!" Mr. Bosengate laughed—she had a pretty wit! And stroking his comely mustache where it had been kissed, he moved out into the sunshine. All the evening, throughout his labors, not inconsiderable, for this jury business had put him behind time, he was afflicted by that restless pleasure in his surroundings; would break off in mowing the lower lawn to look at the house through the trees; would leave his study and committee papers to cross into the drawing-room and sniff its dainty fragrance; paid a special good-night visit to the children having supper in the schoolroom; pottered in and out from his dressing-room to admire his wife while she was changing for dinner; dined with his mind perpetually on the next course; talked volubly of the war; and in the billiard-room afterwards, smoking the pipe which had taken the place of his cigar, could not keep still, but roamed about, now in conservatory, now in the drawing-room, where his wife and the governess were still making swabs. It seemed to him that he could not have enough of anything. About eleven o'clock he strolled out—beautiful night, only just dark enough—under the new arrangement with Time—and went down to the little round fountain below the terrace. His wife was playing the piano. Mr. Bosengate looked at the water and the flat dark water-lily leaves which floated there; looked up at the house, where only narrow chinks of light showed, because of the Lighting Order. The dreamy music drifted out; there was a scent of heliotrope. He moved a few steps back, and sat in the children's swing under an old lime tree. Jolly—blissful—in the warm, bloomy dark! Of all hours of the day, this before going to bed was perhaps the pleasantest. He saw the light go up in his wife's bedroom, unscreened for a full minute, and thought: "Aha! If I did my duty as a special, I should 'strafe' her for that." She came to the window, her figure lighted, hands up to the back of her head, so that her bare arms gleamed. Mr. Bosengate wafted her a kiss, knowing he could not be seen. "Lucky chap!" he mused; "she's a great joy!" Up went her arm, down came the blind—the house was dark again. He drew a long breath. "Another ten minutes," he thought, "then I'll go in and shut up. By Jove! The limes are beginning to smell already!" And, the better to take in that acme of his well-being, he tilted the swing, lifted his feet from the ground, and swung himself toward the scented blossoms. He wanted to whelm his senses in their perfume, and closed his eyes. But instead of the domestic vision he expected, the face of the little Welsh soldier, hare-eyed, shadowy, pinched and dark and pitiful, stared up with such disturbing vividness that he opened his eyes again at

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*"I'd hang the cur," burst from the commercial traveler.*

*Mr. Bosengate glared at him; he smote the table with his fist.*

once. Curses! The fellow almost haunted one! Where would he be now—poor little devil! lying in his cell, thinking—thinking of his wife! Feeling suddenly morbid, Mr. Bosengate arrested the swing and stood up. Absurd!—all his well-being and mood of warm anticipation had deserted him! "A d——d world!" he thought. "Such a lot of misery! Why should I have to sit in judgment on that poor beggar and condemn him?" He moved up on to the terrace and walked briskly, to rid himself of this disturbance before going in. "That commercial traveler chap," he thought, "the rest of those fellows—they see nothing!" And abruptly turning up the three stone steps, he entered the conservatory, locked it, passed into the billiard-room and drank his barley water. One of the pictures was hanging crooked; he went up to put it straight. Still life. Grapes and apples, and lobsters! They struck him as odd for the first time. Why lobsters? The whole picture seemed dead and oily. He turned off the light, and went upstairs, passed his wife's door, into his own room, and undressed. Clothed in his pajamas he opened the door between the rooms. By the light coming from his own he could see her dark head on the pillow. Was she asleep? No—not asleep, certainly. The moment of fruition had come; the crowning of his pride and pleasure in his home. But he continued to stand there. He had suddenly no pride, no pleasure, no desire; nothing but a sort of dull resentment against everything. He turned back, shut the door, and slipping between the heavy curtains and his open window, stood looking out, at the night. "Full of misery!" he thought. "Full of d——d misery!"

Filing into the jury-box next morning, Mr. Bosengate collided slightly with a short juryman, whose square figure and square head of stiff yellow-red hair he had only vaguely noticed the day before. The man looked angry, and Mr. Bosengate thought: "An ill-bred dog, that!"

He sat down quickly, and, to avoid further recognition of his fellows, gazed in front of him. His appearance on Saturdays was always military, by reason of the route march of his Volunteer Corps in the afternoon. Gentleman Fox, who belonged to the corps, too, was also looking square; but that commercial traveler on his other side seemed more *louche*, and as if surprised in immorality, than ever; only the proximity of Gentleman Fox on the other side kept Mr. Bosengate from shrinking. Then he saw the prisoner being brought in, shadowy and dark behind the brightness of his buttons, and he experienced a sort of shock, this figure was so exactly that which had several times started up in his mind. Somehow he had expected a fresh sight of the fellow to dispel and disprove what had been haunting him, had expected to find him just an outside phenomenon, not, as it were, a part of his own life. And he gazed at the carven immobility of the judge's face, trying to steady himself, as a drunken man will, by looking at a light. The regimental doctor, unabashed by the judge's comment on his absence the day before, gave his evidence like a man who had better things to do, and the case for the prosecution was forthwith rounded in by a little speech from counsel. The matter—he said—was clear as daylight. Those who wore His Majesty's uniform, charged with the responsibility and privilege of defending their country, were no more entitled to desert their regiments by taking their own lives than they were entitled to desert in any other way. He asked for a conviction. Mr. Bosengate felt a sympathetic shuffle passing through all feet; the judge was speaking:

"Prisoner, you can either go into the witness box

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and make your statement on oath, in which you may be cross-examined on it; or you can make your statement there from the dock, in which case you will not be cross-examined. Which do you elect to do?"

"From here, my lord."

Seeing him now full face, and, as it might be, come to life in the effort to convey his feelings, Mr. Bosengate had suddenly a quite different impression of the fellow. It was as if his khaki had fallen off, and he had stepped out of his own shadow, a live and quivering creature. His pinched clean-shaven face seemed to have an irregular, wilder, hairier look, his large nervous brown eyes darkened and glowed; he jerked his shoulders, his arms, his whole body, like a man suddenly freed from cramp or a suit of armor. He spoke, too, in a quick, crisp, rather high voice, pinching his consonants a little, sharpening his vowels, like a true Welshman.

"My lord and misters the jury," he said: "I was a hairdresser when the call came on me to join the army. I had a little home and a wife. I never thought what it would be like to be away from them, I surely never did; and I'm ashamed to be speaking it out like this—how it can squeeze and squeeze a man, how it can prey on your mind when you're nervous like I am. 'Tis not everyone that cares for his home—there's a lots o' them never wants to see their wives again. But for me 'tis like being shut up in a cage, it is!" Mr. Bosengate saw daylight between the skinny fingers of the man's hand thrown out with a jerk. "I cannot bear it shut up away from wife and home like what you are in the army. So when I took my razor that morning I was wild—an' I wouldn't be here now but for that man catching my hand. There was no reason in it, I'm willing to confess. It was foolish, but wait till you get feeling like what I was, and see how it draws you. Misters the jury, don't send me back to prison; it is worse still there. If you have wives you will know what it is like for lots of us; only some is more nervous than others. I swear to you, sirs, I could not help it——" Again the little man flung out his hand, his whole thin body shook and Mr. Bosengate felt the same sensation as when he drove his car over a dog—"Misters the jury, I hope you may never in your lives feel as I've been feeling."

THE LITTLE MAN ceased, his eyes shrank back into their sockets, his figure back into its mask of shadowy brown and gleaming buttons, and Mr. Bosengate was conscious that the judge was making a series of remarks; and, very soon, of being seated at a mahogany table in the jury's withdrawing room, hearing the voice of the man with hair like an Irish terrier's saying: "Didn't he talk through his hat, that little blighter!" Conscious, too, of the commercial traveler, still on his left—always on his left!—mopping his brow, and muttering: "Phew! It's hot in there today!" when an effluvium, as of an inside accustomed to whisky, came from him. Then the man with the underlip and the three plastered wisps of hair said:

"Don't know why we withdrew, Mr. Foreman!"

Mr. Bosengate looked round to where, at the head of the table, Gentleman Fox sat, in defensive gentility and the little white piping to his waistcoat. "I shall be happy to take the sense of the jury," he was saying blandly. There was a short silence, then the chemist murmured:

"I should say he must have what they call claustrophobia."

"Clauster fiddlesticks! The feller's a shirker. Missed his wife—pretty excuse! Indecent, I call it!"

The speaker was the little wire-haired man; and emotion, deep and angry, stirred in Mr. Bosengate. That ill-bred little cur! He gripped the edge of the table with both hands.

"I think it's d——d natural!" he muttered. But almost before the words had left his lips he felt dismay. What had he said—he, nearly a colonel of volunteers—endorsing such a want of patriotism! And hearing the commercial traveler murmuring: "'Ear, 'ear!" he reddened violently.

The wire-headed man said roughly:

"There's too many of these blighted shirkers, and too much pampering of them."

The turmoil in Mr. Bosengate increased; he remarked in an icy voice: "I agree to no verdict that'll send the man back to prison."

At this a real tremor seemed to go round the table, as if they all saw themselves sitting there through lunch time. Then the large gray-haired man given to winking, said:

"Oh! Come, sir—after what the judge said! Come, sir! What do you say, Mr. Foreman?"

Gentleman Fox—as who would say "This is excellent value, but I don't wish to press it on you!" answered: "We are only concerned with the facts. Did he or did he not try to shorten his life?"

"Of course he did—said so himself," Mr. Bosengate heard the wire-haired man snap out, and from the following murmur of assent he alone abstained. Guilty! Well—yes! There was no way out of admitting that, but his feelings revolted against handing "that poor little beggar" over to the tender mercy of his country's law. His whole soul rose in arms against agreeing with that ill-bred little cur, and the rest of this job-lot. He had an impulse to get up and walk out, saying: "Settle it your own way. Good morning."

"It seems, sir," Gentleman Fox was saying, "that we're all agreed to guilty, except yourself. If you will allow me, I don't see how you can go behind what the prisoner himself admitted."

Thus brought up to the very guns, Mr. Bosengate, red in the face, thrust his hands deep into the side pockets of his tunic, and, staring straight before him, said: "Very well; on condition we recommend him to mercy."

"What do you say, gentlemen; shall we recommend him to mercy?"

"'Ear, 'ear!" burst from the commercial traveler, and from the chemist came the murmur:

"No harm in that."

"Well, I think there is. They shoot deserters at the front, and we let this fellow off. I'd hang the cur."

Mr. Bosengate stared at that little wire-haired brute. "Haven't you *any* feeling for others?" he wanted to say. "Can't you see that this poor devil suffers tortures?" But the sheer impossibility of doing this before ten other men brought a slight sweat

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*He became conscious of her eyes half-closed, sliding round at him, of her half-smiling lips. . . .*

out on his face and hands; and in agitation he smote the table a blow with his fist. The effect was instantaneous. Everybody looked at the wire-haired man, as if saying: "Yes, you've gone a bit too far there!" The "little brute" stood it for a moment, then muttered surlily:

"Well, commend 'im to mercy if you like; I don't care."

"That's right; they never pay any attention to it," said the gray-haired man, winking heartily. And Mr. Bosengate filed back with the others into court.

But when from the jury box his eyes fell once more on the hare-eyed figure in the dock, he had his worst moment yet. Why should this poor wretch suffer so—for no fault, no fault; while he, and these others, and that snapping counsel, and the Cæsar-like judge up there, went off to their women and their homes, blithe as bees, and probably never thought of him again? And suddenly he was conscious of the judge's voice:

"You will go back to your regiment and endeavor to serve your country with better spirit. You may thank the jury that you are not sent to prison, and your good fortune that you were not at the front when you tried to commit this cowardly act. You are lucky to be alive."

A policeman pulled the little soldier by the arm: his drab figure, with eyes fixed and lusterless, passed down and away. From his very soul Mr. Bosengate wanted to lean out and say: "Cheer up, cheer up! *I* understand."

It was nearly ten o'clock that evening before he reached home, motoring back from the route march. His physical tiredness was abated, for he had partaken of a snack and a whisky and soda at the hotel but mentally he was in a curious mood. His body felt appeased, his spirit hungry. Tonight he had a yearning, not for his wife's kisses, but for her understanding. He wanted to go to her and say: "I've learned a lot today—found out things I never thought of. Life's a wonderful thing, Kate, a thing one can't live all to oneself: a thing one shares with everybody, so that when another suffers, one suffers, too. It's come to me that what one has doesn't matter a bit—it's what one does, and how one sympathizes with other people. It came to me in the most extraordinary vivid way, when I was on that jury watching that poor little rat of a soldier in his trap; it's the first time I've ever felt—the—the spirit of Christ, you know. It's a wonderful thing, Kate—wonderful! We haven't been close—really close, you and I, so that we each understand what the other is feeling. It's all in that, you know: understanding—sympathy—it's priceless. When I saw that poor little devil taken down and sent back to his regiment to begin his sorrows all over again—wanting his wife, thinking and thinking of her just as you know I would be thinking and wanting you, I felt what an awful outside sort of life we lead, never telling each other what we really think and feel, never being really close. I daresay that little chap and his wife keep nothing from each other—live each other's lives. That's what *we* ought to do. Let's get to feeling that what really matters is—understanding and loving, and not only just saying it as we all do, those fellows on the jury, and even that poor devil of a judge—what an awful life, judging one's fellow-creatures! When I left that poor little Tommy this morning, and ever since, I've longed to get back here quietly to you and tell you about it, and make a beginning. There's something wonderful in this, and I want you to feel it as I do, because you mean such a lot to me."

This was what he wanted to say to his wife, not touching, or kissing her, just looking into her eyes, watching them soften and glow as they surely must, catching the infection of his new ardor. And he felt unsteady, fearfully unsteady with the desire to say it all as it should be said: swiftly, quietly, with the truth and fervor of his feeling.

The hall was not lit up, for daylight still lingered under the new arrangement. He went towards the drawing-room, but from the very door shied off to his

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study and stood irresolute under the picture of a "Man catching a flea" (Dutch school), which had come down to him from his father. The governess would be in there with his wife! He must wait. Essential to go straight to Kathleen and pour it all out, or he would never do it. He felt as nervous as an undergraduate going up for his *viva voce*. This thing was so big, so astoundingly and unexpectedly important. He was suddenly afraid of his wife, afraid of her coolness and her grace, and that something Japanese about her—of all those attributes he had been accustomed to admire; most afraid, as it were, of her attraction. He felt young tonight, almost boyish; would she see that he was not really fifteen years older than herself, and she not really a part of his collection, of all the admirable appointments of his home; but a companion spirit to one who wanted a companion badly? In this agitation of his soul he could keep still no more than he could last night in the agitation of his senses; and he wandered into the dining-room. A dainty supper was set out there, sandwiches, and cake, whisky and cigarettes—even an early peach. Mr. Bosengate looked at this peach with sorrow rather than disgust. The perfection of it was of a piece with all that had gone before this new and sudden feeling. Its delicious bloom seemed to heighten his perception of the hedge around him, that hedge of the things he so enjoyed, carefully planted and tended these many years. He passed it by uneaten, and went to the window. Out there all was darkening, the fountain, the lime tree, the flower-beds, the fields below; darkening slowly, losing form, blurring into soft blackness, vanishing, but there none the less—all there—the hedge of his possessions. He heard the door of the drawing-room open, the voices of his wife and the governess in the hall, going up to bed. If only they didn't look in here! If only——! The voices ceased. He was safe now—had but to follow in a few minutes, to make sure of Kathleen alone. He turned round and stared down the length of the dark dining-room, over the rosewood table, to where in the mirror above the sideboard at the far end, his figure bathed, a stain, a mere blurred shadow; he made his way down to it along the table edge, and stood before himself as close as he could get. His throat and the roof of his mouth felt dry with nervousness; he put out his finger and touched his face in the glass. "You're an ass!" he thought. "Pull yourself together, and get it over. She will see; of course, she will!" He swallowed, smoothed his mustache, and walked out. Going up the stairs, his heart beat painfully; but he was in for it now, and marched straight into her room.

Dressed only in a loose blue wrapper, she was brushing her dark hair before the glass. Mr. Bosengate went up to her and stood there silent, looking down. The words he had thought of were like a swarm of bees buzzing in his head yet not one would fly from between his lips. His wife went on brushing her hair under the light which shone on her polished elbows. She looked up at him from beneath one lifted eyebrow.

"Well, dear—tired?"

With a sort of vehemence the single word "No" passed out. A faint, a quizzical smile flitted over her face; she shrugged her shoulders ever so gently. That gesture—he had seen it before! And in desperate desire to make her understand, he put his hand on her lifted arm.

"Kathleen, stop—listen to me!" His fingers tightened in his agitation and eagerness to make his great discovery known. But before he could get out a word he became conscious of that cool round arm, conscious of her eyes half-closed, sliding round at him, of her half-smiling lips, of her neck under the wrapper. He stammered: "I want—I must—Kathleen, I——"

She lifted her shoulders again in that little shrug. "Yes—I know; all right!"

A wave of heat and shame, and of God knows what came over Mr. Bosengate; he fell on his knees and pressed his forehead to her arm; and he was silent, more silent than the grave. Nothing—nothing came from him but two long sighs. Suddenly he felt her hand stroke his cheek—compassionately, it seemed to him. She made a little movement towards him; her lips met his, and he remembered nothing but that. . . .

In his own room Mr. Bosengate sat at his wide-open window, smoking; there was no light. Moths went past, the moon was creeping up. He sat very calm, puffing the smoke out into the night air. Curious thing—life! Curious world! Curious forces in it—making one do the opposite of what one wished; always—always making one do the opposite, it seemed! The furtive light from the creeping moon was getting hold of things down there, stealing in among the boughs of the trees. "There's something ironical," he thought, "which walks about. Things don't come off as you think they will. I meant, I tried—but one doesn't change like that all of a sudden, it seems. Fact is, life's too big a thing for me! All the same, I'm not the man I was yesterday—not quite!" He closed his eyes, and in one of those flashes of vision which come when the senses are at rest, he saw himself as it were far down below—down on the floor of a street narrow as a grave, high as a mountain—a deep dark slit of a street—walking down there, a black midget of a fellow, among other black midgets—his wife, and the little soldier, the judge, and those jury chaps—*fantoches* straight up on their tiny feet, wondering down there in that dark, infinitely tall and narrow street. "Too much for one!" he thought. "Too high for one—no getting on top of it. We've got to be kind, and help one another, and not expect too much, and not think too much. That's—all!" And, squeezing out his cigarette, he took six deep breaths of the night air, and got into bed.

◆

Who once has married and who seeks again
To wear the double yoke, invites the fate
Of him who, shipwrecked, sets his daring sail
To pass, another time, a dangerous strait.

*Translated from the Greek*
*by* Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

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# So They Say

**Norman Thomas:**
*former Socialist candidate for President*

"In American justice, it is more dangerous to be known as a radical thinker than to be known as a crook."

**H. G. Wells:**

"Biologists can be as sensitive to heresy as theologians."

**Alfred E. Smith:**
*Democratic candidate for President, introducing Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd*

"He started for the South Pole and I started for the White House—and it gives me supreme satisfaction to say that I got back twenty months quicker than him."

**Edward Fisher Brown:**
*Director of the Noise Abatement Commission*

"Under maximum traffic conditions, a lion's roar would have difficulty in making itself heard on the streets of New York."

**The Prince of Wales:**

"When you are too old to play golf, you had better die."

**Councilor Joseph Wilson:**
*of Sunderland, England*

"The English barmaid is a lady, and forms a real barrier in this country against prohibition. The Englishman is a decent drinker and traditionally respects women. But the Scotsman isn't so fine—hence the well-nigh total absence of barmaids in Scotland."

**Lord Eustace Percy:**
*President of the London Board of Education*

"The educated American is profoundly skeptical about machines, inclined to regard every invention as obsolescent as soon as it has been made, but naïvely trustful about political platitudes or philosophical half-truths."

**André Maurois:**
*biographer*

"Because they are the grandsons of pioneers, Americans have not yet realized that the charm of life consists of periods of leisure."

**John D. Rockefeller, Jr.:**
*to the Senior class at Dartmouth College*

"My son, so live that you can look any damned man in the eye and tell him to go to hell."

**Alexander Legge:**
*Chairman of the Federal Farm Board*

"One of the surpluses that has given us the most trouble has been that of farm leaders."

**Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds:**
*reports an investigation at San Quentin prison, California*

"The percentage of abnormal gland conditions is about forty per cent. higher among prisoners than among law-abiding population."

**Representative Nelson:**
*of Missouri*

"If the farm marketing act can succeed only when farm crops fail, it is worth no more than a Christmas tree after Christmas."

**Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske:**
*of the U. S. Navy, retired*

"To defend this country against defeat in war is the task of the army and navy. To defend this country against war itself is the task of the statesmen."

**Senator James A. Reed:**
*of Missouri*

"A friend asked me recently if I had seen the new Hoover flag. When I said I hadn't, he turned an empty pocket inside out and announced: 'That's it.'"



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ARTHUR STANLEY EDDINGTON:
*Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University visions the use of sub-atomic energy*

"If that day ever arrives, a year's supply of fuel for a power generating station will be carried in a tea-cup—namely, thirty grams of water."

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM:
*Chairman of the Hoover law enforcement commission*

"The modern idea of home has been well expressed as the place one goes to from the garage."

W. E. WOODWARD:
*journalist*

"I wonder if many women realize the startling incongruity between themselves, and let us say, the Ford plant at Detroit."

ZARO AGHA:
*one hundred and fifty-six year old Turk*

"I am not bored yet."

ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK:
*in the Times Magazine speaks of the New South*

"The tenant farms maintain a peasantry, white and colored, whose lives are poorer and more drab than those of Balkan peasants; the norm of domestic architecture is not much better than the temporary huts of the refugees deported from Turkey into Greece."

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY:
*educator*

"A nation-wide system of contributory unemployment insurance with the federal Government paying $1,000,000,000 and States employers and employees jointly the same amount—in the aggregate about 2.2 per cent. of the national income—would largely relieve the most serious unemployment."

VERA BROWN:
*lady pugilist and sparring partner to the Norwegian Tornado*

"I'm told that I can 'step' and land a pretty blow, and when I do sometimes my opponents forget and crash through in tough fashion. I'm not doing this to get completely banged up."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS:
*historian, in Harpers*

"If the maintenance of prosperity becomes a governmental function and duty it will inevitably overshadow all others."

JOHN R. TUMIS:
*sportswriter, in Harpers*

"On the eve of the Davis Cup Challenge Round in 1929 the United States Lawn Tennis Association spent $1950 in telephone calls from New York to Paris in a frantic effort to determine whether Mr. W. T. Tilden was an amateur or a professional."

FRANCOIS CARDINAL VERDIER:
*new Archbishop of Paris*

"It is not a question of inches in length of material, but of how a garment is worn. I have confidence in the morals of French women."

BRAND WHITLOCK:
*wartime ambassador to Belgium and author, in the Atlantic Monthly*

"The trouble arose when earnest teetotalers who could see no difference between a hill-billy getting drunk on applejack and a man having a bottle of Chateau Margaux to his dinner tried to impose their habits and standards of conduct on the entire population of the land."

MRS. AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON:
*evangelist, when fined by customs officials on her return from the Holy Land*

"Customs men never even mentioned fines to me. But if the country needs money I'm glad to chip in."

KAREL CAPEK:
*author of the play R. U. R.*

"What interests me is the fundamentals, no matter how vulgar."

AGNES SLACK:
*secretary of the World's Women Christian Temperance Union*

"God sent me to Turkey at a critical moment when the nation was turning from Islam to drink."

BURGOMASTER RUSSEL:
*of Coblenz, at a dinner in honor of President von Hindenburg*

"How could we have borne the crudeness of the Americans and the persistent political oppression of the French if the sparkling Rhine and Moselle wines had not helped us bear our sad fate?"

CALVIN COOLIDGE:
*in the New York Herald Tribune*

"The future may be better or worse."

MARION HERBERT:
*who jumped from the deck of the "S. S. Minnekahda" 950 miles at sea*

"I often do silly things like that."

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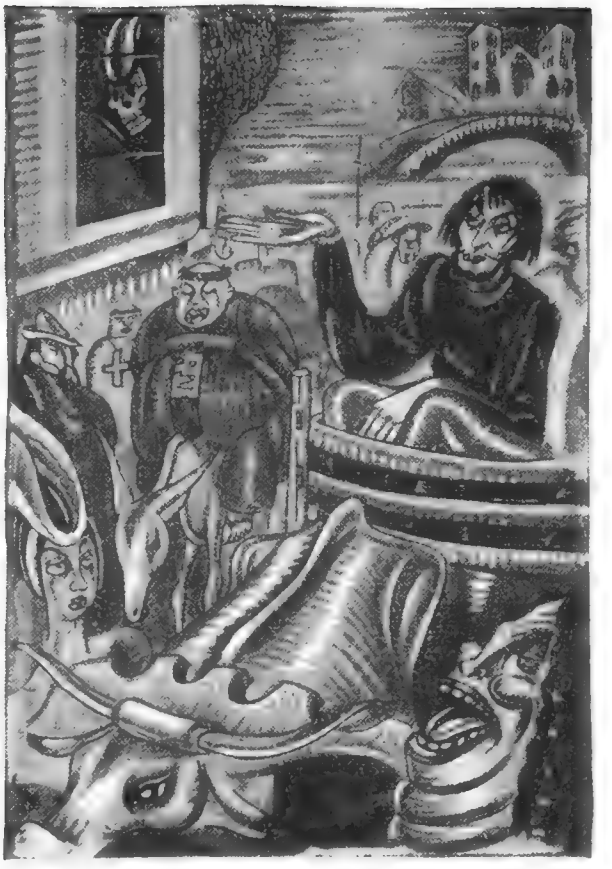
*First of a Series of Great Short Biographies*

# François Villon

## "Son of the Stars and Sewers"

Drawings by Alexander King, for *François Villon* (Covici, Friede)



*By* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BIOGRAPHIES have played a tremendous rôle in the literature of the world. We hear about them as a modern fancy, but they have long been the inspiration of mankind, the explanation of history, and the fountainhead of fiction. They are the true stories of the world, and man has always been a story-telling animal.

Most romantic of these true stories is that of François Villon, poet and vagabond, bedraggled star of fifteenth-century France. And Robert Louis Stevenson is utterly fitted to tell his tale, because of his own adventurous heart, and a power over words even inexhaustible enough to capture the amazing contradictions, the glory and ignominy of this tattered "gallows-bird who was the greatest writer of his age and country."

François de Montcorbier, *alias* François Villon, *alias* Michel Mouton, Master of Arts in the University of Paris, was born in that city in the summer of 1431. It was a memorable year for France on other and higher considerations. A great-hearted girl and a poor-hearted boy made, the one her last, the other his first appearance on the public stage of that unhappy country. On the 30th of May the ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine, and on the 2d of December our Henry Sixth made his Joyous Entry dismally enough into disaffected and depopulating Paris. Sword and fire still ravaged the open country. On a single April Saturday twelve hundred persons, besides children, made their escape out of the starving capital. The hangman, as is not uninteresting to note in connection with Master Francis, was kept hard at work in 1431; on the last of April and on the 4th of May alone, sixty-two bandits swung from Paris gibbets. A more confused or troublous time it would have been difficult to select for a start in life. Not even a man's nationality was certain; for the people of Paris there was no such thing as a Frenchman. The English were the English indeed, but the French were only the Armagnacs, whom, with Joan of Arc at their head, they had beaten back from under their ramparts not two years before. Such public sentiment as they had centered about their dear Duke of Burgundy, and the



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dear Duke had no more urgent business than to keep out of their neighborhood.... At least, and whether he liked it or not, our disreputable troubadour was tubbed and swaddled as a subject of the English crown.

We hear nothing of Villon's father except that he was poor and of mean extraction. His mother was given piously, which does not imply very much in an old Frenchwoman, and quite uneducated. He had an uncle, a monk in an abbey at Angers, who must have prospered beyond the family average, and was reported to be worth five or six hundred crowns. Of this uncle and his money-box the reader will hear once more. In 1448 Francis became a student of the University of Paris; in 1450 he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1452 that of Master of Arts. His *bourse,* or the sum paid weekly for his board, was of the amount of two sous. Now two sous was about the price of a pound of salt butter in the bad times of 1417; it was the price of half a pound in the worse times of 1419; and in 1444, just four years before Villon joined the university, it seems to have been taken as the average wage for a day's manual labor. In short, it cannot have been a very profuse allowance to keep a sharp-set lad in breakfast and supper for seven mortal days; and Villon's share of the cakes and pastry and general good cheer, to which he is never weary of referring, must have been slender from the first.

The educational arrangements of the University of Paris were, to our way of thinking, somewhat incomplete. Worldly and monkish elements were presented in a curious confusion, which the youth might disentangle for himself. If he had an opportunity, on the one hand, of acquiring much hair-drawn divinity and a taste for formal disputation, he was put in the way of much gross and flaunting vice upon the other. The lecture room of a scholastic doctor was sometimes under the same roof with establishments of a very different and peculiarly unedifying order. The students had extraordinary privileges, which, by all accounts, they abused extraordinarily. And while some condemned themselves to an almost sepulchral regularity and seclusion, others fled the schools, swaggered in the street "with their thumbs in their girdle," passed the night in riot, and behaved themselves as the worthy forerunners of Jehan Frollo in the romance of *Notre Dame de Paris.* Villon tells us himself that he was among the truants, but we hardly needed his avowal. The burlesque erudition in which he sometimes indulged implies no more than the merest smattering of knowledge; whereas his acquaintance with blackguard haunts and industries could only have been acquired by early and consistent impiety and idleness. He passed his degrees, it is true; but some of us who have been to modern universities will make their own reflections on the value of the test. As for his three pupils, Colin Laurent, Girard Gossouyn, and Jehan Marceau—if they were really his pupils in any serious sense—what can we say but God help them!

And sure enough, by his own description, they turned out as ragged, rowdy, and ignorant as was to be looked for from the views and manners of their rare preceptor.

At some time or other, before or during his university career, the poet was adopted by Master Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint Benoît-le-Bétourné near the Sorbonne. From him he borrowed the surname by which he is known to posterity. It was most likely from his house, called the *Porte Rouge,* and situated in a garden in the cloister of Saint Benoît, that Master Francis heard the bell of the Sorbonne ring out the Angelus while he was finishing his *Small Testament* at Christmastide in 1456. Toward this benefactor he usually gets credit for a respectable display of gratitude. But with his trap and pitfall style of writing, it is easy to make too sure. His sentiments are about as much to be relied on as those of a professional beggar; and in this, as in so many other matters, he comes toward us whining and piping the eye, and goes off again with a whoop and his finger to his nose. Thus, he calls Guillaume de Villon his "more than father," thanks him with a great show of sincerity for having helped him out of many scrapes, and bequeaths him his portion of renown. But the portion of renown which belonged to a young thief, distinguished (if, at the period when he wrote this legacy, he was distinguished at all) for having written some more or less obscene and scurrilous ballads, must have been little fitted to gratify the self-respect or increase the reputation of a benevolent ecclesiastic. The same remark applies to a subsequent legacy of the poet's library, with specification of one work which was plainly neither decent nor devout. We are thus left on the horns of a dilemma. If the chaplain was a godly, philanthropic personage, who had tried to graft good principles and good behavior on this wild slip of an adopted son, these jesting legacies would obviously cut him to the heart. The position of an adopted son toward his adopted father is one full of delicacy; where a man lends his name he looks for great consideration. And this legacy of Villon's portion of renown may be taken as the mere fling of an unregenerate scapegrace who has wit enough to recognize in his own shame the readiest weapon of offense against a prosy benefactor's feelings. The gratitude of Master Francis figures, on this reading, as a frightful *minus* quantity. If, on the other hand, those jests were given and taken in good humor, the whole relation between the pair degenerates into the unedifying complicity of a debauched old chaplain and a witty and dissolute young scholar. At this rate the house with the red door may have rung with the most mundane minstrelsy; and it may have been below its roof that Villon, through a hole in the plaster, studied, as he tells us, the leisures of a rich ecclesiastic.

It was, perhaps, of some moment in the poet's life that he should have inhabited the cloister of Saint Benoît. Three of the most remarkable among his early acquaintances are Catherine de Vausselles, for whom he entertained a short-lived affection and an enduring

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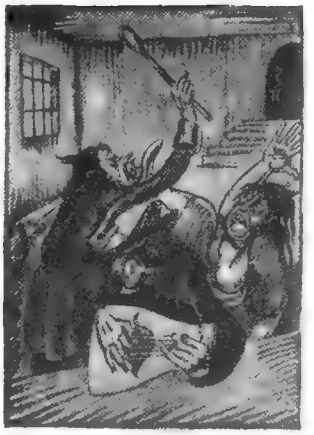

and most unmanly resentment; Regnier de Montigny, a young blackguard of good birth; and Colin de Cayeux, a fellow with a marked aptitude for picking locks. Now we are on a foundation of mere conjecture, but it is at least curious to find that two of the canons of Saint Benoît answered respectively to the names of Pierre de Vaucel and Etienne de Montigny, and that there was a householder called Nicolas de Cayeux in a street—the Rue des Poirées—in the immediate neighborhood of the cloister. M. Longnon is almost ready to identify Catherine as the niece of Pierre; Regnier as the nephew of Etienne, and Colin as the son of Nicolas. Without going so far, it must be owned that the approximation of names is significant. As we go on to see the part played by each of these persons in the sordid melodrama of the poet's life, we shall come to regard it as even more notable. Is it not Clough who has remarked that, after all, everything lies in juxtaposition? Many a man's destiny has been settled by nothing apparently more grave than a pretty face on the opposite side of the street and a couple of bad companions round the corner.

Catherine de Vausselles (or de Vaucel—the change is within the limits of Villon's license) had plainly delighted in the poet's conversation; near neighbors or not, they were much together; and Villon made no secret of his court, and suffered himself to believe that his feeling was repaid in kind. This may have been an error from the first, or he may have estranged her by subsequent misconduct or temerity. One can easily imagine Villon an impatient wooer. One thing, at least, is sure: that the affair terminated in a manner bitterly humiliating to Master Francis. In presence of his lady-love, perhaps under her window and certainly with her connivance, he was unmercifully thrashed by one Noë le Joly—beaten, as he says himself, like dirty linen on the washing-board. It is characteristic that his malice had notably increased between the time when he wrote the *Small Testament* immediately on the back of the occurrence, and the time when he wrote the *Large Testament* five years after. On the latter occasion nothing is too bad for his "damsel with the twisted nose," as he calls her. She is spared neither hint nor accusation, and he tells his messenger to accost her with the vilest insults. Villon, it is thought, was out of Paris when these amenities escaped his pen; or perhaps the strong arm of Noë le Joly would have been again in requisition. So ends the love story, if love story it may properly be called. Poets are not necessarily fortunate in love; but they usually fall among more romantic circumstances and bear their disappointment with a better grace.

The neighborhood of Regnier de Montigny and Colin de Cayeux was probably more influential on his after life than the contempt of Catherine. For a man who is greedy of all pleasures, and provided with little money and less dignity of character, we may prophesy a safe and speedy voyage downward. Humble or even truckling virtue may walk unspotted in this life. But only those who despise the pleasures can afford to despise the opinion of the world. A man of a strong, heady temperament, like Villon, is very differently tempted. His eyes lay hold on all provocations greedily, and his heart flames up at a look into imperious desire; he is snared and broached to by anything and everything, from a pretty face to a piece of pastry in a cook-shop window; he will drink the rinsing of the wine cup, stay the latest at the tavern party; tap at the lit windows, follow the sound of singing, and beat the whole neighborhood for another reveller, as he goes reluctantly homeward; and grudge himself every hour of sleep as a black empty period in which he cannot follow after pleasure. Such a person is lost if he have not dignity, or, failing that, at least pride, which is its shadow and in many ways its substitute. Master Francis, I fancy, would follow his own eager instincts without much spiritual struggle. And we soon find him fallen among thieves in sober, literal earnest, and counting as acquaintances the most disreputable people he could lay his hands on; fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat; sergeants of the criminal court, and archers of the watch; blackguards who slept at night under the butchers' stalls, and for whom the aforesaid archers peered about carefully with lanterns; Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, and their crew, all bound on a favoring breeze toward the gallows; the disorderly abbess of Port Royal, who went about at fair time with soldiers and thieves, and conducted her abbey on the queerest principles; and most likely Perette Mauger, the great Paris receiver of stolen goods, not yet dreaming, poor woman! of the last scene of her career when Henry Cousin, executor of the high justice, shall bury her, alive and most reluctant, in front of the new Montigny gibbet. Nay, our friend soon began to take a foremost rank in this society. He could string off verses, which is always an agreeable talent; and he could make himself useful in many other ways. The whole ragged army of Bohemia, and whosoever loved good cheer without at all loving to work and pay for it, are addressed in contemporary verses as the "Subjects of François Villon." He was a good genius to all hungry and unscrupulous persons; and became the hero of a whole legendary cycle of tavern tricks and cheateries. At best, these were doubtful levities, rather too thievish for a schoolboy, rather too gamesome for a thief. But he would not linger long in this equivocal borderland. He must soon have complied with his surroundings. He was one who would go where the cannikin clinked, not caring who should pay; and from supping in the wolves' den, there is but a step to hunting with a pack. And here, as I am on the chapter of his degradation, I shall say all I mean to say about its darkest expression, and be done with it for good. Some charitable critics see no more than a *jeu d'esprit*, a graceful and trifling exercise of the imagination, in the grimy ballad of Fat Peg (*Grosse Margot*). I am not able to follow these gentlemen to this polite extreme. Out of all Villon's works that ballad stands forth in flaring reality, gross and ghastly,

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as a thing written in a contraction of disgust. M. Longnon shows us more and more clearly at every page that we are to read our poet literally, that his names are the names of real persons, and the events he chronicles were actual events. But even if the tendency of criticism had run the other way, this ballad would have gone far to prove itself. I can well understand the reluctance of worthy persons in this matter; for of course it is unpleasant to think of a man of genius as one who held, in the words of Marina to Boult—

> A place, for which the pained'st fiend
> Of hell would not in reputation change.

But beyond this natural unwillingness, the whole difficulty of the case springs from a highly virtuous ignorance of life. Paris now is not so different from the Paris of then; and the whole of the doings of Bohemia are not written in the sugar-candy pastorals of Murger. It is really not at all surprising that a young man of the fifteenth century, with a knack of making verses, should accept his bread upon disgraceful terms. The race of those who do is not extinct; and some of them to this day write the prettiest verses imaginable. . . . After this, it were impossible for Master Francis to fall lower: to go and steal for himself would be an admirable advance from every point of view, divine or human.

And yet it is not as a thief, but as a homicide, that he makes his first appearance before angry justice. On June 5, 1455, when he was about twenty-four, and had been Master of Arts for a matter of three years, we behold him for the first time quite definitely. Angry justice had, as it were, photographed him in the act of his homicide; and M. Longnon, rummaging among old deeds, has turned up the negative and printed it off for our instruction. Villon had been supping—copiously we may believe—and sat on a stone bench in front of the Church of St. Benoît, in company with a priest called Gilles and a woman of the name of Isabeau. It was nine o'clock, a mighty late hour for the period, and evidently a fine summer's night. Master Francis carried a mantle, like a prudent man, to keep him from the dews (*serain*), and had a sword below it dangling from his girdle. So these three dallied in front of St. Benoît, taking their pleasure (*pour soy esbatre*). Suddenly there arrived upon the scene a priest, Philippe Chermoye or Sermaise, also with sword and cloak, and accompanied by one Master Jehan le Mardi. Sermaise, according to Villon's account, which is all we have to go upon, came up blustering and denying God; as Villon rose to make room for him upon the bench, thrust him rudely back into his place; and finally drew his sword and cut open his lower lip, by what I should imagine was a very clumsy stroke. Up to this point, Villon professes to have been a model of courtesy, even of feebleness: and the brawl, in his version, reads like the fable of the wolf and the lamb. But now the lamb was roused; he drew his sword, stabbed Sermaise in the groin, knocked him on the head with a big stone, and then, leaving him to his fate, went away to have his own lip doctored by a barber of the name of Fouquet. In one version, he says that Gilles, Isabeau, and Le Mardi ran away at the first high words, and that he and Sermaise had it out alone; in another, Le Mardi is represented as returning and wresting Villon's sword from him: the reader may please himself. Sermaise was picked up, lay all that night in the prison of Saint Benoît, where he was examined by an official of the Châtelet and expressly pardoned Villon, and died on the following Saturday in the Hôtel Dieu.

This, as I have said, was in June. Not before January of the next year could Villon extract a pardon from the king; but while his hand was in, he got two. One is for "François des Loges, alias (*autrement dit*) de Villon;" and the other runs in the name of "François de Montcorbier." Nay, it appears there was a further complication; for in the narrative of the first of these documents, it is mentioned that he passed himself off upon Fouquet, the barber-surgeon, as one Michel Mouton. M. Longnon has a theory that this unhappy accident with Sermaise was the cause of Villon's subsequent irregularities; and that up to that moment he had been the pink of good behavior. But the matter has to my eyes a more dubious air. A pardon necessary for Des Loges and another for Montcorbier? and these two the same person? and one or both of them known by the *alias* of Villon, however honestly come by? and lastly, in the heat of the moment, a fourth name thrown out with an assured countenance? A ship is not to be trusted that sails under so many colors. This is not the simple bearing of innocence. No—the young master was already treading crooked paths; already, he would start and blench at a hand upon his shoulder, with the look we know so well in the face of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice; already, in the blue devils, he would see Henry Cousin, the executor of high justice, going in dolorous procession toward Montfaucon, and hear the wind and the birds crying around the Paris gibbet.

In spite of the number of people who managed to get hanged, the fifteenth century was by no means a bad time for criminals. A great confusion of parties and great dust of fighting favored the escape of private housebreakers and quiet fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat. Prisons were leaky; and as we shall see, a man with a few crowns in his pocket and perhaps same acquaintance among the officials, could easily slip out and become once more a free marauder. There was no want of a sanctuary where he might harbor until troubles blew by; and accomplices helped each other with more or less good faith. Clerks, above all, had remarkable facilities for a criminal way of life; for they were privileged, except in cases of notorious incorrigibility, to be plucked from the hands of rude secular justice and tried by a tribunal of their own. In 1402, a couple of thieves, both clerks of the University, were condemned to death by the

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Provost of Paris. As they were being taken to Montfaucon, they kept crying "high and clearly" for their benefit of clergy, but were none the less pitilessly hanged and gibbeted. Indignant Alma Mater interfered before the king; and the Provost was deprived of all royal offices, and condemned to return the bodies and erect a great stone cross, on the road from Paris to the gibbet, graven with the effigies of these two holy martyrs. We shall hear more of the benefit of clergy; for after this the reader will not be surprised to meet with thieves in the shape of tonsured clerks, or even priests and monks. To a knot of such learned pilferers our poet certainly belonged.

Perhaps the term *"gang"* is not quite properly applied to the persons whose fortunes we are now about to follow; rather they were independent malefactors, socially intimate, and occasionally joining together for some serious operation, just as modern stockjobbers form a syndicate for an important loan. Nor were they at all particular to any branch of misdoing. They did not scrupulously confine themselves to a single sort of theft, as I hear is common among modern thieves. They were ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

At Christmas-time in 1456, readers of Villon will remember that he was engaged on the *Small Testament*. About the same period, *circa festum nativitatis Domini*, he took part in a memorable supper at the Mule Tavern, in front of the Church of St. Mathurin. Tabary, who seems to have been very much Villon's creature, had ordered the supper in the course of the afternoon. He was a man who had had troubles in his time and languished in the Bishop of Paris' prisons on a suspicion of picking locks; confiding, convivial, not very astute—who had copied out a whole improper romance with his own right hand. This supper party was to be his first introduction to De Cayeux and Petit-Jehan, which was probably a matter of some concern to the poor man's muddy wits; in the sequel, at least, he speaks of both with an undisguised respect, based on professional inferiority in the matter of pick-locks. Dom Nicolas, a Picardy monk, was the fifth and last at table. When supper had been despatched and fairly washed down, we may suppose, with white Baigneux or red Beaune, which were favorite wines among the fellowship, Tabary was solemnly sworn over to secrecy on the night's performances; and the party left the Mule and proceeded to an unoccupied house belonging to Robert de Saint-Simon. This, over a low wall, they entered without difficulty. All but Tabary took off their upper garments; a ladder was found and applied to the high wall which separated Saint-Simon's house from the court of the College of Navarre; the four fellows in their shirt-sleeves (as we might say) clambered over in a twinkling: and Master Guy Tabary remained alone beside the overcoats. From the court the burglars made their way into the vestry of the chapel, where they found a large chest, strengthened with iron bands and closed with four locks. One of these locks they picked, and then, by levering up the corner, forced the other three. Inside was a small coffer, of walnut wood, also barred with iron, but fastened with only three locks, which were all comfortably picked by way of the keyhole. In the walnut coffer—a joyous sight by our thieves' lantern—were five hundred crowns of gold. There was some talk of opening the aumries, where, if they had only known, a booty eight or nine times greater lay ready to their hand; but one of the party (I have a humorous suspicion it was Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk) hurried them away. It was ten o'clock when they mounted the ladder; it was about midnight before Tabary beheld them coming back. To him they gave ten crowns,

## Ballad *of* Things Known *and* Unknown

By FRANÇOIS VILLON

*Flies in the milk I know full well:*
*I know men by the clothes they wear:*
*I know the walnut by the shell:*
*I know the foul sky from the fair:*
*I know the pear-tree by the pear:*
*I know the worker from the drone*
*And eke the good wheat from the tare:*
I know all save myself alone.

*I know the pourpoint by the fell*
*And by his gown I know the frère:*
*Master by varlet I can spell:*
*Nuns by the veils that hide their hair:*
*I know the sharper and his snare*
*And fools that fat on cates have grown:*
*Wines by the cask I can compare:*
I know all save myself alone.

*I know how horse from mule to tell:*
*I know the load that each can bear:*
*I know both Beatrice and Bell:*
*I know the hazards, odd and pair:*
*I know of visions in the air:*
*I know the power of Peter's throne*
*And how misled Bohemians were:*
I know all save myself alone.

*Prince, I know all things: fat and spare:*
*Ruddy and pale, to me are known:*
*And Death that endeth all our care:*
I know all save myself alone.

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THIS is certainly Villon at his best. And as one of the small band of truly great short poems in the world, it formed a part of the very first issue of the *Golden Book* in January, 1925.

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and promised a share of a two-crown dinner on the morrow; whereat we may suppose his mouth watered. In course of time, he got wind of the real amount of their booty and understood how scurvily he had been used; but he seems to have borne no malice. How could he, against such superb operators as Petit-Jehan and De Cayeux; or a person like Villon, who could have made a new improper romance out of his own head, instead of merely copying an old one with mechanical right hand?

The rest of the winter was not uneventful for the gang. First they made a demonstration against the Church of St. Mathurin after chalices, and were ignominiously chased away by barking dogs. Then Tabary fell out with Casin Chollet, one of the fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat, who subsequently became a sergeant of the Châtelet and distinguished himself by misconduct, followed by imprisonment and public castigation, during the wars of Louis Eleventh. The quarrel was not conducted with a proper regard to the king's peace, and the pair publicly belabored each other until the police stepped in, and Master Tabary was cast once more into the prisons of the Bishop. While he still lay in durance, another job was cleverly executed by the band in broad daylight, at the Augustine Monastery. Brother Guillaume Coiffier was beguiled by an accomplice to St. Mathurin to say mass; and during his absence, his chamber was entered and five or six hundred crowns in money and some silver plate successfully abstracted. A melancholy man was Coiffier on his return! Eight crowns from this adventure were forwarded by little Thibault to the incarcerated Tabary; and with these he bribed the jailer and reappeared in Paris taverns. Some time before or shortly after this, Villon set out for Angers, as he had promised in the *Small Testament*. The object of this excursion was not merely to avoid the presence of his cruel mistress or the strong arm of Noë le Joly, but to plan a deliberate robbery on his uncle the monk. As soon as he had properly studied the ground, the others were to go over in force from Paris—picklocks and all—and away with my uncle's strong-box! This throws a comical sidelight on his own accusation against his relatives, that they had "forgotten natural duty" and disowned him because he was poor. A poor relation is a distasteful circumstance at the best, but a poor relation who plans deliberate robberies against those of his blood, and trudges hundreds of weary leagues to put them into execution, is surely a little on the wrong side of toleration. The uncle at Angers may have been monstrously undutiful; but the nephew from Paris was upsides with him.

On the 23d of April, that venerable and discreet person, Master Pierre Marchand, Curate and Prior of Paray-le-Monial, in the diocese of Chartres, arrived in Paris and put up at the sign of the Three Chandeliers, in the Rue de la Huchette. Next day, or the day after, as he was breakfasting at the sign of the Armchair, he fell into talk with two customers, one of whom was a priest and the other our friend Tabary. The idiotic Tabary became mighty confidential as to his past life. Pierre Marchand, who was an acquaintance of Guillaume Coiffier's and had sympathized with him over his loss, pricked up his ears at the mention of picklocks, and led on the transcriber of improper romances from one thing to another, until they were fast friends. For picklocks the Prior of Paray professed a keen curiosity; but Tabary, upon some late alarm, had thrown all his into the Seine. Let that be no difficulty, however, for was there not little Thibault, who could make them all shapes and sizes, and to whom Tabary, smelling an accomplice, would be only too glad to introduce his new acquaintance? On the morrow, accordingly, they met; and Tabary, after having first wet his whistle at the Prior's expense, led him to Notre Dame and presented him to four or five "young companions," who were keeping sanctuary in the church. They were all clerks, recently escaped, like Tabary himself, from the episcopal prisons. Among these we may notice Thibault, the operator, a little fellow of twenty-six, wearing long hair behind. The Prior expressed, through Tabary, his anxiety to become their accomplice and altogether such as they were (*de leur sorte et de leurs complices*). Mighty polite they showed themselves, and made him many fine speeches in return. But for all that, perhaps because they had longer heads than Tabary, perhaps because it is less easy to wheedle men in a body, they kept obstinately to generalities and gave him no information as to their exploits, past, present, or to come. I suppose Tabary groaned under this reserve; for no sooner were he and the Prior out of the church than he fairly emptied his heart to him, gave him full details of many hanging matters in the past, and explained the future intentions of the band. The scheme of the hour was to rob another Augustine monk, Robert de la Porte, and in this the Prior agreed to take a hand with simulated greed. Thus, in the course of two days, he had turned this wineskin of a Tabary inside out. For a while longer the farce was carried on; the Prior was introduced to Petit-Jehan, whom he describes as a little, very smart man of thirty, with a black beard and a short jacket; an appointment was made and broken in the de la Porte affair; Tabary had some breakfast at the Prior's charge and leaked out more secrets under the influence of wine and friendship; and then all of a sudden, on the 17th of May, an alarm sprang up, the Prior picked up his skirts and walked quietly over to the Châtelet to make a deposition, and the whole band took to their heels and vanished out of Paris and the sight of the police.

Vanish as they like, they all go with a clog about their feet. Sooner or later, here or there, they will be caught in the fact, and ignominiously sent home. From our vantage of four centuries afterward, it is odd and pitiful to watch the order in which the fugitives are captured and dragged in.

Montigny was the first. In August of that same year, he was laid by the heels on many grievous counts; sacrilegious robberies, frauds, incorrigibility,

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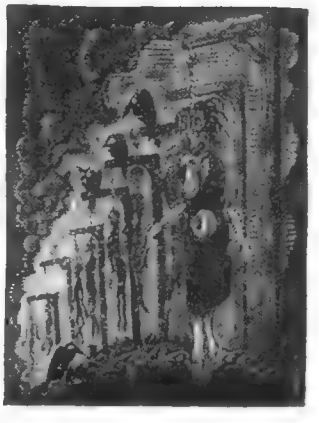
and that bad business about Thevenin Pensete in the house by the Cemetery of St. John. He was reclaimed by the ecclesiastical authorities as a clerk; but the claim was rebutted on the score of incorrigibility, and ultimately fell to the ground; and he was condemned to death by the Provost of Paris. It was a very rude hour for Montigny, but hope was not yet over. He was a fellow of some birth; his father had been king's pantler; his sister, probably married to someone about the Court, was in the family way, and her health would be endangered if the execution was proceeded with. So down comes Charles the Seventh with letters of mercy, commuting the penalty to a year in a dungeon on bread and water, and a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Galicia. Alas! the document was incomplete; it did not contain the full tale of Montigny's enormities; it did not recite that he had been denied benefit of clergy, and it said nothing about Thevenin Pensete. Montigny's hour was at hand. Benefit of clergy, honorable descent from king's pantler, sister in the family way, royal letters of commutation—all were of no avail. He had been in prison in Rouen, in Tours, in Bordeaux, and four times already in Paris; and out of all these he had come scathless; but now he must make a little excursion as far as Montfaucon with Henry Cousin, executor of high justice. There let him swing among the carrion crows.

About a year later, in July, 1458, the police laid hands on Tabary. Before the ecclesiastical commissary he was twice examined, and, on the latter occasion, put to the question ordinary and extraordinary. What a dismal change from pleasant suppers at the Mule, where he sat in triumph with expert operators and great wits! He is in the lees of life, poor rogue; and those fingers which once transcribed improper romances are now agonizingly stretched upon the rack. We have no sure knowledge, but we may have a shrewd guess of the conclusion. Tabary, the admirer, would go the same way as those whom he admired.

The last we hear of is Colin de Cayeux. He was caught in autumn 1460, in the great Church of St. Leu d'Esserens, which makes so fine a figure in the pleasant Oise valley between Creil and Beaumont. He was reclaimed by no less than two bishops; but the Procurer for the Provost held fast by incorrigible Colin. 1460 was an ill-starred year: for justice was making a clean sweep of "poor and indigent persons, thieves, cheats, and lock-pickers," in the neighborhood of Paris; and Colin de Cayeux, with many others, was condemned to death and hanged.

Villon was still absent on the Angers expedition when the Prior of Paray sent such a bombshell among his accomplices; and the dates of his return and arrest remain undiscoverable. M. Campaux plausibly enough opined for the autumn of 1457, which would make him closely follow on Montigny, and the first of those denounced by the Prior to fall into the toils. We may suppose, at least, that it was not long thereafter; we may suppose him competed for between lay and clerical Courts; and we may suppose him alternately pert and impudent, humble and fawning, in his defense. But at the end of all supposing, we come upon some nuggets of fact. For first, he was put to the question by water. He who had tossed off so many cups of white Baigneux or red Beaune, now drank water through linen folds, until his bowels were flooded and his heart stood still. After so much raising of the elbow, so much outcry of fictitious thirst, here at last was enough drinking for a lifetime. Truly, of our pleasant vices, the gods make whips to scourge us. And secondly he was condemned to be hanged. A man may have been expecting a catastrophe for years, and yet find himself unprepared when it arrives. Certainly Villon found, in this legitimate issue of his career, a very staggering and grave consideration. Every beast, as he says, clings bitterly to a whole skin. If everything is lost, and even honor, life still remains; nay, and it becomes, like the ewe lamb in Nathan's parable, as dear as all the rest. "Do you fancy," he asks, in a lively ballad, "that I had not enough philosophy under my hood to cry out: 'I appeal'? If I had made any bones about the matter, I should have been planted upright in the fields, by the St. Denis Road"—Montfaucon being on the way to St. Denis. An appeal to Parliament, as we saw in the case of Colin de Cayeux, did not necessarily lead to an acquittal or a commutation; and while the matter was pending, our poet had ample opportunity to reflect on his position. Hanging is a sharp argument, and to swing with many others on the gibbet adds a horrible corollary for the imagination. With the aspect of Montfaucon he was well acquainted; indeed, as the neighborhood appears to have been sacred to junketing and nocturnal picnics of wild young men and women, he had probably studied it under all varieties of hour and weather. And now, as he lay in prison waiting the mortal push, these different aspects crowded back on his imagination with a new and startling significance; and he wrote a ballad, by way of epitaph for himself and his companions, which remains unique in the annals of mankind.

*La pluye nous a debuez et lavez,*
*Et le soleil dessechez et noirciz;*
*Pies, corbeaulx, nous ont les yeux cavez,*
*Et arrachez la barbe et les sourcilz.*
*Jamais, nul temps, nous ne sommes rassis;*
*Puis çà puis la, comme le veut varie,*
*A son plaisir sans cesser nous charie,*
*Plus becquetez d'oiseaulx que dez à couldre.*
*Ne soyez donc de nostre confrairie,*
*Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre.*



Here is some genuine thieves' literature after so much that was spurious; sharp as an etching, written with a shuddering soul. There is an intensity of consideration in the piece that shows it to be the transcript of familiar thoughts. It is the quintessence of many a doleful nightmare on the straw, when he felt himself swing helpless in the wind, and saw the birds turn about him, screaming and menacing his eyes.

And, after all, the Parliament changed his sentence into one of banishment; and to Roussillon, in Dauphiny, our

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poet must carry his woes without delay. Travelers between Lyons and Marseilles may remember a station on the line, some way below Vienne, where the Rhone fleets seaward between vine-clad hills. This was Villon's Siberia. It would be a little warm in summer perhaps, and a little cold in winter in that draughty valley between two great mountain fields; but what with the hills, and the racing river, and the fiery Rhone wines, he was little to be pitied on the conditions of his exile. Villon, in a remarkably bad ballad, written in a breath, heartily thanked and fulsomely belauded the Parliament; the *envoi*, like the proverbial postscript of a lady's letter, containing the pith of his performance in a request for three days' delay to settle his affairs and bid his friends farewell. He was probably not followed out of Paris, like Antoine Fradin, the popular preacher, another exile of a few years later, by weeping multitudes; but I dare say one or two rogues of his acquaintance would keep him company for a mile or so on the south road, and drink a bottle with him before they turned. For banished people, in those days, seem to have set out on their own responsibility, in their own guard, and at their own expense. It was no joke to make one's way from Paris to Roussillon alone and penniless in the fifteenth century. Villon says he left a rag of his tails on every bush. Indeed, he must have had many a weary tramp, many a slender meal, and many a to-do with blustering captains of the Ordonnance. But with one of his light fingers, we may fancy that he took as good as he gave; for every rag of his tail, he would manage to indemnify himself upon the population in the shape of food, or wine, or ringing money; and his route would be traceable across France and Burgundy by housewives and innkeepers lamenting over petty thefts, like the tracks of a single human locust. A strange figure he must have cut in the eyes of the good country people: this ragged, blackguard city poet, with a smack of the Paris student, and a smack of the Paris street arab, posting along the highways, in rain or sun, among the green fields and vineyards. For himself, he had no taste for rural loveliness; green fields and vineyards would be mighty indifferent to Master Francis; but he would often have his tongue in his cheek at the simplicity of rustic dupes, and often, at city gates, he might stop to contemplate the gibbet with its swinging bodies, and hug himself on his escape.

How long he stayed at Roussillon, how far he became the protégé of the Bourbons, to whom that town belonged, or when it was that he took part, under the auspices of Charles of Orleans, in a rhyming tournament to be referred to once again in the pages of the present volume, are matters that still remain in darkness, in spite of M. Longnon's diligent rummaging among the archives. When we next find him, in summer, 1461, alas! he is once more in durance: this time at Méun-sur-Loire, in the prisons of Thibault d'Aussigny, Bishop of Orleans. He had been lowered in a basket into a noisome pit, where he lay, all summer, gnawing hard crusts and railing upon fate. His teeth, he says, were like the teeth of a rake: a touch of haggard portraiture all the more real for being excessive and burlesque, and all the more proper to the man for being a caricature of his own misery. His eyes were "bandaged with thick walls." It might blow hurricanes overhead; the lightning might leap in high heaven; but no word of all this reached him in his noisome pit. *"Il n'entre, ou gist, n'escler ni tourbillon."* Above all, he was fevered with envy and anger at the freedom of others; and his heart flowed over into curses as he thought of Thibault d'Aussigny, walking the streets in God's sunlight, and blessing people with extended fingers. So much we find sharply lined in his own poems. Why he was cast again into prison—how he had again managed to shave the gallows—this we know not, nor, from the destruction of the authorities, are we ever likely to learn. But on October 2d, 1461, or some day immediately preceding, the new King, Louis Eleventh, made his joyous entry into Méun. Now it was a part of the formality on such occasions for the new King to liberate certain prisoners; and so the basket was let down into Villon's pit, and hastily did Master Francis scramble in, and was most joyfully hauled up, and shot out, blinking and tottering, but once more a free man, into the blessed sun and wind. Now or never is the time for verses! Such a happy revolution would turn the head of a stocking-weaver, and set him jingling rhymes. And so—after a voyage to Paris, where he finds Montigny and De Cayeux clattering their bones upon the gibbet, and his three pupils roistering in Paris streets, "with their thumbs under their girdles,"—down sits Master Francis to write his *Large Testament*, and perpetuate his name in a sort of glorious ignominy.

Of this capital achievement and, with it, of Villon's style in general, it is here the place to speak. The *Large Testament* is a hurly-burly of cynical and sentimental reflections about life, jesting legacies to friends and enemies, and, interspersed among these, many admirable ballades, both serious and absurd. With so free a design, no thought that occurred to him would need to be dismissed without expression; and he could draw at full length the portrait of his own bedevilled soul, and of the bleak and blackguardly world which was the theater of his exploits and sufferings. If the reader can conceive something between the slap-dash inconsequence of Byron's *Don Juan* and the racy humorous gravity and brief noble touches that distinguish the vernacular poems of Burns, he will have formed some idea of Villon's style. To the latter writer—except in the ballades, which are quite his own, and can be paralleled from no other language known to me—he bears a particular resemblance. In common with Burns he has a certain rugged compression, a brutal vivacity of epithet, a homely vigor, a delight in local personalities, and an interest in many sides of life, that are often despised and passed over by more effete and cultured poets.

"Shall we not dare to say of a thief," asks Montaigne, "that he has a handsome leg?" It is a far more serious claim that we have to put forward in behalf of Villon. Beside that of his contemporaries, his writing, so full of color, so eloquent, so picturesque, stands out in an almost miraculous isolation. If only one or two of the chroniclers could have taken a leaf out of his book, history would have been a pastime, and the fifteenth century as present to our minds as

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the age of Charles Second. This gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France. Boileau, long ago, in the period of perukes and snuff-boxes, recognized him as the first articulate poet in the language; and if we measure him, not by priority of merit, but living duration of influence, not on a comparison with obscure forerunners, but with great and famous successors, we shall install this ragged and disreputable figure in a far higher niche in glory's temple than was ever dreamed of by the critic. It is, in itself, a memorable fact that, before 1542, in the very dawn of printing, and while modern France was in the making, the works of Villon ran through seven different editions. Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, a deep, permanent, and growing inspiration.

The world to which he introduces us is, as before said, blackguardly and bleak. Paris swarms before us, full of famine, shame, and death; monks and the servants of great lords hold high wassail upon cakes and pastry; the poor man licks his lips before the baker's window; people with patched eyes sprawl all night under the stalls; chuckling Tabary transcribes an improper romance; bare-bosomed lasses and ruffling students swagger in the streets; the drunkard goes stumbling homeward; the graveyard is full of bones; and away on Montfaucon, Colin de Cayeux and Montigny hang draggled in the rain. Is there nothing better to be seen than sordid misery and worthless joys? Only where the poor old mother of the poet kneels in church and makes tremulous supplication to God.

In our mixed world, full of green fields and happy lovers, where not long before, Joan of Arc had led one of the highest and noblest lives in the whole story of mankind, this was all worth chronicling that our poet could perceive. His eyes were indeed sealed with his own filth. He dwelt all his life in a pit more noisome than the dungeon at Méun. In the moral world, also, there are large phenomena not cognizable out of holes and corners. Loud winds blow, speeding home deep-laden ships and sweeping rubbish from the earth; the lightning leaps and cleans the face of heaven; high purposes and brave passions shake and sublimate men's spirits; and meanwhile, in the narrow dungeon of his soul, Villon is mumbling crusts and picking vermin.

Along with this deadly gloom of outlook, we must take another characteristic of his work: its unrivalled insincerity. I can give no better similitude of this quality than I have given already: that he comes up with a whine, and runs away with a whoop and his finger to his nose. His pathos is that of a professional mendicant who should happen to be a man of genius; his levity that of a bitter street arab, full of bread. On a first reading, the pathetic passages preoccupy the reader, and he is cheated out of an alms in the shape of sympathy. But when the thing is studied the illusion fades away: in the transitions, above all, we can detect the evil, ironical temper of the man; and instead of a flighty work, where many crude but genuine feelings tumble together for the mastery as in the lists of tournament, we are tempted to think of the *Large Testament* as of one long-drawn epical grimace, pulled by a merry-andrew, who has found a certain despicable eminence over human respect and human affections by perching himself astride upon the gallows. Between these two views, at best, all temperate judgments will be found to fall; and rather, as I imagine, toward the last. He is mighty pathetic and beseeching here in the street, but I would not go down a dark road with him for a large consideration.

It is in death that he finds his truest inspiration; in the swift and sorrowful change that overtakes beauty; in the strange revolution by which great fortunes and renowns are diminished to a handful of churchyard dust; and in the utter passing away of what was once lovable and mighty. It is in this that the mixed texture of his thought enables him to reach such poignant and terrible effects, and to enhance pity with ridicule, like a man cutting capers to a funeral march. It is in this, also, that he rises out of himself into the higher spheres of art. So, in the ballade by which he is best known, he rings the changes on names that once stood for beautiful and queenly women, and are now no more than letters and a legend. "Where are the snows of yester-year?" runs the burden. And so, in another not so famous, he passes in review the different degrees of bygone men, from the holy Apostles and the golden Emperor of the East, down to the heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, who also bore their part in the world's pageantries and ate greedily at great folks' tables: all this to the refrain of "So much carry the winds away!" Probably, there was some melancholy in his mind for a yet lower grade, and Montigny and Colin de Cayeux clattering their bones on Paris gibbet. Alas, and with so pitiful an experience of life, Villon can offer us nothing but terror and lamentation about death! No one has ever more skilfully communicated his own disenchantment; no one ever blown a more ear-piercing note of sadness. This unrepentant thief can attain neither to Christian confidence, nor to the spirit of the bright Greek saying, that whom the gods love die early. It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.

The date of the *Large Testament* is the last date in the poet's biography. After having achieved that admirable and despicable performance, he disappears into the night from whence he came. How or when he died, whether decently in bed or trussed up to a gallows, remains a riddle for foolhardy commentators. It appears his health had suffered in the pit at Méun; he was thirty years of age and quite bald; with the notch in his under lip where Sermaise had struck him with the sword, and what wrinkles the reader may imagine. In default of portraits, this is all I have been able to piece together, and perhaps even the baldness should be taken as a figure of his destitution. A sinister dog, in all likelihood, but with a look in his eye, and the loose flexible mouth that goes with wit and an overweening sensual temperament. Certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame.

Next Month, Virgil, the Man and the Poet

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# Selling Pigs

## By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

*Woodcuts by Richard Bennett*

MRS. DERRANE was banging a sod of turf vigorously on the hearthstone. The sod was very hard, and when at last it broke one piece flew up in the air, hit the pot-hooks that hung on the chimney hanger and then descended on the half-baked cake that lay in the griddle.

"My soul from the devil," said Mrs. Derrane angrily, picking it out of the griddle, "everything is upside down in this house. Poverty, poverty, poverty. Get out of that, you child of misfortune," she cried, hitting the black cat that lay curled in the ashes with the piece of turf.

The cat meowed, darted to the dresser, and looked at her viciously while he licked his paw. Then he shook his paw and fled out of the door.

"Phew!" said Mrs. Derrane's husband, "we are in a temper this morning. Phew! You have a bad heart, my girl. By all the oaths in the Holy Book you have."

"Oh, you lazy lout of a man!" cried the woman, jumping up and arranging her hair furiously. "It's a pity ye didn't find that out the day you married me. Troth it is. I wish to God it was on some other finger you put your threepenny-halfpenny ring!"

"Now, Mary——"

"Oh, hold yer tongue, Michael Derrane."

Mary bustled around the kitchen doing nothing, dusting the dresser, rattling the milk can, throwing clothes about, banging the shovel that stood at the back door. Then she went to the door and stood with her arms akimbo, looking out. She was a handsome young woman, black-haired, red-cheeked and with high cheek bones. Her dark eyes were flashing like a young colt's. She wore a check apron over her red petticoat.

Her husband sat by the fire watching her and stroking his brown beard. Now and again he giggled, and his brown eyes sparkled with merriment. He, too, was handsome, and as he giggled his splendid muscles moved rhythmically beneath his blue sweater. Then he jumped to his feet and laughed. His wife took no notice of him, but kept looking out of the door, twitching her shoulders. "Mary, I say." Mary did not reply. He moved up to her smiling, and put his arm about her waist. "Go away from me," she said, bending her head and at the same time turning around to him.

"Yerra, where can I go, Mary?" said Michael, crushing her to his bosom. "Amn't I tied to you for life; oh, pulse of my heart?"

Mary raised her lips to his and they kissed passionately. The smile faded from his face and he looked into hers tenderly.

"What's the trouble, my white love?" he said.

"Oh, come in from the door," said Mary coyly, "the whole village will see us, and we six months married. Oh, Michael!"

He lifted her in his arms and sat on the hearth stool with her in his lap.

"Was it about the pigs, Mary?"

"Yes," she gasped, fiddling with the breast of his jersey. "You know well I have nothing in the house, and I want to go to the mainland to buy a chair for the room and a warm blanket for the winter, and a stone of wool to make the frieze, and lots of things. And it's time to sell them, Michael. They say prices are going to fall next week."

"Well, well, now, and why didn't you tell me that? Sure I thought it was how you were getting tired of me."

They both laughed childishly. They were really a foolish couple and a disgrace to Inverara, where people never carry on like that after being married six months.

"Will ye sell them today, Michael?" murmured Mary, and her voice came up from somewhere in his chest.

"Yerra, I'd sell my soul to please you. Although they'd be in better condition in another month. But what the devil is the difference? Get up, you lazy girl, and boil the kettle. We better wash them right



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*MICHAEL may have done the talking when the pig-jobber came round, but it was Mary that sold the pigs, all the same—and at her own price.*

away. The jobber, I heard, is on his way over from Kilmurrage. Come on; move lazybones!"

Michael, holding on to her apron-strings, began to caper around the kitchen.

"Let me go, you fool," laughed Mary, "how can I do anything while you are hanging on to me? Go on and fix the fire, while I strain the milk. Kiss me first."

THEY PREPARED a tub of hot water and went to the sty at the back of the cabin to wash the pigs. The sty was a little square hut covered with a sloping roof of zinc with a little square yard in front, floored with concrete and surrounded by a high double stone fence. As soon as they entered the yard, three pigs rushed out grunting, with their snouts in the air smelling. Mary emptied a pail of mashed potatoes and sour milk in the trough in the middle of the yard, and the pigs dived into it biting one another. Then she and her husband began to wash them with soapy water.

"They are three fine pigs, God bless them," said Michael.

"How much are you going to ask for them?" said Mary. The tender tone had left her voice now. It had a businesslike ring.

Michael scratched his beard.

"It would be a mortal sin to take a penny less than sixteen pounds." His tone did not carry conviction.

"Say fifteen pounds ten, Michael. He'd never give more than that."

"I won't cross yer word, Mary. Fifteen pound ten it is."

They finished washing the pigs and came back to the cabin. Mary hurried about, sweeping the earthen floor and the hearth, polishing the dresser and tidying the pots that lay against the back door.

Suddenly Michael, who was standing at the door, looking out, said: "Hist, here he is up the road." "Lord save us," said Mary. "You better go and have a look at the sheep. It's always best to pretend not to expect him. Stay away an hour." She bundled him out of the cabin hurriedly and then sat on a stool by the dresser, knitting.

Presently the pig-jobber came up the yard, shouting loudly to somebody, who was a long way off, about the weather. He walked very fast and with an air of being rushing around all the time, oppressed with business. He was a small man, with gray chin whiskers, a crooked red nose, with a great red knob stuck between his two eyes, on account of a fall from a cliff. His left leg had been broken in the same fall, and it bent outwards in a semicircle as he walked. "God save all here," he said, coming into the cabin. "And you too," said Mary. "Ye're welcome, Peter Mullen. Take a seat by the fire here. Well, now, and how's your family?"

"Splendid, Mrs. Derrane, and how's Michael?"

"Oh, sure there's no use complaining, but I'm glad to see ye."

The jobber sat by the hearth and began lighting his pipe while Mary bustled, filling the kettle with water. When the jobber saw her approaching the fire with it, he expostulated.

"Now, Mary, don't offer me anything, I——"

"Oh, will ye hold yer whist; sure ye wouldn't think of leaving my house without tasting something, if it were only a mouthful of tea."

"Well, well, now," said the jobber with a laugh, "it is kind mother for you to be hospitable."

There was silence for a minute, while Mary began to lay the table.

"Where is Michael?" said the jobber at length.

"Oh, he is out somewhere," said Mary casually. "Ye didn't want him, did ye?"

"No-o," said the jobber, heaving a sigh. "I was just passing, so I thought I might look at his slips of pigs. I might need a few shortly. Though your pigs are very young, I hear."

"Well, we aren't thinking of selling them for another month or so, but sure you can have a look at them. Or maybe ye'd rather wait for himself. He'll be in any minute."

The jobber tapped nervously with his stick, obviously anxious to get away, but Mary kept chattering unconcernedly about everything. The kettle boiled. The tea was made. The jobber supped his tea hurriedly and swallowed an egg and ate some griddle cake. Still there was no sign of Michael.

"I'm afraid I must be going," he said.

"Oh, sit down, man," said Mary, "he'll be in any minute. Sure it's not afraid you are that he'd think you were courting me."

They both laughed and the jobber sat down again, and Mary kept chattering, until at last Michael, who had been sitting in a neighboring cottage, came in.

"Ha, my soul from the devil!" he cried, "I'm glad to see you, Peter Mullen."

"I thought I'd see how your slips of pigs are getting on," said the jobber.

"Slips, d'ye call them, Peter?" cried Michael. "I'll lay my oath there aren't three better pigs in the island. But I'm not selling them yet, for all that. But



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sure ye can have a look at them all right, if ye want."

The three of them went out to the pigsty and entered the yard. The pigs were lying on their sides in the sun. They grunted, but did not rise. The jobber beat them with his stick and they struggled to their feet.

"They're not bad slips, God bless them," said the jobber. He walked around them several times. Then he measured the girth of each with his arms. Then he felt their hips, their flanks, their ears, pulled their tails, and laid his stick along their backs measuring them. Then he stood with his arms folded, looking at the ground.

"Well," said Michael, "what do you think of them?"

THE JOBBER shook his head, took his pipe from his pocket and stuck his finger down the bowl. Then he tapped the ground three times with his stick and then leaned on it.

It was a habit he had.

"There is no fall to their flank," he said.

"No fall to their flank!" cried Michael, curling his nether lip outwards and wrinkling his forehead. "Why, where did you ever see a flank like that? And look at their thighs. Why, man, you could take shelter on a rainy day under their thighs. Look at that clear skin. Did you ever see an ear like that, as transparent as running water. There's a snout for you, as well molded as a blood mare's nostrils. Why man, they are——"

"Now don't be talking," interrupted the jobber. "A pig is a pig and weight is weight. Where is their weight, will ye tell me?"

"Is it their weight that's troubling ye? Well, now, I am surprised that a knowledgeable man like yerself would talk that way. Sure ye're not thinking that a sloppy, grease-swilling pig would weigh as heavy as a tight, well-balanced pig that's fed with the hand on the cleanest sour milk and the best of potatoes and the best bran that could be bought for money. Listen to what I'm going to tell ye. There isn't a loose inch in one of them three pigs. Their flesh is so packed that you couldn't drive a spear through it. What man? Is it out of your senses you are?"

"Oh, hold yer whist, will ye, Michael Derrane," said the jobber, moving out towards the door of the yard. "Don't try to tell me anything about a pig." He rushed back and hit one of the pigs on the hind hoof with his stick. "D'ye see that hoof?" he cried. "But ye're young yet. Ye're young, and ye have a lot to learn."

"What's the matter with that hoof?" cried Michael and Mary together.

"That's the surest sign of a pig's weight," said the jobber, leaning learnedly on his stick with his crooked leg thrust out. "If a hoof is not spread, there is no weight in the pig."

"Arrah, go away with ye," said Michael.

"If he doesn't like them, why doesn't he leave them?" cried Mary. "I hope ye're not thinking of selling them, Michael. Take care, would you? The bran will last another month."

"Listen here," said Michael, striking his right fist into his left palm, "listen here."

"Now, wait a minute," said the jobber, seizing his beard in his hand and looking at Michael, "I am a man of one word. Is fifteen pounds the price of the pigs as they stand or is it not?"

"It isn't," said Michael shortly. "I wouldn't sell them for a penny less than sixteen pounds, if I were so long without bread that I'd mistake a dogfish for a wheaten loaf."

"Well, now, that settles it," said the jobber, spitting on the crutch of his stick and setting off out of the yard in an awful hurry.

Mary and Michael followed him out of the yard, and as they were shutting the door Mary whispered to Michael: "Don't let him go." Michael looked at her and smiled. The jobber paused half-way down the yard and turned about.

"I'm telling ye, Michael Derrane," he said, "you'll be sorry to turn down my offer. There isn't another jobber in the country will give ye within one pound of the money a week from today. And yer pigs show no signs that they are going to improve."

"There is nothing in that but fool's talk," Michael called out. "Why not be a man and give the sixteen pounds?"

The jobber walked back hurriedly. He spat on his right hand, and held it out to Michael.

"Are ye going to break a gentleman's word?" he said loudly. "Say fifteen pounds——"

Michael turned away from the outstretched hand and shook his head. The jobber waved his stick and turned to Mary.

"My good woman," he said, "I have done my best, what more can I do? Although I would hate to think I would leave your mother's daughter's house without buying them."

"Oh, wait now," said Mary, smiling coquettishly, "sure, as the men can't arrange the bargain, maybe a woman could step in and settle the difference. Don't go back on a woman's word and split the difference."

"Spoken like a woman," cried the jobber, stamping on the ground with his foot. "I was never a man to go against a word from the lips of a beautiful woman. Split it as far as I am concerned. Are you satisfied, Michael?"

"Put it there," cried Michael, holding out his hand. "The bargain is made. Fifteen pound ten it is."

The three of them went into the pigsty again and the jobber put his mark on the pigs' backs with his scissors. Then he hurried away waving his stick, glad he had got the pigs for ten shillings less than he had intended to give. Michael and Mary entered the cabin.

"Oh, Michael," said Mary, "now we can go to town on Thursday and I'll get everything we want and we'll have a great time, won't we? Now what's the matter, Michael? What is it you're thinking about?"

Michael was looking at the ground with his hands behind his back. He was scowling at the floor.

"It's nothing," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I was wondering whether Peter Mullen would have given another ten shillings if I had held out a little longer. I'd hate to have it said that he bested me. But, sure, the ten shillings won't matter, Mary. Give me ten kisses instead."

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*These immortals once received only a penny for their thoughts. They were due for a rise, but their contemporaries didn't know it.*

# When Genius Markets Its Wares

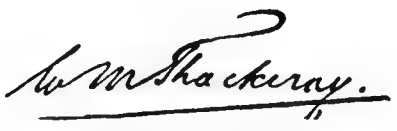
*Frequently famous manuscripts, valued at fabulous sums today, brought their authors little enough. Frequently they attracted little enough attention—and sometimes they made their authors famous over night.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE offered "The Raven" to George R. Graham during the winter of 1843. He said that his wife and Mrs. Clemm were starving. Mr. Graham, Mr. Godey and others condemned the poem, but gave him $15 as "charity." Later Poe sold the poem for $10 to the *American Whig Review*. It is now worth $200,000.

In February, 1845, when the poem appeared in the *American Whig Review*, and in the *Evening Mirror*, which copied it from advance sheets, it was the sudden center of literary interest, and republished throughout the country. At first the author masked under the name of "Quarles," but later his own name was used. "No great poem ever established itself so immediately, so widely, and so imperishably in men's minds. 'The Raven' became in some sort a national bird, and its author the most notorious American of the hour."

"Your 'Raven' has produced a sensation, a 'fit of horror' here in England," wrote Elizabeth Barrett, later Mrs. Browning. "Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the 'Nevermore' and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think that you will like to be told that our great poet, Mr. Browning, was struck much by the rhythm of that poem."

Poe's own copy of *The Raven and Other Poems*, worth originally 31 cents, was recently sold for $7,600, and the manuscript of the poem for $200,000.

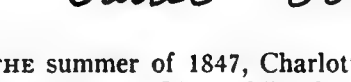


THACKERAY completed *Vanity Fair* in 1846, and tried, without success, to sell it to Henry Colburn, of the *New Monthly*. But Bradbury and Evans, proprietors of *Punch*, acceded so readily to Thackeray's suggestion that he be paid fifty guineas an instalment for it that Thackeray was "deuced sorry I didn't ask him for another tenner." This fifty guineas a number included Thackeray's illustrations.

The first numbers were received so unenthusiastically that Bradbury and Evans seriously considered discontinuing it. Later its sale increased, and the story in book form was a modest best-seller, netting a profit of 2000 pounds.

This sale was somewhat helped by Currer Bell's (Charlotte Brontë's) dedication of *Jane Eyre* to the "satirist of *Vanity Fair*." Thackeray called this the "greatest compliment I have ever received in my life."

A gentleman in the *Edinburgh Review* declared in 1847: "*Vanity Fair* is assured of immortality as 99/100 of modern novels are sure of annihilation." He had sound sense. The first edition (1848) sold this last year for $7750.



IN THE summer of 1847, Charlotte Brontë was writing *Jane Eyre*. Meanwhile the manuscript of *The Professor* was being sent the rounds of the London publishers and came back again and again to add to the distressing quiet of the old parsonage at Haworth.

Mr. Brontë, always nervous and ill, was threatened with blindness. The family was sorely in need of money. "As a forlorn hope," Charlotte Brontë wrote later in a preface to *Jane Eyre*, "we tried one publishing house more." She sent the manuscript to Messrs. Smith & Elder, and although "they were not disposed to publish *The Professor*, their very refusal was so delicate, reasonable and courteous that it cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done." They had expressed interest in seeing a three-volume work of hers.

On the 24th of August, 1847, Miss Brontë wrote to Messrs. Smith & Elder:

"I now send you per rail a MS. entitled *Jane Eyre*, a novel in three volumes, by Currer Bell. I find I cannot prepay the carriage of the parcel, as money for that purpose is not received at the small station



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house where it is left. If, when you acknowledge receipt of the MS., you would have the goodness to mention the amount charged on delivery, I will immediately transmit it in postage stamps. It is better in future to address Mr. Currer Bell, under cover to Miss Brontë, Haworth, Bradford, Yorkshire, as there is a risk of letters otherwise directed not reaching me at present. To save trouble, I enclose an envelope."

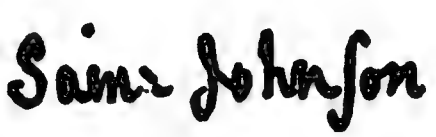
To avoid argument, Charlotte Brontë, at thirty-one, was preserving a discreet anonymity in her own home. Her father probably unwittingly added to the "risk" by telling the postman, when he inquired, that no such person as Currer Bell lived in those parts.

*Jane Eyre* was accepted, and printed and published by October 16, 1847. The book soon achieved great popularity; it was warmly praised in the *Examiner*, and by G. H. Lewes in *Fraser's Magazine*.

The winds of criticism, however, were not all favorable; *The Quarterly* considered it coarse: "Combined with great materials for power and feeling, the reader may trace gross inconsistencies and improbabilities, and chief and foremost the highest moral offence a novel writer can commit, that of making an unworthy character interesting in the eyes of the reader. The popularity of *Jane Eyre* is a proof how deeply the love for illegitimate romance is implanted in our nature. Jane Eyre is throughout the personification of an unregenerate and undisciplined spirit. . . . Altogether the autobiography of *Jane Eyre* is pre-eminently an anti-Christian composition. . . . If we ascribe the book to a woman *at all* we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient reason long forfeited the society of her sex."

The rush for copies which began early in December showed that Charlotte Brontë had found her public and was independent of critical sanction. The second edition of *Jane Eyre*, dedicated to Thackeray, appeared in January, 1848. Miss Brontë's fame grew.

Charlotte Brontë received five hundred pounds for *Jane Eyre*. Recently a copy of the first edition sold for $3600.



The story that Samuel Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral is a famous one. He made no profit at all from his gigantic dictionary, the product of seven years of labor. The whole of the 1575 pounds which he received for the work was spent before the last page was written—largely on the costs of amanuenses, paper, and assistants.

Dr. Johnson's own copy of the *Dictionary*, with manuscript notes, sold for 30 shillings when his library was dispersed at public sale in 1785; in 1929 two volumes of the original edition (1754) brought $850, while a single page of manuscript defining and illustrating "versification" (from *A Grammar of the English Tongue*) in Johnson's hand brought $11,000.

Johnson began "beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution" in 1747 and finished in 1754. He defined in all 60,000 words (the latest Funk and Wagnalls dictionary defines 450,000). When the last batch was submitted to Andrew Millar, the publisher, Johnson inquired of his messenger, "What did he say?"

"Sir," replied the messenger boy, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'"

"I am glad," said Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything."

John Milton received five pounds down and five pounds more when the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was exhausted. After his death two similar sums paid to his widow for the second and third editions brought the total profits from the poem to what would be about 63 pounds today. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667, and then sold for about half a sovereign. The poem was practically unknown for two years when Lord Dorset may be said to have discovered it in an old stall. It was handed to him as waste paper. Dryden, to whom he showed it, declared "this man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too." Two hundred and sixty years later a copy of this first edition brought $2000.

Two days before Charles Dickens was to be married, the first instalment of *Pickwick Papers* was published (March 31, 1836). In a flurry of elation, Dickens wrote his fiancée: "They have made me an offer of fourteen pounds a month to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself, to be published monthly. . . . The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist."

Apparently he waited to tell her in person that he had received two months' advance pay towards the expense of setting up housekeeping.

The book was planned as a series of Pickwick illustrations, rather than as a series of Pickwick papers. There was considerable difficulty in finding the right illustrator; and the fourth number of *Pickwick* was the first to contain illustrations by the famous Phiz.

Not more than four hundred copies of each of the early numbers were printed, and these did not sell. But with the introduction of 'Sam Weller' in the fifth part, Dickens' reputation and the sale of the *Pickwick Papers* soared. From Part Six on, sales increased astoundingly. *Pickwick* ended its serial career with a circulation of forty thousand copies, which in 1837 was a record "almost fabulous."

The famous Philadelphia firm of Carey, Lea and Blanchard cautiously "ventured to reprint" the first four numbers in November, 1836, in five volumes. Henry C. Lea said thirty years later: "The author was then unknown, and the enterprise a doubtful one, so the edition printed from type was only 1500 copies and the numbers were issued at the price of 45 cents,

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in one volume. The venture was successful and by December, 1837, when the fifth and concluding volume was published, the edition had been materially increased, while small quantities of the earlier volumes had been reprinted and two rival and cheaper editions had been started in New York."

All that Dickens gained from this publication, beyond the reputation which the name "Boz" acquired in the United States, was a remittance of fifty pounds in 1838 in acknowledgment of the success of his work.

Here is a contemporary slap at *Pickwick* in the *Quarterly:* "Indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humour which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal, is worked out. . . . The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast. . . . If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick."

Soon after Sam Weller's appearance, that original fourteen pounds an instalment began to look like pretty lean pickings to the author. An adjustment was eventually made that netted Dickens some two thousand five hundred pounds and a share in the copyright after five years. "Chapman and Hall had become a going concern. So had Charles Dickens."

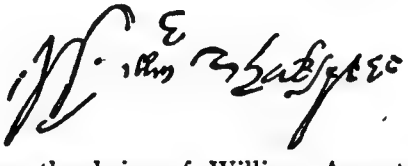
Today the market quotation on *Pickwick* items is about thirty dollars a word. There is one copy of *Pickwick* inscribed to Mary Hogarth, his sister-in-law, which would find plenty of eager takers at more than $50,000. This copy of *Pickwick* is by all odds the most valuable book published during the 19th century. In 1929, the first edition of one of the prime *Pickwicks* sold for $28,000.

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S translation of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* spent two years in the offices of *Fraser's Magazine* before it was finally rejected. Accordingly, in January, 1859, Fitzgerald decided to publish his verses independently. Soon two hundred and fifty copies of a brown-wrappered quarto pamphlet were put on sale in Quaritch's second-hand bookshop, which was to develop into the rare book center of the world. The price of the poem was set at five shillings, but no copies were sold within the first few months following publication. The price fell to a shilling; then to a penny. A lawyer was the discoverer of this penny copy of the *Rubaiyat.* He told Rossetti about it, and Rossetti told Swinburne. Soon Omar and Fitzgerald were the talk of the town. The price rose as fast as it had fallen. Swinburne says: "We invested, I should think, in hardly less than sixpenny-worth apiece, and on returning to the stall next day for more found that we had sent up the market to the awfully extravagant sum of two-pence, an imposition which invoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. Not so very long afterwards, if I mistake not, the price was three shillings."

There were five pounds profit on the second edition, which Fitzgerald sent to the Persian Relief Fund in Omar Khayyam's memory. Carlyle exploded: "My old friend Fitzgerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard. It is worse than a mere waste of labor." But the popularity of the book was unstemmed, and has continued overwhelming. The first English edition sold for $8000 in 1929.

THE MANUSCRIPT of *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets,* traveled from publisher to publisher in March and April, 1892, until its author, Stephen Crane, locked it up in disgust and took to commercial drawing, which paid enough for a scanty living at least. In November, however, Crane borrowed $1,000 and left Newark for New York determined to have the book published at his own expense. He did so, under the pseudonym of Johnston Smith (as the stupidest name in the world he could think of). The bill for printing eleven hundred copies was $869—many times too much. But *Maggie* went on sale, in mustard-colored paper covers at fifty cents a copy. Now there were none to buy. Brentano's took a dozen copies, but returned ten. *Maggies* lay in yellow piles in every corner of his room. He even paid his tobacconist's bill with them, though there is no record of that gentleman's pleasure. On the whole, the press either ignored or condemned him. William Dean Howells seems to have been one of the few to recognize the book's merit, but although he declared that "Crane could do things that Clemens (Mark Twain) can't," neither Crane nor Howells could make the book sell. Crane starved pretty successfully until his *Red Badge of Courage* brought popularity.

Yet this year a presentation copy of *Maggie* sold for $3700, and an ordinary first edition brings $2100.



THIS YEAR, the heirs of William Augustus White, bibliophile and art connoisseur, presented to Harvard University a group of eighty-eight Shakespearean items valued at $420,000. The largest single item was a First Folio of 1623 worth $45,000, while single copies of plays varied in price from six to ten thousand dollars. Recently, also, Henry Clay Folger gave the American people his great Shakespeare collection, including a copy of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's *Works* worth $100,000.

Shakespeare was not hard up. He probably received about ten pounds each for his plays, or in modern values, about $400. At the rate of his production, this amounted to an income of perhaps $800 a year.

His acting was more profitable than playwrighting. He is thought to have made at least 100 pounds a year before 1599, and by 1635 actor-shareholders, such as Shakespeare then was, made far more than that—not counting special rewards for court performances.

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By HONORÉ de BALZAC

# The Elixir of

*DON JUAN had power to confer another life upon his dying father or—upon himself when it came his own turn to die.*
*What would have been your choice? asks Balzac.*

ONE WINTER EVENING, in a princely palace at Ferrara, Don Juan Belvidero was giving a banquet to a prince of the house of Este. A banquet in those times was a marvelous spectacle which only royal wealth or the power of a mighty lord could furnish forth. Seated about a table lit up with perfumed tapers, seven laughter-loving women were interchanging sweet talk. The white marble of the noble works of art about them stood out against the red stucco walls and made strong contrasts with the rich Turkey carpets. Clad in satin, glittering with gold and covered with gems less brilliant than their eyes, each told a tale of energetic passions as diverse as their styles of beauty. They differed neither in their ideas nor in their language; but the expression of their eyes, their glances, occasional gestures, or the tones of their voices supplied a commentary dissolute, wanton, melancholy, or satirical, to the words.

One seemed to be saying: "The frozen heart of age might kindle at my beauty."

Another: "I love to lounge upon cushions."

A third, a neophyte at these banquets, was inclined to blush. "I feel remorse in the depths of my heart! I am a Catholic and afraid of hell. But I love you, I love you so that I can sacrifice my hereafter to you."

The fourth drained a cup of Chian wine. "Give me a joyous life!" she cried; "I begin life afresh each day with the dawn. Forgetful of the past, with the intoxication of yesterday's rapture still upon me, I drink deep of life—a whole lifetime of pleasure and of love!"

The woman who sat next to Juan Belvidero looked at him with a feverish glitter in her eyes. She was silent. Then—"I should need no hired bravo to kill my lover if he forsook me!" she cried at last, and laughed, but the marvelously wrought gold comfit-box in her fingers was crushed by her convulsive clutch.

"When are you to be Grand Duke?" asked the sixth. There was the frenzy of a Bacchante in her eyes, and



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# Don Juan

Drawings by James Daugherty

her teeth gleamed between the lips parted with a smile of cruel glee.

"Yes, when is that father of yours going to die?" asked the seventh, throwing her bouquet at Don Juan with bewitching playfulness. It was a childish girl who spoke, and the speaker was wont to make sport of sacred things.

"Oh! don't talk about it," cried Don Juan, the young and handsome giver of the bouquet. "There is but one eternal father, and, as ill luck will have it, he is mine."

The seven Ferrarese, Don Juan's friends, the Prince himself, gave a cry of horror. Two hundred years later, in the days of Louis XV., people of taste would have laughed at this witticism. Or was it, perhaps, that at the outset of an orgy there is a certain unwonted lucidity of mind? Despite the taper light, the clamor of the senses, the gleam of gold and silver, the fumes of wine, and the exquisite beauty of the women, there may perhaps have been in the depths of the revelers' hearts some struggling glimmer of reverence for things divine and human, until it was drowned in glowing floods of wine! Yet even then the flowers had been crushed, eyes were growing dull, and drunkenness, in Rabelais' phrase, had "taken possession of them down to their sandals."

During that brief pause a door opened; and as once the Divine presence was revealed at Belshazzar's feast, so now it seemed to be manifest in the apparition of an old white-haired servant, who tottered in, and looked sadly from under knitted brows at the revelers. He gave a withering glance at the garlands, the golden cups, the pyramids of fruit, the dazzling lights of the banquet, the flushed, scared faces, the hues of the cushions pressed by the white arms of the women.

"My lord, your father is dying!" he said; and at those solemn words, uttered in hollow tones, a veil of crape seemed to be drawn over the wild mirth.

Don Juan rose to his feet with a gesture to his guests that might be rendered by, "Excuse me; this kind of thing does not happen every day."

Does it so seldom happen that a father's death surprises youth in the full-blown splendor of life, in the midst of the mad riot of an orgy? Death is as unexpected in his caprice as a courtesan in her disdain; but Death is truer—Death has never forsaken any man.

Don Juan closed the door of the banqueting-hall; and as he went down the long gallery, through the cold and darkness, he strove to assume an expression in keeping with the part he had to play; he had



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thrown off his mirthful mood, as he had thrown down his table napkin, at the first thought of this rôle. The night was dark. The mute servitor, his guide to the chamber where the dying man lay, lighted the way so dimly, that death, aided by cold silence, and darkness, and it may be by a reaction of drunkenness, could send some sober thoughts through the spendthrift's soul. He examined his life, and became thoughtful, like a man involved in a lawsuit on his way to the Court.

*"When are you to be Grand Duke?"*

Bartolommeo Belvidero, Don Juan's father, was an old man of ninety, who had devoted the greatest part of his life to business pursuits. He had acquired vast wealth in many a journey in magical Eastern lands, and knowledge, so it was said, more valuable than the gold and diamonds, which had almost ceased to have any value for him.

"I would give more to have a tooth in my head than for a ruby," he would say at times with a smile. The indulgent father loved to hear Don Juan's story of this and that wild freak of youth. "So long as these follies amuse you, dear boy——" he would say laughingly, as he lavished money on his son. Age never took such pleasure in the sight of youth; the fond father did not remember his own decaying powers while he looked on that brilliant young life.

Bartolommeo Belvidero, at the age of sixty, had fallen in love with an angel of peace and beauty. Don Juan had been the sole fruit of this late and short-lived love. For fifteen years the widower had mourned the loss of his beloved Juana; and to his sorrow of age, his son and his numerous household had attributed the strange habits that he had contracted. He had shut himself up in the least comfortable wing of his palace, and very seldom left his apartments; even Don Juan himself must first ask permission before seeing his father. If this hermit, unbound by vows, came or went in his palace or in the streets of Ferrara, he walked as if he were in a dream, wholly engrossed, like a man at strike with a memory, or a wrestler with some thought.

The young Don Juan might give princely banquets, the palace might echo with clamorous mirth, horses pawed the ground in the courtyards, pages quarreled and flung dice upon the stairs, but Bartolommeo ate his seven ounces of bread daily and drank water. A fowl was occasionally dressed for him, simply that the black poodle, his faithful companion, might have the bones. Bartolommeo never complained of the noise. If huntsmen's horns and baying dogs disturbed his sleep during his illness, he only said, "Ah! Don Juan has come back again." Never on earth has there been a father so little exacting and so indulgent; and, in consequence, young Belvidero, accustomed to treat his father unceremoniously, had all the faults of a spoiled child. He treated old Bartolommeo as a willful courtesan treats an elderly adorer; buying indemnity for insolence with a smile, selling good humor, submitting to be loved.

Don Juan, beholding scene after scene of his younger years, saw that it would be a difficult task to find his father's indulgence at fault. Some newborn remorse stirred the depths of his heart; he felt almost ready to forgive this father, now about to die, for having lived so long. He had an accession of filial piety, like a thief's return in thought to honesty at the prospect of a million adroitly stolen.

Before long Don Juan had crossed the lofty chilly suite of rooms in which his father lived; the penetrating influences of the damp close air, the mustiness diffused by old tapestries and presses thickly covered with dust had passed into him, and now he stood in the old man's antiquated room, in the repulsive presence of the deathbed, beside a dying fire. A flickering lamp on a Gothic table sent broad uncertain shafts of light, fainter or brighter, across the bed, so that the dying man's face seemed to wear a different look at every moment. The bitter wind whistled through the crannies of the ill-fitting casements; there was a smothered sound of snow lashing the windows. The harsh contrast of these sights and sounds with the scenes which Don Juan had just quitted was so sudden, that he could not help shuddering. He turned cold as he came towards the bed; the lamp flared in a sudden vehement gust of wind and lighted up his father's face; the features were wasted and distorted; the skin that cleaved to their bony outlines had taken wan livid hues, all the more ghastly by force of contrast with the white pillows on which he lay. The muscles about the toothless mouth had contracted with pain and drawn apart the lips; the moans that issued between them with appalling energy found an accompaniment in the howling of the storm without.

In spite of every sign of coming dissolution, the most striking thing about the dying face was its incredible power. It was no ordinary spirit that wrestled there with Death. The eyes glared with strange fixity of gaze from the cavernous sockets hollowed by disease. It seemed as if Bartolommeo sought to kill some enemy sitting at the foot of his bed by the intent gaze of dying eyes. That steady remorseless look was the more appalling because the head that lay upon the pillow was passive and motionless as a skull upon a doctor's table. The outlines of the body, revealed by the coverlet, were no less rigid and stiff; he lay there as one dead, save for those eyes. There was something automatic about the moaning sounds that came from the mouth. Don Juan felt something like shame that he must be brought thus to his father's bedside, wearing a courtesan's bouquet, redolent of the fragrance of the

*"My beauty can rekindle the frozen heart of age."*

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banqueting chamber and the fumes of Chian wine.

"You were enjoying yourself!" the old man cried as he saw his son.

Even as he spoke the pure high notes of a woman's voice, sustained by the sound of the viol on which she accompanied her song, rose above the rattle of the storm against the casements, and floated up to the chamber of death. Don Juan stopped his ears against the barbarous answer to his father's speech.

"I bear you no grudge, my child," Bartolommeo went on.

The words were full of kindness, but they hurt Don Juan; he could not pardon this heart-searching goodness on his father's part.

"What a remorseful memory for me!" he cried, hypocritically.

"Poor Juanino," the dying man went on, in a smothered voice, "I have always been so kind to you, that you could not surely desire my death?"

"Oh, if it were only possible to keep you here by giving up a part of my own life!" cried Don Juan.

("We can always *say* this sort of thing," the spendthrift thought; "it is but as if I laid the whole world at my mistress' feet.")

*A novice at the feasts, inclined to blush.*

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind when the old poodle barked. Don Juan shivered; the response was so intelligent that he fancied the dog must have understood him.

"I was sure that I could count upon you, my son!" cried the dying man. "I shall live. So be it; you shall be satisfied. I shall live, but without depriving you of a single day of your life."

"He is raving," thought Don Juan. Aloud he added, "Yes, dearest father, yes; you shall live, of course, as long as I live, for your image will be forever in my heart."

"It is not that kind of life that I mean," said the old noble, summoning all his strength to sit up in bed; for a thrill of doubt ran through him, one of those suspicions that come into being under a dying man's pillow. "Listen, my son," he went on, in a voice grown weak with that last effort, "I have no more wish to give up life than you to give up wine and mistresses, horses and hounds, and hawks and gold——"

"I can well believe it," thought the son; and he knelt down by the bed and kissed Bartolommeo's cold hands. "But, father, my dear father," he added aloud, "we must submit to the will of God."

"I am God!" muttered the dying man.

"Do not blaspheme!" cried the other, as he saw the menacing expression on his father's face. "Beware what you say; you have received extreme unction, and I should be inconsolable if you were to die before my eyes in mortal sin."

"Will you listen to me?" cried Bartolommeo, and his mouth twitched.

Don Juan held his peace; an ugly silence prevailed. Yet above the muffled sound of the beating of the snow against the windows rose the sounds of the beautiful voice and the viol in unison, far off and faint as the dawn. The dying man smiled.

"Thank you," he said, "for bringing those singing voices and the music, a banquet, young and lovely women with fair faces and dark tresses, all the pleasures of life! Bid them wait for me; for I am about to begin life anew."

"The delirium is at its height," said Don Juan to himself.

"I have found out a way of coming to life again," the speaker went on. "There, just look in that table drawer, press the spring hidden by the griffin, and it will fly open."

"I have found it, father."

"Well, then, now take out a little phial of rock crystal."

"I have it."

"I have spent twenty years in——" but even as he spoke the old man felt how very near the end had come, and summoned all his dying strength to say, "As soon as the breath is out of me, rub me all over with that liquid, and I shall come to life again."

"There is very little of it," his son remarked.

Though Bartolommeo could no longer speak, he could still hear and see. When those words dropped from Don Juan, his head turned with appalling quickness, his neck was twisted like the throat of some marble statue which the sculptor has condemned to remain stretched out forever, the wide eyes had come to have a ghastly fixity.

He was dead, and in death he lost his last and sole illusion.

He had sought a shelter in his son's heart, and it had proved to be a sepulcher, a pit deeper than men dig for their dead. The hair on his head had risen and stiffened with horror, his agonized glance still spoke. He was a father rising in just anger from his tomb, to demand vengeance at the throne of God.

"There! it is all over with the old man!" cried Don Juan.

He had been so interested in holding the mysterious phial to the lamp, as a drinker holds up the wine bottle at the end of a meal, that he had not seen his father's eyes fade. The cowering poodle looked from his master to the elixir, just as Don Juan himself glanced again and again from his father to the flask. The lamplight flickered. There was a deep silence; the viol was mute. Juan Belvidero thought that he saw his father stir, and trembled. The changeless gaze of those accusing eyes frightened him; he closed them hastily, as he would have closed a loose shutter swayed by the wind of an autumn night. He stood there motionless, lost in a world of thought.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a shrill sound like the creaking of a rusty spring. It startled Don Juan; he all but dropped the phial. A sweat, colder than the blade of a dagger, issued through every pore. It was only a piece of clockwork, a wooden cock that sprang out and crowed three times, an ingenious contrivance by which the learned of that epoch were wont to be awakened at the appointed hour to begin the labors of the day. Through the windows there came

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already a flush of dawn. The thing, composed of wood, and cords, and wheels, and pulleys, was more faithful in its service than he in his duty to Bartolommeo—he, a man with that peculiar piece of human mechanism within him that we call a heart.

Don Juan the skeptic shut the flask again in the secret drawer in the Gothic table—he meant to run no more risks of losing the mysterious liquid.

Even at that solemn moment he heard the murmur of a crowd in the gallery, a confused sound of voices, of stifled laughter and light footfalls, and the rustling of silks—the sounds of a band of revelers struggling for gravity. The door opened, and in came the Prince and Don Juan's friends, the seven courtesans, and the singers, disheveled and wild like dancers surprised by the dawn, when the tapers that have burned through the night struggle with the sunlight.

They had come to offer the customary condolence to the young heir.

"Oho! is poor Don Juan really taking this seriously?" said the Prince in Brambilla's ear.

"Well, his father was very good," she returned.

But Don Juan's night-thoughts had left such unmistakable traces on his features, that the crew was awed into silence. The men stood motionless. The women, with wine-parched lips and cheeks marbled with kisses, knelt down and began a prayer. Don Juan could scarce help trembling when he saw splendor and mirth and laughter and song and youth and beauty and power bowed in reverence before Death. But in those times, in that adorable Italy of the sixteenth century, religion and revelry went hand in hand; and religious excess became a sort of debauch, and a debauch a religious rite!

The Prince grasped Don Juan's hand affectionately, then when all faces had simultaneously put on the same grimace—half gloomy, half indifferent—the whole masque disappeared, and left the chamber of death empty. It was like an allegory of life.

As they went down the staircase, the Prince spoke to Rivabarella: "Now, who would have taken Don Juan's impiety for a boast? He loves his father."

"Did you see that black dog?" asked La Brambilla.

"He is enormously rich now," sighed Bianca Cavatolino.

"What is that to me?" cried the proud Veronese (she who had crushed the comfit-box).

"What does it matter to you, forsooth?" cried the Duke. "With his money he is as much a prince as I am."

*"I love to repose on soft cushions."*

At first Don Juan was swayed hither and thither by countless thoughts, and wavered between two decisions. He took counsel with the gold heaped up by his father, and returned in the evening to the chamber of death, his whole soul brimming over with hideous selfishness. He found all his household busy there. "His lordship" was to lie in state tomorrow; all Ferrara would flock to behold the wonderful spectacle; and the servants were busy decking the room and the couch on which the dead man lay. At a sign from Don Juan all his people stopped, dumbfounded and trembling.

"Leave me alone here," he said, and his voice was changed, "and do not return until I leave the room."

When the footsteps of the old servitor, who was the last to go, echoed but faintly along the paved gallery, Don Juan hastily locked the door, and, sure that he was quite alone, "Let us try," he said to himself.

Bartolommeo's body was stretched on a long table. The embalmers had laid a sheet over it, to hide from all eyes the dreadful spectacle of a corpse so wasted and shrunken that it seemed like a skeleton, and only the face was uncovered. This mummy-like form lay in the middle of the room. The limp, clinging linen lent itself to the outlines it shrouded—so sharp, bony, and thin. Large violet patches had already begun to spread over the face; the embalmer's work had not been finished too soon.

Don Juan, strong as he was in his skepticism, felt a tremor as he opened the magic crystal flask. When he stood over that face, he was trembling so violently, that he was actually obliged to wait for a moment. But Don Juan had acquired an early familiarity with evil; his morals had been corrupted by a licentious court, a reflection worthy of the Duke of Urbino crossed his mind, and it was a keen sense of curiosity that goaded him into boldness. The Devil himself might have whispered the words that were echoing through his brain, *Moisten one of the eyes with the liquid!* He took up a linen cloth, moistened it sparingly with the precious fluid, and passed it lightly over the right eyelid of the corpse. The eye unclosed....

"Aha!" said Don Juan. He gripped the flask tightly, as we clutch in dreams the branch from which we hang suspended over a precipice.

For the eye was full of life. It was a young child's eye set in a death's head; the light quivered in the depths of its youthful liquid brightness. Shaded by the long dark lashes, it sparkled like the strange lights that travelers see in lonely places in winter nights. That eye seemed as if it would fain dart fire at Don Juan; he saw it thinking, upbraiding, condemning, uttering accusations, threatening doom; it cried aloud, and gnashed upon him. All anguish that shakes human souls was gathered there; supplications the most tender, the wrath of kings, the love in a girl's heart pleading with the headsman; then, and after all these, the deeply searching glance a man turns on his fellows as he mounts the last step of the scaffold. Life so dilated in this fragment of life that Don Juan shrank back; he walked up and down the room, he dared not meet that gaze, but he saw nothing else. The ceiling and the hangings, the whole room was sown with living points of fire and intelligence. Everywhere those gleaming eyes haunted him.

"He might very likely have lived another hundred years!" he cried involuntarily. Some diabolical influence had drawn him to his father, and again he gazed at that luminous spark. The eyelid closed and opened again abruptly; it was like a woman's sign of assent.

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It was an intelligent movement. If a voice had cried 'Yes!" Don Juan could not have been more startled.

"What is to be done?" he thought.

He nerved himself to try to close the white eyelid. In vain.

"Kill it? That would perhaps be parricide," he debated with himself.

"Yes," the eye said, with a strange sardonic quiver of the lid.

"Aha!" said Don to himself, "here is witchcraft at work!" And he went closer to crush the thing. A great tear trickled over the hollow cheeks, and fell on Don Juan's hand.

"It is scalding!" he cried. He sat down. This struggle exhausted him; it was as if, like Jacob of old, he was wrestling with an angel.

At last he rose. "So long as there is no blood——" he muttered.

Then, summoning all the courage needed for a coward's crime, he extinguished the eye, pressing it with the linen cloth, turning his head away. A terrible groan startled him. It was the poor and faithful poodle who died with a long-drawn howl.

*The Prince.*

"Could the brute have been in the secret?" thought Don Juan, looking down at the faithful creature.

Don Juan Belvidero was looked upon as a dutiful son. He reared a white marble monument on his father's tomb, and employed the greatest sculptors of the time upon it. He did not recover perfect ease of mind till the day when his father knelt in marble before Religion, and the heavy weight of the stone had sealed the mouth of the grave in which he had laid the one feeling of remorse that sometimes flitted through his soul in moments of physical weariness.

He had drawn up a list of the wealth heaped up by the old merchant in the East, and he became a miser: had he not to provide for a second lifetime? His views of life were the more profound and penetrating; he grasped its significance, as a whole, the better, because he saw it across a grave. All men, all things, he analyzed once and for all; he summed up the Past, represented by its records; the Present in the law, its crystallized form; the Future, revealed by religion. He took spirit and matter, and flung them into his crucible, and found—Nothing. Thenceforward he became Don Juan.

At the outset of his life, in the prime of youth and the beauty of youth, he knew the illusions of life for what they were; he despised the world, and made the utmost of the world. His felicity could not have been of the bourgeois kind, rejoicing in periodically recurrent *booilli*, in the comforts of a warming-pan, a lamp of a night, and a new pair of slippers once a quarter. Nay, rather he seized upon existence as a monkey snatches a nut, and after no long toying with it, proceeds deftly to strip off the mere husks to reach the savory kernel within.

Poetry and the sublime transports of passion scarcely reached ankle-depth with him now. He in nowise fell into the error of strong natures who flatter themselves now and again that little souls will believe in a great soul, and are willing to barter their own lofty thoughts of the future for the small change of our life-annuity ideas. He, even as they, had he chosen, might well have walked with his feet on the earth and his head in the skies; but he liked better to sit on earth, to wither the soft, fresh, fragrant lips of a woman with kisses, for, like Death, he devoured everything without scruple as he passed; he would have full fruition; he was an Oriental lover, seeking prolonged pleasures easily obtained. He sought nothing but a woman in women, and cultivated cynicism, until it become with him a habit of mind. When his mistress, from the couch on which she lay, soared and was lost in regions of ecstatic bliss, Don Juan followed suit, earnest, expansive, serious as any German student. But he said I, while she in the transports of intoxication, said We. He understood to admiration the art of abandoning himself to the influence of a woman; he was always clever enough to make her believe that he trembled like some boy fresh from college before his first partner at a dance, when he asks her, "Do you like dancing?" But, no less, he could be terrible at need, could unsheath a formidable sword and make short work of Commandants. Banter lurked beneath his simplicity, mocking laughter behind his tears—for he had tears at need, like any woman nowadays who says to her husband, "Give me a carriage, or I shall go into a consumption."

For a merchant the world is a bale of goods or a mass of circulating bills; for most young men it is a woman, and for a woman here and there it is a man; for a certain order of mind it is a salon, a coterie, a quarter of the town, or some single city; but Don Juan found his world in himself.

This model of grace and dignity, this captivating wit, moored his bark by every shore; but wherever he was led he was never carried away, and was only steered in a course of his own choosing. The more he saw, the more he doubted. He watched men narrowly, and saw how, beneath the surface, courage was often rashness; and prudence, cowardice; generosity, a clever piece of calculation; justice, a wrong; delicacy, pusillanimity; honesty, a *modus vivende;* and by some strange dispensation of fate, he must see that those who at heart were really honest, scrupulous, just, generous, prudent, or brave were held cheaply by their fellowmen.

"What a cold-blooded jest!" said he to himself. "It was not devised by a God."

From that time forth he renounced a better world, and never uncovered himself when a Name was pronounced, and for him the carven saints in the churches became works of art. He understood the mechanism of society too well to clash wantonly with his prejudices; for, after all, he was not as powerful as the executioner, but he evaded social laws with the wit and grace so well rendered in the scene with M. Dimanche. He was, in fact, Molière's Don Juan, Goethe's

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*She made sport of sacred things.*

Faust, Byron's Manfred, Mathurin's Melmoth—great allegorical figures drawn by the greatest men of genius in Europe, to which Mozart's harmonies, perhaps, do no more justice than Rossini's lyre. Terrible allegorical figures that shall endure as long as the principle of evil existing in the heart of man shall produce a few copies from century to century. Sometimes the type becomes half human when incarnate as a Mirabeau, sometimes it is an inarticulate force in a Bonaparte, sometimes it overwhelms the universe with irony as a Rabelais; or, yet again, it appears when a Maréchal de Richelieu elects to laugh at human beings instead of scoffing at things, or when one of the most famous of our ambassadors goes a step further and scoffs at both men and things. But the profound genius of Juan Belvidero anticipated and resumed all these. All things were a jest to him. His was the life of a mocking spirit. All men, all institutions, all realities, all ideas were within its scope. As for eternity, after half an hour of familiar conversation with Pope Julius II., he had said, laughing——

"If it is absolutely necessary to make a choice, I would rather believe in God than in the Devil; power combined with goodness always offers more resources than the spirit of Evil can boast."

"Yes; still God requires repentance in this present world——"

"So you always think of your indulgences," returned Don Juan Belvidero. "Well, well, I have another life in reserve in which to repent of the sins of my previous existence."

"Oh, if you regard old age in that light," cried the Pope, "you are in danger of canonization——"

"After your elevation to the Papacy nothing is incredible." And they went to watch the workmen who were building the huge basilica dedicated to Saint Peter.

"Saint Peter, as the man of genius who laid the foundation of our double power," the Pope said to Don Juan, "deserves this monument. Sometimes, though, at night, I think that a deluge will wipe all this out as with a sponge, and it will be all to begin over again."

Don Juan and the Pope began to laugh; they understood each other. A fool would have gone on the morrow to amuse himself with Julius II. in Raphael's studio or at the delicious Villa Madama; not so Belvidero. He went to see the Pope as pontiff, to be convinced of any doubts that he (Don Juan) entertained. Over his cups the Rovere would have been capable of denying his own infallibility and of commenting on the Apocalypse.

Nevertheless, this legend has not been undertaken to furnish materials for future biographies of Don Juan; it is intended to prove to honest folk that Belvidero did not die in a duel with stone, as some lithographers would have us believe.

When Don Juan Belvidero reached the age of sixty he settled in Spain, and there in his old age he married a young and charming Andalusian wife. But of set purpose, he was neither a good husband nor a good father. He had observed that we are never so tenderly loved as by women to whom we scarcely give a thought. Doña Elvira had been devoutly brought up by an old aunt in a castle a few leagues from San-Lucar in a remote part of Andalusia. She was a model of devotion and grace. Don Juan foresaw that this would be a woman who would struggle long against a passion before yielding, and therefore hoped to keep her virtuous until his death. It was a jest undertaken in earnest, a game of chess which he meant to reserve till his old age. Don Juan had learned wisdom from the mistakes made by his father Bartolommeo; he determined that the least details of his life in old age should be subordinated to one object—the success of the drama which was to be played out upon his deathbed.

For the same reason the largest part of his wealth was buried in the cellars of his palace at Ferrara, whither he seldom went. As for the rest of his fortune, it was invested in a life annuity, with a view to give his wife and children an interest in keeping him alive; but this Machiavellian piece of foresight was scarcely necessary. His son, young Felipe Belvidero, grew up as a Spaniard as religiously conscientious as his father was irreligious, in virtue, perhaps, of the old rule, "A miser has a spendthrift son." The Abbot of San-Lucar was chosen by Don Juan to be the director of the consciences of the Duchess of Belvidero and her son Felipe. The ecclesiastic was a holy man, well shaped, and admirably well proportioned. He had fine dark eyes, a head like that of Tiberius, worn with fasting, bleached by an ascetic life, and, like all dwellers in the wilderness, was daily tempted. The noble lord had hopes, it may be, of dispatching yet another monk before his term of life was out.

BUT WHETHER the Abbot was every whit as clever as Don Juan himself, or Doña Elvira possessed more discretion or more virtue than Spanish wives are usually credited with, Don Juan was compelled to spend his declining years beneath his own roof, with no more scandal under it than if he had been an ancient country parson. Occasionally he would take wife and son to task for negligence in the duties of religion, peremptorily insisting that they should carry out to the letter the obligations imposed upon the flock by the Court of Rome. Indeed, he was never so well pleased as when he had set the courtly Abbot discussing some case of conscience with Doña Elvira and Felipe.

At length, however, despite the prodigious care that the great magnifico, Don Juan Belvidero, took of himself, the days of decrepitude came upon him, and with those days the constant importunity of physical feebleness, an importunity all the more distressing by contrast with the wealth of memories of his impetuous youth and the sensual pleasures of middle age. The unbeliever who in the height of his cynical humor had been wont to persuade others to believe in laws and principles at which he scoffed, must repose nightly

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upon a *perhaps*. The great Duke, the pattern of good breeding, the champion of many a carouse, the proud ornament of Courts, the man of genius, the graceful winner of hearts that he had wrung as carelessly as a peasant twists an osier withe, was now the victim of a cough, of a ruthless sciatica, of an unmannerly gout. His teeth gradually deserted him, as at the end of an evening the fairest and best-dressed women take their leave one by one till the room is left empty and desolate. The active hands became palsy-stricken, the shapely legs tottered as he walked. At last, one night, a stroke of apoplexy caught him by the throat in its icy clutch. After that fatal day he grew morose and stern.

He would reproach his wife and son with their devotion, casting it in their teeth that the affecting and thoughtful care that they lavished so tenderly upon him was bestowed because they knew that his money was invested in a life annuity. Then Elvira and Felipe would shed bitter tears and redouble their caresses, and the wicked old man's insinuating voice would take an affectionate tone—"Ah, you will forgive me, will you not, dear friends, dear wife? I am rather a nuisance. Alas, Lord in heaven, how canst Thou use me as the instrument by which Thou provest these two angelic creatures? I who should be the joy of their lives am become their scourge . . ."

In this manner he kept them tethered to his pillow, blotting out the memory of whole months of fretfulness and unkindness in one short hour when he chose to display for them the ever-new treasures of his pinchbeck tenderness and charm of manner—a system of paternity that yielded him an infinitely better return than his own father's indulgence had formerly gained. At length his bodily infirmities reached a point when the task of laying him in bed became as difficult as the navigation of a felucca in the perils of an intricate channel. Then came the day of his death; and this brilliant skeptic, whose mental faculties alone had survived the most dreadful of all destructions, found himself between his two special antipathies—the doctor and the confessor. But he was jovial with them. Did he not see a light gleaming in the future beyond the veil? The pall that is like lead for other men was thin and translucent for him; the light-footed, irresistible delights of youth danced beyond it like shadows.

It was on a beautiful summer evening that Don Juan felt the near approach of death. The sky of Spain was serene and cloudless; the air was full of the scent of orange-blossom; the stars shed clear, pure gleams of light; nature without seemed to give the dying man assurance of resurrection; a dutiful and obedient son sat there watching him with loving and respectful eyes. Towards eleven o'clock he desired to be left alone with this single-hearted being.

"Felipe," said the father, in tones so soft and affectionate that the young man trembled, and tears of gladness came to his eyes; never had that stern father spoken his name in such a tone. "Listen, my son," the dying man went on. "I am a great sinner. All my life long, however, I have thought of my death. I was once the friend of the great Pope Julius II.; and that illustrious Pontiff, fearing lest the excessive excitability of my senses should entangle me in mortal sin between the moment of my death and the time of my anointing with the holy oil, gave me a flask that contains a little of the holy water that once issued from the rock in the wilderness. I have kept the secret of this squandering of a treasure belonging to Holy Church, but I am permitted to reveal the mystery *in articulo mortis* to my son. You will find the flask in a drawer in that Gothic table that always stands by the head of the bed. . . . The precious little crystal flask may be of use yet again for you, dearest Felipe. Will you swear to me, by your salvation, to carry out my instructions faithfully?"

*"Give me a joyous life."*

Felipe looked at his father, and Don Juan was too deeply learned in the lore of the human countenance not to die in peace with that look as his warrant, as his own father had died in despair at meeting the expression in his son's eyes.

"You deserved to have a better father," Don Juan went on. "I dare to confess, my child, that while the reverend Abbot of San-Lucar was administering the Viaticum I was thinking of the incompatibility of the coexistence of two powers so infinite as God and the Devil!"

"Oh, father!"

"And I said to myself, when Satan makes his peace he ought surely to stipulate for the pardon of his followers, or he will be the veriest scoundrel. The thought haunted me; so I shall go to hell, my son, unless you carry out my wishes."

"Oh, quick; tell me quickly, father."

"As soon as I have closed my eyes," Don Juan went on, "and that may be in a few minutes, you must take my body before it grows cold and lay it on a table in this room. Then put out the lamp; the light of the stars should be sufficient. Take off my clothes, reciting *Aves* and *Paters* the while, raising your soul to God in prayer, and carefully anoint my lips and eyes with this holy water; begin with the face, and proceed successively to my limbs and the rest of my body; my dear son, the power of God is so great that you must be astonished at nothing."

Don Juan felt death so near, that he added in a terrible voice, "Be careful not to drop the flask."

Then he breathed his last gently in the arms of his son, and his son's tears fell fast over his sardonic, haggard features.

It was almost midnight when Don Felipe Belvidero laid his father's body upon the table. He kissed the sinister brow and the gray hair; then he put out the lamp.

By the soft moonlight that lit strange gleams across the country without, Felipe could dimly see his father's body, a vague white thing among the shadows. The dutiful son moistened a linen cloth with the liquid

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and, absorbed in prayer, he anointed the revered face. A deep silence reigned. Felipe heard faint, indescribable rustlings; it was the breeze in the treetops, he thought. But when he had moistened the right arm, he felt himself caught by the throat, a young strong hand held him in a tight grip—it was his father's hand! He shrieked aloud; the flask dropped from his hand and broke in pieces. The liquid evaporated; the whole household hurried into the room, holding torches aloft. That shriek had startled them and filled them with as much terror as if the Trumpet of the Angel sounding on the Last Day had rung through earth and sky. The room was full of people, and a horror-stricken crowd beheld the fainting Felipe upheld by the strong arm of his father, who clutched him by the throat. They saw another thing, an unearthly spectacle—Don Juan's face grown young and beautiful as Antinoüs, with its dark hair and brilliant eyes and red lips, a head that made horrible efforts, but could not move the dead, wasted body.

*La Brambilla*

An old servitor cried, "A miracle! a miracle!" and all the Spaniards echoed, "A miracle! a miracle!"

Doña Elvira, too pious to attribute this to magic, sent for the Abbot of San-Lucar, and the Prior beholding the miracle with his own eyes, being a clever man, and withal an Abbot desirous of augmenting his revenues, determined to turn the occasion to profit. He immediately gave out that Don Juan would certainly be canonized; he appointed a day for the celebration of the apotheosis in his convent, which thenceforward, he said, should be called the convent of San Juan of Lucar. At these words a sufficiently facetious grimace passed over the features of the late Duke.

The taste of the Spanish people for ecclesiastical solemnities is so well known, that it should not be difficult to imagine the religious pantomime by which the Convent of San-Lucar celebrated the translation of *blessed Don Juan Belvidero* to the abbey-church. The tale of the partial resurrection had spread so quickly from village to village, that a day or two after the death of the illustrious nobleman the report had reached every place within fifty miles of San-Lucar, and it was as good as a play to see the roads covered already with crowds flocking in on all sides, their curiosity whetted still further by the prospect of a *Te Deum* sung by torchlight. The old abbey-church of San-Lucar, a marvelous building erected by the Moors, a mosque of Allah, which for three centuries had heard the name of Christ, could not hold the throng that poured in to see the ceremony. Hidalgos in their velvet mantles, with their good swords at their sides, swarmed like ants, and were so tightly packed in among the pillars that they had no room to bend the knees, which never bent save to God. Charming peasant girls, in the basquina that defines the luxuriant outlines of their figures, lent an arm to white-haired old men. Young men, with eyes of fire, walked beside aged crones in holiday array. Then came couples tremulous with joy, young lovers led thither by curiosity, newly wedded folk; children timidly clasping each other by the hand. This throng, so rich in coloring, in vivid contrasts, laden with flowers, enameled like a meadow, sent up a soft murmur through the quiet night. Then the great doors of the church opened.

Late comers who remained without saw afar, through the three great open doorways, a scene of which the theatrical illusions of modern opera can give but a faint idea. The vast church was lighted up by thousands of candles, offered by saints and sinners alike eager to win the favor of this new candidate for canonization, and these self-commending illuminations turned the great building into an enchanted fairyland. The black archways, the shafts and capitals, the recessed chapels with gold and silver gleaming in their depths, the galleries, the Arab traceries, all the most delicate outlines of that delicate sculpture, burned in the excess of light like the fantastic figures in the red heart of a brazier. At the further end of the illumined church rose the high altar like a splendid dawn. All the glories of the golden lamps and silver candlesticks, of banners and tassels, of the shrines of the saints and votive offerings, paled before the gorgeous brightness of the reliquary in which Don Juan lay. The blasphemer's body sparkled with gems, and flowers, and crystal, with diamonds and gold, and plumes white as the wings of seraphim; they had set it up on the altar, where the picture of Christ had stood. All about him blazed a host of tall candles; the air quivered in the radiant light. The worldly Abbot of San-Lucar, in pontifical robes, with his miter set with precious stones, his rochet and golden crosier, sat enthroned in imperial state among his clergy in the choir. Rows of impassive aged faces, silver-haired old men clad in fine linen albs, were grouped about him, as the saints who confessed Christ on earth as set by painters, each in his place, about the throne of God in heaven. The precentor and the dignitaries of the chapter, adorned with the gorgeous insignia of ecclesiastical vanity, came and went through the clouds of incense, like stars upon their courses in the firmament.

When the hour of triumph arrived, the bells awoke the echoes far and wide, and the whole vast crowd raised to God the first cry of praise that begins the *Te Deum*. A sublime cry! High, pure notes, the voices of women in ecstasy, mingled in it with the sterner and deeper voices of men; thousands of voices sent up a volume of sound so mighty, that the straining, groaning organ pipes could not dominate that harmony. But the shrill sound of children's singing among the choristers, the reverberation of deep bass notes, awakened gracious associations, visions of childhood, and of man in his strength, and rose above that entrancing harmony of human voices blended in one sentiment of love.

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*Te Deum laudamus!*

The chant went up from the black masses of men and women kneeling in the cathedral, like a sudden breaking out of light in darkness, and the silence was shattered as by a peal of thunder. The voices floated up with the clouds of incense that had begun to cast thin bluish veils over the fanciful marvels of the architecture, and the aisles were filled with splendor and perfume and light and melody. Even at the moment when that music of love and thanksgiving soared up to the altar, Don Juan, too well bred not to express his acknowledgments, too witty not to understand how to take a jest, bridled up in his reliquary, and responded with an appalling burst of laughter. Then the Devil having put him in mind of the risk he was running of being taken for an ordinary man, a saint, a Boniface, a Pantaleone, he interrupted the melody of love by a yell; the thousand voices of hell joined in it. Earth blessed, Heaven banned. The church was shaken to its ancient foundations.

*"Te Deum laudamus!"* cried the many voices.

"Go to the devil, brute beasts that you are! *Dios! Dios! Carajos demonios!* Idiots! What fools you are with your dotard-God!" and a torrent of imprecations poured forth like a stream of red-hot lava from the mouth of Vesuvius.

*"Deus Sabaoth! . . . Sabaoth!"* cried the believers.

"You are insulting the majesty of Hell," shouted Don Juan, gnashing his teeth. In another moment the living arm struggled out of the reliquary, and was brandished over the assembly in mockery and despair.

"The saint is blessing us," cried the old women, children, lovers, and the credulous among the crowd.

And note how often we are deceived in the homage we pay; the great man scoffs at those who praise him, and pays compliments now and again to those whom he laughs at in the depths of his heart.

Just as the Abbot, prostrate before the altar, was chanting *"Sancte Johannes, ora pro nobis!"* he heard a voice exclaim sufficiently distinctly: *"O coglione!"*

"What can be going on up there?" cried the subprior, as he saw the reliquary move.

"The saint is playing the devil," replied the Abbot.

Even as he spoke, the living head tore itself away from the lifeless body, and dropped upon the sallow cranium of the officiating priest.

"Remember Doña Elvira!" cried the thing, with its teeth set fast in the Abbot's head.

The Abbot's horror-stricken shriek disturbed the ceremony; all the ecclesiastics hurried up and crowded about their chief.

"Idiot, tell us now if there is a God!" the voice cried, as the Abbot, bitten through the brain, drew his last breath.

# Here and There

There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the colored.—Oscar Wilde.

The person who cannot grasp a play by D'Annunzio, and more particularly Duse's performance of the central rôle in such a play, without being an Italian scholar would be unable to grasp Chopin's Funeral March because he was not a corpse.—George Jean Nathan.

Once let a maiden admit the possibility of her being stricken with love for some one at a certain hour and place, and the thing is as good as done.—Thomas Hardy.

There is a great dread of lying awake at night manifest everywhere. The activity to escape mental solitude is remarkable.—H. G. Wells.

The presence of his fellow-passengers was not so hampering as in England. In England, everybody seems held tight and gripped, nothing is left free. Every passenger seems like a parcel holding his string as fast as he can about him, lest one corner of the wrapper should come undone and reveal what is inside.—D. H. Lawrence.

I never read a book before reviewing it—it prejudices a man so!—Sydney Smith.

"I, too, love the country . . . but I love it best in books. In real life I have remarked that it is frequently damp and rheumatic, and most hated by those who know it best."
—Leslie Stephen.

Other ways may fail, but one can always accurately tell a second-rate man by the quality of his emotions. The laughter and the tears of a second-rate man are divining rods that no university training, social experience, worldly culture or tailor, can hide.
—George Jean Nathan.

To be with people who see without perceiving, hear without listening, talk without thinking, listen without clapping, often copy, seldom praise, and never admire, has an effect upon me that is almost physical.—Margot Asquith.

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*IT sounded easy to eat a pigeon a day for thirty days, with a fortune and a girl to win, but—*

# The Pigeon Prize

## By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*

*Translated by Conrad Seiler*

Drawings by Paul Orban

On the 15th day of September, 1837, at eight o'clock in the morning, a postman entered a house on the Rue Meslay, one of the quietest streets in Paris although it traverses one of the noisiest quarters in the world, and, depositing a letter on the *concierge's* table, extended his hand to receive the postage due.

"Monsieur Lebrun? Three sous."

"Here are your three sous," said the *concierge,* and then she placed the letter in the box of the tenant to whom it was addressed.

Who was M. Lebrun, and what did the letter contain? Ah, that is the question! M. Lebrun was a stout man of nearly five and forty years who had made a small fortune in the linen business, and who once had a wife and still had a daughter. So you see already how many reasons there were for him to receive a letter. M. Lebrun was plain, but his daughter was pretty. M. Lebrun was somewhat dull, but his daughter was bright. M. Lebrun was stout, but his daughter was well formed. Finally, M. Lebrun was egotistical, but his daughter was kindhearted.

When M. Lebrun's servant came downstairs to make the morning purchases, the *concierge* gave her the letter addressed to M. Lebrun; and the maid, when she returned, delivered it to her master, who, seated before his desk clad in his palm-patterned dressing-gown of imitation cashmere, was writing letters.

Now, as we said before, M. Lebrun had been in business for a long while, and during that time he had cultivated the habit of answering the letters of his correspondents in the provinces, as well as those of foreigners, as early as eight o'clock in the morning. For four years, however, M. Lebrun had done no business with anyone, but he was convinced that he was still busy; and he would never let a morning pass without writing at least four or five letters. What he put into this correspondence, no one knew, not even he himself. But he wrote, he had that business air, and that was all he wanted.

In this connection M. Lebrun had even formulated a phrase with which he was very much pleased, and which he would repeat with that self-satisfied laughter peculiar to annuitants.

"I know full well when I shall die," he would say.

"When you will die?" one would ask him.

"Yes, I shall die the evening of the day I stop writing!"

Well then, M. Lebrun was at his desk, and, in order to see better what he was writing, he had raised his glasses upon his forehead. For, as you have no doubt observed, when a man who wears spectacles wants to see anything distinctly, he raises his glasses half way up his forehead or lowers them to the end of his nose, so as to see either above or below them. I have noticed this so often that I am now convinced that only fugitives from justice, who want to disguise themselves, continue to wear spectacles and spoil their eyes by forcing them to look through glasses. . . .

By the most fortunate of chances, Julia was at her father's side when the maid brought in the letter that the *concierge* had given her. (It goes without saying that Julia was the baptismal name of Mlle. Lebrun.)



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*Léon could eat only after he had stuffed up his nose, so vile had the odor of pigeon become.*

¶ At twenty-eight, Alexandre Dumas *fils* wrote *La Dame aux Camelias*, establishing his own fame apart from that of his romancer father. The young Dumas was lusty humorist as well as romantic playwright.

We say the most fortunate of chances, because, ordinarily, Julia did not get up before half-past ten to dine at her usual hour, eleven. The faint blush which colored her cheeks, when she saw the handwriting on the letter her father was about to open, would perhaps have indicated to an observer—had there happened to be one present—that this early morning epistle bore some mystic relation to the "chance" which had prompted Julia to be up at such an early hour.

We have said that Julia was charming. She was of medium stature, had black hair and blue eyes; rosy complexion and white teeth; rounded shoulders and a small waist; well-made arms; pointed hands and little feet.

"Well, well," said M. Lebrun, as he studied the address of the letter in question, "I do not know this writer." And, lying back in his morocco-covered armchair, M. Lebrun bit his second finger, and then continued to study the chirography of the address.

"Open it, father, and you will see who sent it," said Julia, putting her arm upon the back of the armchair and leaning toward her father with beating heart.

"You are right," said M. Lebrun, and he *detached* the seal. We emphasize this word "detached," because M. Lebrun was one of those men, who, convinced that every word of a letter is invaluable never break a seal but detach it with utmost care, so as not to destroy by excessive precipitation a single word of the contents—a word which might by its absence render the whole letter meaningless, or at least the phrase from which it was taken.

"Ah, it is from M. Léon," said M. Lebrun, looking immediately at the signature.

"Ah, it is indeed!" exclaimed Julia.

"And what does he want, this charming young man? Let us see."

And M. Lebrun began to read in a high voice:

> You will find my letter very strange and my request very bold——

"What a pretty hand the sturdy fellow has!" interrupted M. Lebrun. "What splendid writing for a bookkeeper! But unfortunately for M. Léon, he has no such position. . . . Let us continue."

> And my request very bold, but I can no longer resist the desire of my heart, and, if I must die, I should rather die from your refusal than from doubt.

"What does all this mean?"

"Continue, father dear." And the former linen merchant proceeded with his reading.

> I love your daughter, and, I believe, Mademoiselle Julia loves me——

M. Lebrun leaped from his chair when he read this sentence. "He loves you and you love him?" he cried. "Have I read correctly?"

"Yes, father dear."

"What! And you are not ashamed to avow it?"

"My mother loved you dearly. Why shouldn't I love M. Léon?"

"True, I loved your mother, but *I* was in business."

"Oh, well, father dear," responded Julia with the greatest *sang-froid* imaginable, "if it was for that reason that my mother loved you, it is because of the contrary reason that I love M. Léon."



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"But what does he want?"

"He wants to marry me."

"I should say his request was bold! How do you know he wants to marry you?"

"He told me yesterday that he would write and ask your permission."

"So, he has spoken to you on the sly, has he?"

"Yes, father dear."

"Often?"

"Quite often."

"Oh!"

"He said that he would love me all his life."

"And you answered him——?"

"That I would love him to the end of my days."

"And when did you speak to him thus?"

"When I was serving you tea."

"And all that went on right under my very eyes?"

"Certainly."

"And I did not see it?"

"You never see anything, father dear. You always wear your spectacles."

"It is well," said M. Lebrun sternly, as he folded the letter without finishing it; "it is well, mademoiselle, you shall return to your boarding school."

"What can I do there?" asked Julia in a tone which showed that she did not fear at all the threats of her father, and that she was able to manage him easily.

"Never you mind; you shall stay there until I find a suitable husband for you."

"Of your choice?"

"Of *my* choice."

"Ah, I will not marry him then!"

"You will not marry him?"

"No, papa. Your choice will not be M. Léon."

"So, M. Léon is necessary, is he?"

"Yes, papa."

"You will consider no one else?"

"No, papa."

"And do you believe for one moment that I shall consent to this marriage?"

"Yes, papa."

"I will write this M. Léon not to dare enter this house again."

"Oh, I shall see him just the same."

"And where will that be, pray?"

"By my window, and I will write to him."

"Is that so? And what will you write to him?"

"That I love him, that you are a tyrant, and that when I have attained my majority I will marry him in spite of you."

"Where did you learn all these fine principles?"

"I have read them. Where? In the Code."

"In the Code! Who would believe that tabernacle of the rights of man, law and society contains such things!"

"Article 227, in the chapter entitled, 'Concerning the Rights of Children.'"

"Do you know what sort of a dowry you will get for this marriage?"

"Yes, father dear, sixty thousand francs."

"I will suppress your dowry."

"You cannot. It is my mother's inheritance. When I am of age, you will have to account to me for this money. See Article 86, chapter on 'Guardianship.'"

"And who told you all these things were in the Code?"

"M. Léon. You know very well, father dear, that he is very learned; he knows everything."

"And that, on the other hand, he has nothing."

"That does not matter. He will make his fortune."

"Never."

"Why, even you yourself said that he would."

"I?"

"Yes, you. I have heard you compliment him twenty times upon his great learning. And I have heard you say that his future was assured. . . . Oh, do be seated, father dear, and let us reason things out together." M. Lebrun sat down again and Julia knelt by his side.

"You love me a great deal, do you not, papa?" continued the young girl, as she arranged the knot of her father's cravat.

"Yes, Julia; and it is only because——"

"Because you love me so that you do not want me to marry M. Léon. Is it not true? Well, I tell you, father, this marriage must take place."

"No, Julia, no. M. Léon has nothing. You could not live a happy married life with merely your dowry. Let us grant, moreover, that you will be able to place your sixty thousand francs at five per cent., which is a very difficult matter nowadays; even then you will not have the hundred and twenty thousand francs which constitute my fortune until my death. And, thanks to God, I am still hale and hearty. Therefore, you ought to have a husband who will bring to you at least what you bring to him—sixty thousand francs."

"M. Léon will earn them."

"M. Léon earn sixty thousand francs? Ha! ha! Ha! Ha!"

"If you had continued to read his letter, you would not be so worked up, and we could understand each other right away."

"You know then what this letter contains?"

"Certainly, I have a copy of it in my pocket."

"A copy of it in your——? My God, what fiends these girls are!"

Nevertheless, M. Lebrun went on with the letter.

> To be your daughter's husband is the sole ambition, the unique goal of my life. But I want to bring happiness to her, and she could only be happy if she were to lack nothing, if she were able to satisfy her caprices. You know how learned I am, and what resources science and the arts offer to those who have mastered them. Accord me one year's grace. I shall put myself to work, and at the end of that time I shall return to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. Yes, though I needs must do without sleep and live on bread and water, I shall amass fifty thousand francs at least, and that will be only a beginning. . . . *Omnia vincit labor!*

"What does that last sentence mean?" asked M. Lebrun.

"'Work conquers all things,'" replied Julia.

"You know Latin?"

"Yes, father dear."

"What, you know Latin?"

"Yes, M. Léon taught it to me so that we could correspond in a language you could not understand. . . . But finish the letter."

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M. Lebrun who could not get over the fact that his daughter knew Latin, continued:

If in a year I have not succeeded, then, Monsieur, you are at liberty to dispose of Mademoiselle Julia as you will, and nothing will remain for me but—death."

*"You believe that in one year's time I cannot earn fifty thousand francs with all this knowledge?"*

"Well, what do you say, papa?"

"It is rather reasonable."

"Good! Then you consent?"

"I must, since you wish it."

"In a year's time, then, you will let me marry M. Léon?"

"If in a year's time M. Léon has earned and delivers to me fifty thousand francs."

"Never fear. M. Léon will earn them. . . . Now I will go to him and tell him the good news and ask him to come up to thank you."

"What is that?"

"He is waiting below in the street for your answer."

"You have seen him there?"

"I know he is there. He told me yesterday that he would be downstairs at nine o'clock this morning, and nine o'clock is now striking."

Julia approached the window, opened it, and bringing back her finger two or three times in succession in the direction of her eyes, made that gesture which in every country on earth signifies "Come!" And the person to whom she made this gesture jumped with exaltation when he saw it and came rushing into the house.

II.

"THANK FATHER," said the young girl, pushing Léon towards M. Lebrun. "He accepts your offer."

"How grateful I am to you, Monsieur!" cried Léon, as he took hold of both of M. Lebrun's hands.

"Then you love my daughter very much?"

"With all my soul, Monsieur."

"And you believe you will succeed in your enterprise?"

"I am sure of it."

"What do you possess as it is?"

"Nothing, Monsieur, but——"

"You told me several times that you had a position?"

"Yes, Monsieur, with the Minister of Finance."

"How much are you earning a month?"

"One hundred and thirteen francs, seventy-five centimes."

"That is not enough."

"I agree with you, Monsieur. And that is why I am going to give up my position."

"Take care! Perhaps you will not earn as much with all your education."

"Fear not, Monsieur. Fortunately, we are living in a century where work and knowledge find their recompense."

"Up to the present time, however, you have only been earning one hundred and thirteen francs, seventy-five centimes a month."

"Ah, but up to the present time I have not been in love, Monsieur; and this small sum has sufficed for my simple tastes."

"So, you know many things?" continued H. Lebrun with the admiration of a man who had never known anything but his own language, and just enough of that to conduct his linen business, and whose knowledge of arithmetic was barely profound enough to enable him to make twenty or thirty per cent. on his investments.

"Yes, Monsieur, I know many things."

"You speak English?"

"Fluently."

"German?"

"Like French."

"Italian?"

"I have it at my fingers' ends."

"Spanish?"

"Exceedingly well."

"Latin, Greek?"

"Thoroughly. I even know Arabic."

"Arabic! Oh, papa," cried Julia with great excitement, "is not that wonderful! If you only knew Arabic how pleased you would be, wouldn't you?"

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"What, Monsieur, you read those long, thin, twisting letters that look like vermicelli?"

"At sight."

"You draw also?"

"Yes, indeed. I could make a good copy of a picture by any of the great masters. Some say my copies are better than the originals. I know a little architecture. I am very strong in chemistry. I know universal and natural history. I have studied law. And you believe that in one year's time I cannot earn fifty thousand francs with all this knowledge?"

"Fifty thousand francs is a lot of money. But I do not take back my word. I shall hold to my promise. Return here on the 15th of September, 1838. . . . But let me tell you, Monsieur, I would give you my daughter's hand in marriage immediately if you possessed now the money your parents must have lavished on you to give you an education, even though you did not know a thing."

"You will wait patiently for one year, Julia?" Léon asked the young girl.

"Yes, my friend, I will wait for you."

"I go, Monsieur—till the 15th of September, 1838," said Léon, as he retired after having pressed the hand of her whom he loved.

"Monsieur, I have the honor of saluting you," said M. Lebrun.

He had repeated this phrase with the same pompous intonation and the same insignificant smile for twenty years, every time he took leave of a customer. . . .

III.

TEN MONTHS and a half after the above scene, a pale-faced man with long hair and sunken cheeks, almost in rags, was seated in a poor, somber, unhealthy room of a squalid London inn. He had let his head fall upon his chest, and in his left hand he held a pistol, while he fumbled the trigger with his right. This pale-faced, thin man in rags who had not eaten for two days was Léon. He was about to blow out his brains.

A letter, which carried the name and address of Julia, was lying on the table. It contained only these words:

> I have failed to earn the sum demanded by your father. I am poorer now than when I left you, and I have not eaten for two days. When you receive this letter I shall be dead, and my last thought will be of you. The ball of a pistol will do what hunger would have accomplished, if I had dared to hope further.
>
> Be happy, Julia—this is my last wish before I die.
>
> The 1st of August, 1838. LÉON.

Léon folded the letter for the last time and sealed it.

"Come," he said to himself, "I must escape the six weeks which still separate me from the 15th of Septem, 1838."

He loaded the pistol and pressed it to his temple, as he had learned to do. (Being so very intelligent, he was well aware that it was through the temple, and not through the mouth, that one must shoot oneself if an instantaneous death is desired.)

He was just at the point of pulling the trigger when the door suddenly opened, and in came a tall, stout man with a florid complexion, dressed in a cheap cloth vest and a white apron turned up so as to form an angle. This human mastodon was the owner of the inn where Léon had been living—if one could call that living.

Léon's first movement—the movement which, under similar circumstances, is always involuntary—was not to pull the trigger, but to hide the hand with the pistol behind his back.

This did not escape the innkeeper who, approaching the young man, said, "What have you there?" and, without more ado, pulled Léon's arm toward him.

"Ah, ha! You were going to blow out your brains?"

Léon nodded miserably.

"And the forty shillings you owe me?"

"I haven't them."

"Not only do you not pay me, but you would kill yourself in my house as well! You'd discredit this place and embarrass me with a dead man! Give me that weapon!"

"Why?"

"You ask me? To prevent you from killing yourself before you've paid your debts. When you've settled with me, you can do as you please. But, whatever you do, kindly kill yourself outside hereafter."

"Then I have not even the liberty of dying!" moaned poor Léon, whose misery and hunger together with the turbulent emotion accompanying his attempt at suicide, had thrown him into a state of complete exhaustion. Scarcely knowing what he did, he tendered his weapon to his host.

"After all," he said, "I owe you money. I belong to you. Do with me whatever you will. Call the police if you like."

"You are very unhappy, then?"

"Yes, very unhappy."

"Haven't you any trade? Don't you know how to do anything?"

"I know everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything from Arabic and Greek to the recipe for making an economical soap. And yet here I am dying of hunger."

"The devil! Nothing of that sort can support a man; and you're not the first."

"I wanted to give lessons. Someone offered me twelve hundred francs for passing all my days trying to instruct a group of idiots from eight to twelve years of age, each more ignorant, more disagreeable, uglier than the other!"

"Then what did you do?"

"Then I translated some Arabian songs, magnificent lyrics completely unknown in Europe and capable of transforming the entire literature of the West."

"Well?"

"Well, the editor to whom I submitted them asked me for two thousand francs to print my translations."

"You should have tried something else."

"That is just what I did. I asked the French Government for work as a copier of pictures."

"Of course, you obtained the position right away. It is said that in France the governments do nothing but encourage the arts."

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"I was offered eight hundred francs to copy a picture of Velasquez, and there was a year's work in it."

"Ah, that's very amusing. Please go on," said the innkeeper, placing his hands upon his hips and appearing to take the greatest interest in what was being said.

"That amuses you?"

"Very much."

The master of the inn seated himself, for he had just thought that he would be more comfortable seated than standing.

"I then applied to the editor of a journal," Léon continued, "for the work of translating foreign news and preparing scientific articles. At the end of a month I had earned eight francs and received orders to stop writing scientific articles—subscribers having notified the editor that such articles were wearisome."

"Ah, yes! Those scientific articles *are* insupportable," cried the innkeeper with a coarse laugh.

"Then I gathered together the little I had, and here I am in England."

"You've done well."

"Speaking English fluently, I intended to give lessons in French to young gentlemen. But I was imprudent enough to pronounce the word *chemise* before a lady, the mother of one of your compatriots, and that day I was discharged."

"And since then?"

"Since then I have been doing nothing. I am here living in your house, and I owe you forty shillings."

"You should've been satisfied with your first position—the one that paid twelve hundred francs."

"Satisfied with that? I should rather die!"

"I'm satisfied with *my* lot," said the innkeeper with pride, "and it's now twenty years that I've been cooking for a living and taking care of this inn."

"Perhaps I would be satisfied too if I were not in love."

"You're in love?"

"Yes, and in order to marry her whom I adore it is imperative that I earn fifty thousand francs in one year."

"Fifty thousand francs in one year! Why, I've only saved a thousand pounds in twenty years! You're crazy, my boy."

"And in six weeks the year is up. That is why I wanted to kill myself rather than wait for the time to expire. I have nothing to live for now."

The innkeeper appeared to be thinking profoundly.

"I have it!" he suddenly cried.

"Have what?"

"You want fifty thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"If I get *sixty* thousand francs for you, will you give me ten thousand?"

"Will I——?" Léon looked at the innkeeper as one looks at a lunatic.

"I'm serious."

"You mean you can get fifty thousand francs for *me?*"

"Within a month."

Léon jumped up from his chair and fell on the neck of his host, who, repulsing this familiarity with his hand, continued:

"Have you a good stomach?"

"Excellent. But what has my stomach to do with it?"

"Have you ever indulged in excesses?"

"Never."

"Then you shall marry the one you love."

"What?"

"Have courage, that's all that's necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"Dress yourself."

"I have no clothes other than those I am wearing."

"Then I'll lend you some; and I'll send a barber up to cut your beard. We're going to visit a great man, a lord, an English peer."

"Who will give me sixty thousand francs?"

"Who will give you a chance to earn them if you have a good stomach."

"But I do not understand."

"You don't need to. Have you a good stomach?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Do you like pigeon?"

"What has pigeon to do with all this?"

"Answer me: do you like pigeon?"

"I adore it."

"You're saved, and I get ten thousand francs! . . . Wait here; I'll return in a minute."

* * *

TWENTY MINUTES after this strange conversation, Léon, shaved, dressed in a suit too large for him, but certainly more becoming than the one he had been wearing for a month, came out of the inn accompanied by his host. Léon had not as yet been able to make his companion divulge the secret of their destination or what connection his adoration for pigeon could have with love, marriage and the fifty thousand francs which he needed so greatly.

IV.

MASTER PETERS conducted Léon to one of the richest lodgings in Piccadilly.

"Is Lord Lenisdale at home?" asked the innkeeper, respectfully doffing his hat before the opulently attired lackey who came to the door, and motioning Léon to do the same.

"No," said the lackey, "my lord is not receiving."

"Would you please tell His Excellency," said Peters, "that it's someone for the pigeons."

"Ah, if it is for the pigeons," said the lackey, "you may enter."

Peters regarded Léon with a smile of triumph.

"All goes well," said he.

Léon thought he must be dreaming.

The lackey introduced the two visitors into a salon fairly shimmering with silk and gold, and then said with a deference he had not displayed before, "I shall go and notify His Excellence."

After ten minutes His Excellence appeared. He was a man about sixty years of age, tall, thin, with a distinguished air and the mien of a person in the habit of patronizing petitioners and answering them.

"My Lord," said Peters rising together with Léon, and making three or four very humble salutations,

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"I've come to Your Excellency to propose this gentleman who wishes to compete for the Pigeon Prize."

Lord Lenisdale scrutinized Léon much as a naturalist observes an insect which he sees for the first time.

"*Vous êtes Français?*" asked the lord, speaking to Léon in French.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Léon in that perfect English which always flatters the sons of Albion.

"And you want to compete for the Pigeon Prize?"

"I am ignorant as to what constitutes the prize, my Lord. Scarcely an hour ago I was about to blow out my brains when Peters, my host, entered my apartment, and, moved by the story of my ill fortune, proposed to me a method of earning sixty thousand francs in one month. As yet I have been unable to prevail upon him to tell me how."

"Here are the facts, Monsieur," began the Englishman in that grave and diplomatic tone of voice that lends itself so exquisitely to the discussion of important political problems. "In London there is a society of scientists of which I have the honor of being president. Now, this society, anxious to elucidate scientific questions, has proposed a prize of sixty thousand francs to the person who will eat a roasted pigeon for his dinner every day for one month. This may seem easy at first sight, but no one has as yet succeeded in doing so, although many have made the attempt. Some gave up at the tenth pigeon; others fell sick at the fifteenth; and three of our candidates have died at the twenty-second to the twenty-sixth. The prize at that time was only thirty thousand francs. But, now, owing to the difficulties concerned, we have doubled the sum. . . . Do you feel ready to try, Monsieur?"

We are unable to picture Léon's astonishment.

"Yes, my Lord," he replied, without really knowing what he said, and thinking only of the sixty thousand francs. "But you will furnish the pigeons?"

"That is understood."

"For my means do not permit me this expenditure."

"When will you commence?"

"This very day."

"Will you please give me your name, Monsieur?" asked the lord, seating himself and opening a great record book which bore the English coat-of-arms.

"Léon Léon."

"Your age?"

"Thirty years."

"Your profession?"

"I have none at present. I was employed as secretary but I left my position to utilize my talents in another direction."

"You are a scholar then?"

"I have received a very good education."

"We have in our society the distinguished Hellenist, Lord Bourham."

"I have heard of him, but he has made many mistakes in his translation of Orpheus."

"We have also Lord Gastouck, the Orientalist——"

"Who has committed many errors in his 'Studies of the Poet Sadi.'"

"You speak Arabic, I suppose?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"We have among us the great archæologist——"

"You mean Lord Storley? If I had the honor of knowing him, I could demonstrate to him that he was mistaken in two or three of the dates which he assigned to the Egyptian monuments."

"Do you know Lord Golby also?"

"The astronomer?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly, at least by his works."

"Has he committed errors, too?"

"More than the others, my Lord, inasmuch as I have discovered a star of whose existence he has not the slightest suspicion, and which, if he desired, I could show him, a star four times the circumference of the earth."

"Well, Monsieur, you must know everything."

"Very nearly, my Lord," said Léon modestly.

"Do you know whether you can eat thirty-one pigeons in a month?"

"No, my Lord. But I am anxious to earn fifty thousand francs in a month by any honest method, because only then can I marry the woman I love."

"Well, Monsieur, I shall do the best I can for you. If you succeed in winning the prize, I shall present you myself to His Majesty, the King, and I shall, furthermore, have you admitted to our society as an honorary member."

Léon bowed low to indicate his gratitude.

"Shall we say then," Lord Lenisdale went on, "'Profession—none?'"

"Yes, my Lord."

"You were born——?"

"Yes, my Lord, in Paris."

"And you live now——?"

"At the Black Lion Inn, Horrible Street, London."

"Very well. Now here are the different clauses of the contract: You will be free to eat and drink anything and any amount you wish. But every day, for a month, at six o'clock, you must eat one roasted pigeon. Two of us will be present at your repast, and will make a full report of the manner in which it takes place. It is necessary that you eat the pigeon in its entirety. If you at any time renounce the experiment, you cannot try anew. If you become sick by reason of this nourishment, twenty pounds will be allotted you for the expenses incurred during your illness. If you succumb, as three of our candidates have already done, you will be buried at the Society's expense, and the cause of your glorious death will be engraved upon your tomb."

"Thank you for all this information, my Lord, but would you permit me to ask a question?"

"Speak."

"Is your society giving this prize in order to solve some scientific problem in agriculture, history, astronomy, or perhaps, languages?"

"No. All that interests us but little at this time. We are primarily interested in ascertaining the capacities of the human body."

"You understand, my Lord, I would prefer to use my intelligence instead of my stomach, if it were possible."

"Sixty thousand francs mean nothing to you?"

"They do indeed, my Lord."

"Well, I have outlined perhaps the only method whereby you may earn them in a short time. The

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*"Tell his Excellency," said Peters, "that it's someone for the pigeons."*

high position which our scholars have attained is purely theoretical. Their egotism alone is enriched. Whereas this experiment will lead to true fame. . . . You agree then? *Thirty-one roasted pigeons*"—Lord Lenisdale emphasized his words—"*from today, the first of August, to the first of next September.*"

"Where am I to eat these repasts?"

"Wherever you wish."

"If it please my Lord," interjected Peters, "at my house."

"Very well," said Lord Lenisdale.

"And, my Lord," Peters continued, "would I be permitted, if the young gentleman wins the prize, to have a circular printed dealing with my establishment and to mention Mr. Léon's wonderful accomplishment?"

"I shall consult the Society on that matter."

"My Lord is very good."

"Au revoir, Monsieur," said the English peer to Léon. "I ardently hope for your success both for your safety and in the higher interest of science. And, as I have already told you, if you succeed, the King's favor is yours, and the best houses in London will be open to you."

"Really," said Léon to himself, as he withdrew accompanied by Peters, "this is astounding. Much good did it do me to learn Latin, Greek, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, English, German, law, geometry, astronomy, agriculture, natural and universal history, physics, chemistry and Russian—only to be reduced to the necessity of eating thirty-one roasted pigeons in a month if I care to marry Julia and earn sixty thousand francs! O Knowledge, thou art but a name!"

V.

THAT SAME EVENING Léon went to work.

Eight days later, Lord Bourham and Lord Storley, who had already expressed their readiness to serve as witnesses during the repasts of the month, returned at seven o'clock in the evening to Lord Lenisdale.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, he has still managed to eat his pigeon today."

"The whole of it?"

"The whole of it."

"What a sturdy fellow!" . . .

On the 15th of August Lord Lenisdale asked the two witnesses:

"Is our candidate dead?"

"No."

"He eats his pigeon regularly?"

"Regularly."

"Roasted?"

"Roasted."

"All of it?"

"All of it."

"So, he has finished the first half." . . .

On the 25th Lord Lenisdale himself went to see Léon whom he scarcely recognized. Our hero had blood-shot eyes and a terrible fever.

"How do you feel?" asked the President of the Society.

"Very bad," answered Léon.

"And still you persevere?"

"Yes."

"Monsieur, you are the Wellington of the pigeon!" . . .

Lord Lenisdale was eager to be present at the last repast. Léon could only eat after he had stuffed up his nose, so vile had the odor of pigeon become. Who would ever believe that this bird famed throughout the world for its fidelity, could prove so repugnant in the long run! . . .

On the 31st of August the people of London thronged to Master Peters' door. Léon could hardly be saved from the marks of enthusiasm that he had inspired. After eating the last pigeon, Léon was compelled, so touched was he with his triumph, and suffocated with nausea, to go to the window and greet the cheering populace of the quarter, to whom Master Peters had been delivering impassioned speeches daily.

Several celebrated scientists came over from Scotland to see Léon, but they were only able to get a glimpse of him through the keyhole, and they were

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obliged to give Peters at least a pound each for that privilege.

On the 1st of September, the prize was awarded.

Master Peters sold to an English tourist, who had bought the two hundred and thirtieth cane of Voltaire, the suit which Léon had worn during his experiment. The tourist resold this suit for one hundred guineas, and the collector who bought it would not sell it afterwards for a thousand guineas.

Finally, on the 2nd of September, 1838, the following article appeared in *The Times*:

> Our readers have no doubt heard of that young Frenchman, M. Léon Léon, who was a candidate for the Pigeon Prize, offered by the Scientific Society of London. We are happy to announce that the prize has been won by this young man, under whose windows for eight days there gathered a huge and enthusiastic crowd, which has not dispersed even at this moment.
>
> The thirty-one pigeons have been eaten entirely, and their bones have been carefully preserved to be later deposited together with a detailed report in the Museum of Natural History.
>
> Our readers will recall that before this young man more than 150 candidates had renounced their intention of winning the prize, after having valiantly struggled from 8 to 15 days; and that three of them even died.
>
> In order to accomplish such a remarkable feat, M. Léon had to be endowed with an extraordinary good stomach and a strong, tenacious temperament.
>
> Yesterday the writer saw the prize and also the gold medal given to M. Léon by the Society. . . . Here is an important problem solved for the future. . . . A very touching discourse was pronounced on this occasion by Lord Bourham, the distinguished Hellenist. Lord Lenisdale himself responded with a very beautiful theory upon the origin of cults and the birth of languages. . . . We are happy to inform our readers that M. Léon is no ordinary man. He was not inspired by the hope of mere monetary gain to make this experiment. He is a scientist, a man of letters. He has given ten thousand francs to the innkeeper who supplied him with the roast pigeon. . . . The same evening this remarkable young man was presented to the King. His Majesty gave him as a gift a snuff-box set in diamonds and never tired asking him questions regarding the different sensations that the frequent eating of pigeon produces in the human organism. . . . The Spanish Ambassador wrote immediately to the Queen to request the Cross of Isabelle the Catholic for M. Léon. . . . Prince Koursoff offered fifty thousand roubles to the victor if he would consent to renew his experiment in Russia. But M. Léon declined the offer, stating that his family and other interests obliged him to return to Paris. M. Léon added that as far as he was concerned, a second experiment would be impossible because his suffering during that month of pigeon dietary beggared description. . . .
>
> M. Léon has received proposals of matrimony from a duchess and three of the Queen's maids-in-waiting." . . .

VI.

On the 15th of September, 1838, Léon presented himself to M. Lebrun, whom he found together with his daughter in the same room where he had last seen them.

"Well?" asked M. Lebrun.

"Here are seventy-five thousand francs," answered Léon, taking a roll of banknotes from his pocket.

"Twenty-five thousand more!" cried M. Lebrun very much astonished, while Julia turned pale with emotion, and then blushed with joy.

"Yes," said Léon, "not only have I earned this money, but I have received presents which I sold and which these twenty-five thousand francs represent."

"And it was with your learning that you accomplished this?"

"Yes, Monsieur," replied Léon with a sigh; for he was determined not to acknowledge the true source of his fortune.

"Then," cried M. Lebrun, "if you have any children I must insist that you make scholars of them all!"

"What the devil does it matter to me if they know only how to read!" said Léon to himself.

And thus Léon married Julia and was happy. He had two children, who, despite their father's opinions, became prodigies of learning, and are now on the road that leads to the Academy.

Now that Léon has no need of his knowledge in order to live, he finds that he can make use of it. He has already published his translations of Arabian songs, which have made him a name among translators, and which brought him thirty francs, fifty centimes; the publisher's contract stipulated that the profits would be shared by author and publisher. And the book has already produced the net sum of sixty-five francs. . . .

* * *

Does this tale prove that Knowledge is to be despised. No. It merely proves that we must ask of her only what she can give: Work, always; Fame, sometimes; Obscurity, often; and Fortune, never.

Does it prove that we ought to deride the eccentricities of the English? No. For, according to our point of view, the eccentricities of some people only turn out to mean happiness for others. And all roads which lead to happiness are good, provided we attain it in the end.

What does this tale prove then?

Nothing!

Ah, yes, of course. It proves that pigeon is a heavy food, and that Providence employs all methods to assist those who have a good conscience. . . .

◆

All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees
The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees:
That Timber tall, which three-score lusters stood
The proud Dictator of the State-like wood:
I meane the Soveraigne of all Plants, the Oke,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

—Robert Herrick.

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Here Published for the First Time in English
A Newly Found Prose Poem

# Ivan Turgeniev's

## The Kiss

Translated
from the Russian
by
BERNARD
GUILBERT
GUERNEY

ONE SUMMER NOON I was walking along a winding forest path.

The forest was sparse and young—a Russian forest, of several species of trees. The spreading, white-trunked birch mingled with the stocky aspen, grayish-green, like the skin of a snake. Here and there, in the glens and clearings, grew young oaks; and the firs, their branches drooping low, sad in the midst of summer, stood out like dark blotches.

The day was bright and warm, but one saw nothing of the sun through the dense leafage—save where its light and shade moved, leapt, and played like precious stones upon the downy grass.

I was watching this whimsical play, when suddenly an opaque human shadow came from somewhere, falling upon the space before me.

I turned around quickly—I was no longer alone in the forest.

A feminine figure was gliding at a distance of two paces from me—gracefully and lightly, without touching the grass.

I halted. The woman approached, and also paused before me. With one fleeting glance I contrived to catch the features of her divine face, the contours of her wondrous body, shimmering in the gossamer web of her undulating raiment. She was beautiful and young—but I knew her not.

She made a sudden move—and, slightly bending over me, she kissed my brow.

Seized with trembling, I experienced an inexplicable agitation that stopped my breath, and made me quiver from head to foot. I stretched forth my arms, longing to prolong this sensation that, with its beatific tremor, was coursing through all my being. I raised my head . . . but there was no one nigh me.

She was walking away, just as gracefully and lightly as before, without touching the ground. I thought I beheld two wings—small and translucent—upon her back. Verily, it was because of them that she was able to soar so lightly.

I darted forward in pursuit, calling after her in a loud voice. I longed for her to kiss me upon the lips—"with the kisses of her mouth." . . .

But vainly did I call and run after her. She receded, ever farther and farther.

And, even as I was vainly pursuing her, I caught sight of another man in the forest, at no great distance from me. He was a youth—a lad, almost. He walked with a care-free step, his curly, handsome head held a trifle high. Uncaring and gay, his inspired eyes gazed ahead, while his full, red lips, slightly parted, were smiling.

I saw the woman pause near him, saw his scattered locks stir and fall back quickly—and saw her kiss him straight upon his crimson, parted lips.

And, suddenly, I perceived who this woman was. And I perceived, as well, who was this lad.

Aye—it was she—the muse, inspirer of poets. It was upon my brow that I had felt her kiss—a kiss cold and lacking. . . .

Such kisses, lacking in the gift of inspiration, she bestows upon us, poets in prose, while she treasures her real kisses and her caresses for him who is the care-free, inspired singer—the creator of poesy. . . .

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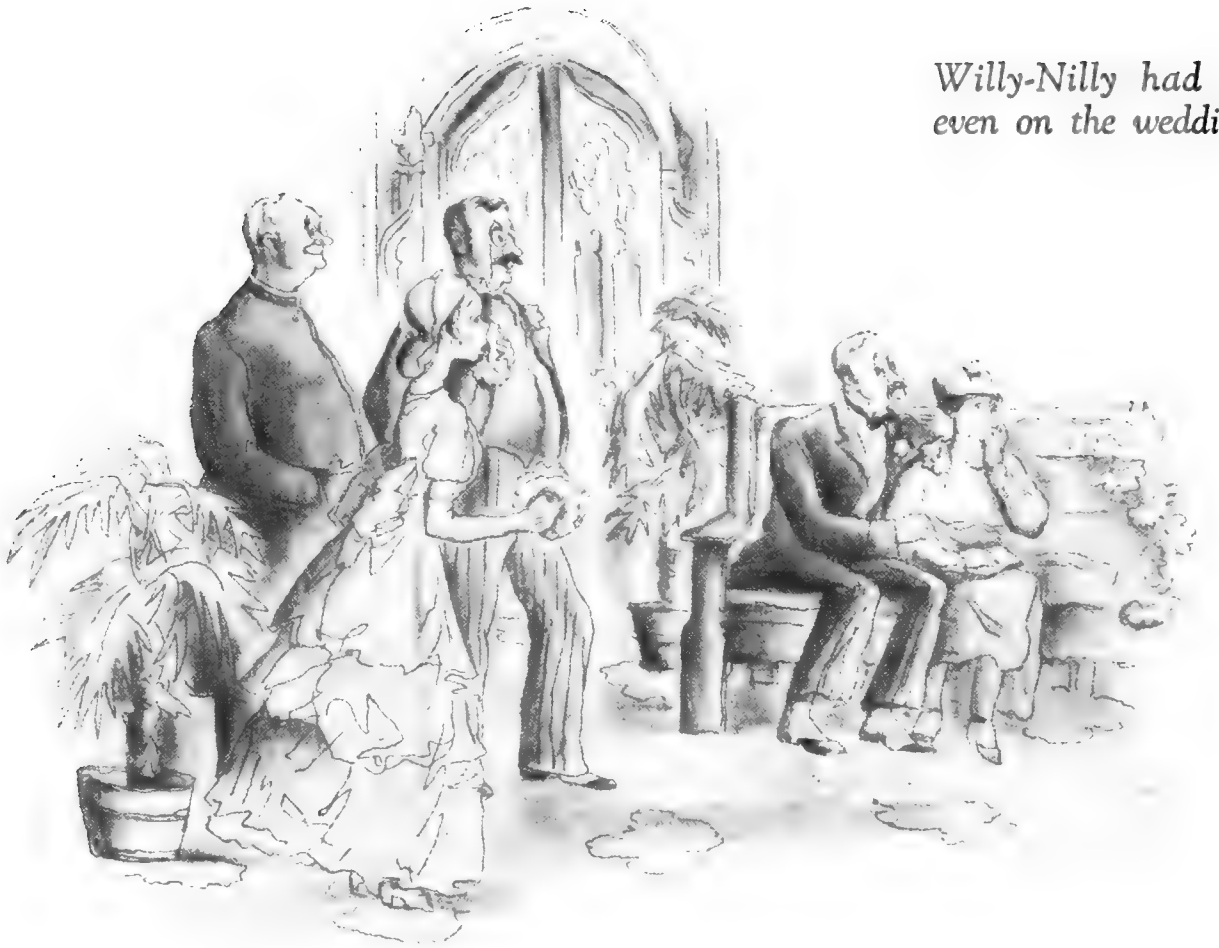

*Willy-Nilly had to even on the wedding*

# The Funny Man's Day

His round fat little face appeared seraphic. If only the hair were not graying at the temples and getting very, very thin on top, and the lines about the eyes and mouth becoming rather too accentuated, it might have been the head of one of Donatello's *bambini*. It was not until Mrs. Lamb, his ancient housekeeper, bustled into the room with a can and said: "Your water, Mr. Basingstoke"—the intrusion causing him to open his eyes—that it became apparent that he was a man past middle-age. His eyes were very large—"goose-gog eyes" the children called them. As elderly people will, it took him some few moments to focus his mentality. A child will wake up, and carry on from the exact instant it went to sleep; but it takes a middle-aged man or woman a moment or so to realize where they are, what day in the week it is, what happened yesterday, what is going to happen today, whether they are happy or not. Certainly with regard to the latter query there is always a subconscious pressure which warns them. Almost before they have decided which day in the week it is, a voice is whispering: "Something occurred yesterday to make you unhappy," or "Things are going well. You are happy just now," and then the true realization of their affairs, and loves, and passions unfolds itself. They continue yesterday's old story.

As to James Jasper Basingstoke, it was not his business to indulge in the slightest apprehension with regard to his condition of happiness or unhappiness. He was a funny man. It was his profession, his mission, his natural gift. From early morning, when his housekeeper awakened him, till, playing with the children—all the children adored him—practising, interviewing managers and costumers, dropping into the club and exchanging stories with some of the other "dear old boys," right on until he had finished his second show at night it was his mission to leave behind him a long trail of smiles and laughter.



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*live up to his reputation—*
*day of the girl he loved*

Illustrations by
Dorothy McKay

*At least one funny man is essential at any wedding. . . .*

By STACY AUMONIER

Consequently, he merely sat up in bed, blinked and called out:

"I am deeply indebted to your Lambship."

"Nibby's got hiccups," replied that lady, who was not unused to this term of address. Nibby was Mrs. Lamb's grandson. His real name was Percy Alexander. The granddaughter's name was Violetta Gladys, and she was known as Tibby. They lived next door. These names, of course, had been invented by the Funny Man, who lived in a world of make-believe, where no one at all was known by his real name. He himself was known in the theatrical profession as "Willy Nilly."

"I am distressed to hear that," exclaimed Willy Nilly. "Hiccoughs at nine o'clock in the morning! You don't say so! I always looked upon it as a nocturnal disease. The result of too many hic, hæc, hock cups."

"You must have your fun, Mr. Basingstoke, but the pore little feller has been very bad ever since he woke up."

Willy Nilly leapt out of bed and rolled across to the chest of drawers. He there produced a bottle containing little white capsules, two of which he handed to Mrs. Lamb.

"Crunch these up and swallow with a little milk, then lie on his back and think of emerald green parrots flying above a dark forest, where monkeys are hanging by their tails. In our profession the distress of hiccoughs is quite prevalent and we always cure it in this way. A man who can't conquer hiccoughs can never expect to top the bill. Now tell Master Nibby that, dear lady."

Mrs. Lamb looked at the capsules with interest.

"Do you really mean that, Mr. Basingstoke?"

"Did you ever find me not a man of my word, Lady Lamb?"

The little fat man struck a dramatic situation.



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"You are a ONE," replied the housekeeper, and retired, holding the capsules carefully balanced in the center of her right palm, as though they contained some secret charm which she was fearful of dispelling by her contact.

The little fat man thrust out his arms in the similitude of some long-forgotten clumsy exercise. Then he regarded himself in the mirror.

"Not too thumbs up, old boy, not too thumbs up. It's going, you know. All the Apollo beauty—Oh, you little depraved ruffian, go and hold your head under the tap."

No, no, it was not the business of Willy Nilly to be depressed by these reflections either in the mirror or upon the mind. He seized the strop suspended from a hook on the architrave of the window and began to flash his razor backward and forward whilst he sang:

> Oh, what care I for a new feather bed,
> And a sheet turned down so bravely—O.

The raggle-taggle gypsies accompanied him intermittently throughout the whole operation of shaving, including the slight cut just beneath the lobe of his left ear. The business of washing and dressing was no perfunctory performance with the Funny Man. He had a personality to sustain. Moreover, the programme of activities for the coming day included attendance at a wedding. There is nothing at which a funny man can be so really funny as at a wedding. One funny man at least is almost essential for the success of this time-honored ritual. And this was a very, very special wedding; the wedding of his two dearest and greatest friends, Katie Easebrook, the pretty comedienne, and Charlie Derrick, that most brilliant writer of ballads. A swell affair it was to be in Clapham Parish Church, with afterward a reception at the Hautboy Hotel—everything to be done "in the best slap-up style, old boy."

NO WONDER Willy Nilly took an unconscionable time folding his voluminous black stock, adorned with the heavy gold pin, removing the bold check trousers from withunder the mattress, tugging at the crisp white waistcoat till it adapted itself indulgently to the curves of his figure, and hesitating for fully five minutes between the claims of seven different kinds of kid gloves. A man who tops the bill at even a suburban music hall cannot afford to neglect these things. Three quarters of an hour later he presented himself in the dining room. Mrs. Lamb appeared automatically with the teapot and his one boiled egg.

"You'd hardly believe it," she said, "but Nibby took them white pills and his hiccups is abated."

"Ah! What did you expect, my good woman? Was Willy Nilly likely to deceive an innocent child? Did he think of emerald green parrots and a dark forest?"

"I told him what you said, Mr. Basingstoke. Here's the letters and the newspaper."

The Funny Man's correspondence was always rather extensive, consisting for the most part of letters from unknown people commencing: "Dear Sir, I wrote the enclosed words for a comic song Sunday afternoon. I should think that set to music you would make them very funny——" or "Dear Sir,—I had a good idea for a funny stunt for you. Why not sing a song dressed up as a curate called: 'The higher I aspire I espy her,' and every time you come to the word higher, you trip up over a piece of orange peel. I leave it to you about payment for this idea, but I may say I am in straitened circumstances, and my wife is expecting another next March."

There was a certain surprising orderliness about the Funny Man's methods. Receipts were filed, accounts kept together and paid fairly regularly, suggestions and ideas were carefully considered, begging letters placed together, with a sigh, "in case anything could be done a little later on, old boy." Occasionally would come a chatty letter from some old friend "on the road," or from his married sister in Yorkshire. But for the most part his correspondence was not of an intimate nature.

His newspaper this morning remained unopened. The contemplation of his own program for the day was too absorbing to fritter away nervous energy on public affairs. While cracking the egg, he visualized his time-table. At ten o'clock, Chris Read was coming to try over new songs and stunts. At eleven-fifteen, he had an appointment with Albus, the costumer in Long Acre, to set the stamp of his approval upon the wig and nose for his new song: "I'm one of the Goo-goo boys." Kate and Charlie's was at twelve-thirty and the wedding breakfast at "the Hautboy" at one-forty-five. In the meantime, he must write two letters and manage to call on old Mrs. Labbory, his former landlady, who was very, very ill. Poor old soul! She'd been a brick to him in the old days, when he was sometimes "out" for seven months in the year, out and penniless. It was only fair now that he should help her a bit with the rent, and see that she had everything she needed.

Willy Nilly's life had been passed through an avenue of landladies, but the position of Mrs. Labbory was unique. He had been with her fifteen years and she was intimate with all his intimates.

At three-forty-five was a rehearsal with the Railham Empire orchestra. He must get that gag right where he bluffs the trombone player in his song: "Oh, my in-laws, my in-laws, why don't you leave me be?" Perhaps a cup of tea somewhere, and then an appointment at five-fifteen with Welsh, to arrange terms about the renewal of contract. Knotty and difficult problems —contracts. Everyone trying to do you down—must have a clear head at five-fifteen. If there's time, perhaps pop into the club for half an hour, exchange stories with Jimmy Landish, or old Blakeney. A chop at six-thirty—giving him an hour before making-up for the first house. On at eight-twenty. Three songs, an encore—mustn't forget to speak to Hignet about that spotlight, the operator must have been drunk last night. Between shows interview a local pressman, and a young man who "wants to go on the stage, but has had no experience." Dash round for a sandwich and a refresher. On again at ten-twenty-five. Same three songs, same encore, same bluff on the trombone player. Ten-fifty, all clear. Clean up and escape from the theater if possible.

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A last nightcap at the club, perhaps? Oh, but Bird Craft wanted him to toddle along to his rooms and hear a new song he had just acquired, "a real winner," Bird had said it was, about "The girl and the empty pram." Must stand by an old pal. Some time during the day he must send two suits to be cleaned, and order some new underlinen. A beastly boring business, ordering vests and pants. He knew nothing about the qualities of materials —hosiers surely did him over that. Really a woman's business, women knew about these things. Mrs. Lamb! No, not exactly Mrs. Lamb. He couldn't ask Mrs. Lamb to go and buy him vests and pants. A woman's business, a woman——

Heighho! Nearly ten o'clock already. Chris Read might arrive any minute. The Funny Man dashed downstairs and ran into the house next door. Tibby had already gone off to school, but Nibby had escaped, because at the moment of departure his attack of hiccoughs had reached its apotheosis. Now he was in trouble because it had left off, and his mother now declared he had been pretending. It took the Funny Man fifteen minutes to calm this family trouble. Nibby, putting it on! Nibby, playing the wag! Oh! come! Fie and for shame! Besides did Nibby's mother think that he, Dr. Willy Nilly, the eminent specialist of Harley Street, was a quack? Were his remedies spurious remedies?"

"Did you think of emerald green parrots in a dark wood, Nibby?"

"Yes."

"And monkeys hanging by their tails?"

"Yes."

"There, you see, Mrs. Munro! It was a genuine case, and a genuine cure."

"If he really had it, Mr. Basingstoke, I don't believe it was thinking about monkeys what cured him; it was them little white tabloids, and we thank you kindly."

"Mrs. Munro, here are two tickets for the Railham Empire for the first house tomorrow night. Come, and bring your husband, and then you will see that there are more people cured by thinking of monkeys hanging by their tails than there are by swallowing tabloids. That is my business. I am a monkey hanging by its tail, and now I must be off. Good-by, Nibby old boy. Why, if this isn't a six-pence under the mat. Well, well, this is an age of miracles. No, you keep it, old boy. Good-by, Mrs. Munro. Come round and see me after the show tomorrow. Toot-a-loo, my dear."

Chris was waiting on the doorstep, a fresh-complexioned young man inclined to corpulence. His face glowed with a kind of vacant geniality.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"I've got a peach this morning, Willy old boy; I think you'll like it."

"Good boy, come on in."

The Funny Man's drawing-room was comfortably

*"O God! How tired I feel! . . . Not quite the man you were, old boy."*

furnished with imitation Carolian furniture, a draped ottoman, and an upright Collard piano. The walls were covered with enlarged photographs of actors and actresses in gold and walnut frames, the majority of them were autographed and contained such inscriptions as: "To my dear old Willy, from yours devotedly, Cora." "To Uncle Nilly, one of the best, Jimmy Cotswold (The Blue Girl Company, Aug. 1899)," "To Willy Nilly, 'my heart's afire,' Queenie," and so on.

"Now, let's see what you've got, old boy."

Chris sat at the piano, and unwrapped a manuscript score.

"I think this ought to win out, old boy," he said. "It's by Bert Shore. It's called 'The Desert Island.' You see the point is this. You're a bit squiffy, old boy. You see, red nose and battered top hat and your trousers turned up to the knees. You know how when it's been raining on a tarred road it looks like water. Well we have a set like that. It's really a street island—in Piccadilly, or somewhere. You're on it, and seeing all this shining water, you think you're on a desert island and the lamp post's a palm tree. You take off your shoes and stockings and there's some good business touching the wet road

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with your bare toes. See, old boy? There's a thunderin' good tune. Listen to this—tum-te-too-te tum-te-tum, rum-te-too-te-tum-te works up, you see to a kind of nautical air—then gets back to the plaintive desert stuff—rum-tum-tum-rum-te-tum. Then here's the chorus. Listen to this, old boy:

Lost in the jungle,
Oh, what a bungle,
Eaten by spiders and ants.
Where is my happy home?
Why did they let me roam?
Where are my Sunday pants?

"Good, eh? What do you think? Make something of it, old boy? Eh?"

The little man's eyes glowed with excitement. Oh, yes, this might assuredly be a winner. It was the kind of song that had made his reputation. The tune of the chorus was distinctively catchy, and his mind was already conceiving various business.

"Let's have a go at it, old boy," he said.

He leaned over the other's shoulder and began to sing. He threw back his head and thrust out his fat little stomach, his eyes rolled, and perspiration streamed down his face. He was really enjoying himself. He had just got to

Lost in the jungle,
Oh, what a bungle,
Eaten by spiders and ants,

when there was a knock on the door, and Mrs. Lamb thrust her head in and said: "A telegram for you, Mr. Basingstoke."

"Eh? Oh! Well—er, never mind. Yes, thank you, my dear, give it to me."

He opened the telegram absently, his mind still occupied with the song. When he had read it, he exclaimed:

"Good God! Poor old Joe! Yes, no, there's no answer, my dear. I must go out." Mrs. Lamb retired.

"Poor old Joe! Stranded, eh?"

"What is it, old boy?" said Chris.

"Telegram from Joe Bloom. He says: 'Can you wire me tenner? Very urgent, stranded at Dundee.' Poor old Joe! He has no luck. He was out with 'The Queen of the Sea' company. They must have failed. Excuse me, Chris, old boy."

THE FUNNY MAN hurried out of the room and ran downstairs. He snatched up his hat and went out. When he got round the corner, he ran. He ran as fast as he could to the High Street till he came to the London, City and Midland Bank. He filled up a check for fifteen pounds and cashed it. Then he ran out of the bank and trotted puffily across the road to the post office.

"I want to telegraph fifteen pounds, old girl," he said to the fair-haired lady behind the wires. Filling up the forms took an unconscionable time, and there all the while was poor old Joe stranded in Dundee, perhaps without food! Dundee! Dundee of all places, a bleak unsympathetic town, hundreds of miles from civilization. Well, that would help him out, anyway. True, he had had to do this twice before for Joe, and Joe had not, so far, paid him back, but Joe was a notoriously unlucky devil, and he, Willy Nilly, topping the bill at the Railham Empire, couldn't let a pal in.

When he got back to his own drawing-room, Chris was stretched at full length on the sofa, smoking a cigarette and drinking whiskey and soda.

"Sorry to have kept you, Chris, old boy."

"It's all right. I've just helped myself to a tot from the sideboard."

"That's right. That's right. Now let's see, it's a quarter to eleven. I'll have to wash out this trial, old boy. I shall be late for Albus. I like that song. I'd like to have another go at it. Have another tot, Chris, old boy. I'll join you, then I must be off."

But he didn't get to Albus that morning, because on leaving the house he remembered that he hadn't called on old Mrs. Labbory. He *must* just pop in for a few moments. It was only ten minutes' walk away. He purchased a fowl and a bottle of Madeira and hurried to 27 Radnor Street. He found his old landlady propped up on the pillows, looking gaunt and distant, as though she were already regarding the manifestations of social life from a long way off and would never participate in them again.

"Well, Martha, old girl, how goes it? Merry and bright, eh? Oh, you're looking fine. More color than last week, eh? . . . eating better, old girl?"

A voice came across the years.

"I'm not so well, Jim. God bless you for coming."

"Of course I come. I come because I'm a selfish old rascal. I come because I want to, I know where I'm appreciated, eh? Ha, ha, ha, now don't you think you're getting worse. You're getting on fine. We'll soon have you about again, turning out cupboards, hanging wallpapers. Jemimy! Do you remember hanging that convolvulus wallpaper in my bedroom in the Gosport Road, eh?" The Funny Man slapped his leg, and the tears rolled down his cheeks with laughter at the recollection of the episode.

"Do you remember how I helped you? And all I did was to step into a pail of size, nearly broke my leg, and spoilt the only pair of trousers I had! Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! I had to go to bed for four hours while you washed them out and aired 'em. O dear!"

Old Mrs. Labbory began to laugh, too, in a feeble, distant manner. Then she stopped and looked at him wistfully.

"You going to Katie Easebrook's wedding, Jim?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, I'm going, old girl. I'm going straight on now."

He hadn't meant to mention this. There's something a little crude in talking about a wedding to a dying woman. He paused and looked uncomfortably at his feet. The voice from the past reached him again.

"You ought to have married Katie Easebrook."

"Eh? What's that? Me? Oh, no, old girl, what are you talking about? Me marry Katie Easebrook? Why, I wouldn't have had the face to ask her. Not when there's a good fellow like Charlie about."

"Charlie's a good feller, a good-looking feller, too—but you would have made her a better husband, Jim."

With some curious twist of chivalry and affection

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the little man gripped the old woman's hand and kissed it.

"You've always thought too much of me, Martha, old girl."

"I've had good cause to, Jim. . . . Good-by."

He walked a little unsteadily down Radnor Street. A pale October sun filtered through a light mist, and gave to the meager front gardens a certain glamour. Fat spiders hung in glistening webs between the shrubs and Japanese anemones. Children were playing absorbing games with chalk and stones upon the pavement. Cats looked down sleepily from the security of narrow walls. He had to pat a little girl's head and arbitrate in a dispute between two girls and a boy regarding the laws of a game called "Snowball."

"Life is a lovely thing," he thought as he hurried on. "Poor old Martha! . . . She's going out."

He was, of course, late for the service in the church. In some way he did not regret this. He slipped quietly into a seat at the back, unobserved. A hymn was being sung, or was it a psalm? He didn't know. There was something about a church service he didn't like. It disturbed him at some uncomfortable level. Charlie was standing by the altar, looking self-conscious and impatient. Katie was a ghostly unrecognized figure, like a fly bound up in a spool in a spider's web. Thirty or forty people were scattered on either side of the central aisle. He could only see their backs. The parson began to drone the service, slowly enunciating the prescribed purposes of the married state. Willy Nilly felt a flush of discomfort. It somehow didn't seem right that Katie should have to stand there before all these people and have things put to her quite so straight.

"Rather detailed, old boy," he thought. "Perhaps that's why a bride wears a veil."

When it was over, he walked boldly up the aisle and followed a few intimates into the vestry. He was conscious of people indicating him with nudges and whispering: "Look! That's Willy Nilly!"

In the vestry, Katie's mother was weeping, and Katie appeared to be weeping with one eye and laughing with the other. A few relatives were shaking hands, kissing and talking excitedly. Someone said: "Here's Willy Nilly."

Charlie gripped his hand and whispered:

"Come on, Willie, old boy, kiss the bride."

The bride looked up at him with her glorious eyes, and held out her arms.

"Dear old Willie . . . so glad you came, old boy."

He kissed the bride all right, and held her from him.

"God bless you, dear old girl. God bless you. May you . . . may all your dreams come true, old girl."

In most weddings there is a streak of pathos, but in theatrical weddings the note is predominant. It is as though the lookers-on realize that these people whose life is passed in make-believe are bound to burn their fingers when they begin to touch reality. Perhaps their reactions are too violent to be bound within the four walls of a contract.

Katie's wedding contained an element of sadness.

"She looks so sweet and fragile. I hope he'll be good to her," women whispered.

The lunch at the Hautboy Hotel was hilarious to an almost artificial degree. A great deal of champagne was drunk, and toasts were prolific. It was here that Willy Nilly came in. The Funny Man excelled himself. He was among the people who knew him and loved him. He made goo-goo eyes at the bridesmaids, he told stories, he imitated all the denizens of a farmyard, he gave a mock conjuring display, and his speech in proposing the health of the bride's father and mother was the hit of the afternoon. (He was not allowed the principal toast as that had been allocated to Charlie's father, who was a stock broker.) To the waiter who hovered behind chairs with napkined magnums of champagne, he kept on saying:

"Not too much, old boy. I've a rehearsal at three-forty."

Nevertheless, he drained his glass every time it was filled. The craving to be funny exceeded every other craving. Willy Nilly had knocked about the world in every kind of company. It took a lot to go to his head. It was almost impossible to make him drunk. When at three o'clock it was time for the bride and bridegroom to depart he was not by any means drunk, certainly not so drunk as Charlie, but he was in a slightly detached comatose state of mind. He kissed the bride once more, and to Charlie he said:

"God bless you, old boy. Be good to her. You've got the dearest woman in the world."

And Charlie replied:

"I know, old boy. You've been a brick to us. You oughtn't to have sent the check as well as all that silver. Good luck, old boy."

"Oh my in-laws, my in-laws, why don't you leave me be?" It seemed but a flash from one experience to another, from pressing the girl's dainty shoulders in a parting embrace to stamping about on the draughty stage and calling into the void:

"Now, Mr. Prescott, I want a little more slowing down of this passage. Do you see what I mean, old boy? It gives me more time for the business."

The gag with the trombone player was considerably improved. Must keep going, doing things—a contract to sign at five-fifteen. He was feeling tired when the rehearsal was over—mustn't get tired before the two shows tonight. Perhaps he could get half an hour's nap after seeing the agent before it was time to feed. Someone gave him a cup of tea in the theater, and a dresser told him a long story about a disease which his wife's father got through sitting on a churchyard wall, waiting for the village pub. to open at six.

There appeared no interval of time between this and sitting in front of the suave furtive-looking gentleman named Welsh who "handled" him on behalf of the United Varieties Agency. He was conscious of not being at his best with Welsh. He believed that he could have got much better terms in his new contract, but somehow the matter did not appear to him to be of great importance. He changed the subject and told Welsh the story about the sea captain and the Irish stewardess. Welsh laughed immoderately. After all, quite a good fellow—Welsh. He

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was anxious to get away and see some boys at the club. Jimmy would certainly have a new story ready. He hadn't seen Jimmy for four days.

Jimmy was certainly there, and not only Jimmy, but old Barrow, and Sam Lenning, and a host of others. He had a double Scotch whiskey and proceeded to take a hand in the game of swapping improper stories. At one time something seemed to jog at his consciousness and say: "Do you really think much of this kind of thing, old boy?" And another voice replied: "What does it matter? . . . They've just arrived at Brighton railway station. In another ten minutes they'll be at 'The Ship.'"

"I thought you were going to have a chop at six-thirty, Willy," someone remarked to him suddenly.

"So I am, old boy."

"It's seven-fifteen now."

Good gracious! So it was! Well, he didn't particularly want a chop. He would have a couple of sandwiches and another double Scotch. He was quite himself again in his dressing room at the theater. He loved the smell of grease paint and spirit gum, the contact of fantastic whiskers and clothes, the rather shabby mirror under a strong light. His first song was going to be "Old Fags," the feckless ruffian who picks up cigarette ends. The dresser, whose name was Flood and who always called him Mr. Nilly, was ready with his three changes.

"Number five's on," came the message down the corridors. Good! There was only "Charlemayne," the equilibrist, between him and "his people."

Willy Nilly had got to love "his people" as he mentally designated them. He knew them, and they knew him—the reward of many years hard work. He loved stumbling down the corridors, through the iron doors, and groping his way amidst the dim medley of the wings, where gorgeous unreal women, and men in bowler hats patted him as he passed and whispered:

"Hullo, Willy, old boy! Good luck!"

He loved to wait there and hear his number go up; the roar of welcome which greeted it was music to his soul.

"Number seven!"

The orchestra played the opening bars and then with a queer shuffle he was before them, a preposterous figure with a bright red nose, a miniature bowler hat, and a fearful old suit with ferns growing out of the seams, and a heavy sack slung across his back.

Old Fags! Old Fags!
See my collection of fine old fags.
If you want to be happy,
If you want to be gay,
Empty your sack
At the fag-end of the day.

Oh, yes, you ought to see Willy Nilly in "Old Fags." The habitués at the Railham Empire will tell you all about him. The doleful wheezy voice, the quaint antics, and then the screamingly funny business when he empties the sack of cigarette ends all over the stage and, of course, at the bottom is a bottle of gin and a complete set of ladies' undies (apparently new and trimmed in pink). Then the business of finding innumerable cigarette ends in his unmanageable beard.

On that night, Willy Nilly was at his best. A lightning change and he came on as "The Carpet Salesman" in which he brought on a roll of carpet, the opportunities concerning which are obvious. Then followed "The lady who works for the lady next door." The inevitable encore—prepared for and expected—followed. A terrible Russian—more whiskers, red this time—singing:

O Mary-vitch,
O Ada-vitch
I don't know which
Ich lieber ditch;
I told your pa
I'd got the itch;
He promptly hit me
On the snitch.

It was difficult for Willy to escape after this valiant satirical digression.

He fled perspiring to his dressing-room.

"Give me a drink, old boy," he gasped to the lugubrious Flood.

He had smothered his face in cocoa-butter, when there was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Peter Wilberforce, representing the *Railham Mercury*."

"Ah, yes, come in, old boy."

Mr. Wilberforce was in no hurry to depart. He had a spot—"just a couple of fingers, old boy" of whisky. He wanted a column of bright stuff for the next issue of the weekly. "Is Railham behind the other suburbs in humor? Interview with the famous Willy Nilly—our local product."

"You just give me a lead," said Mr. Wilberforce, "I'll fill in the padding."

Willy Nilly found turning out the bright stuff immediately after his performance the most exhausting experience of the day. He was quite relieved when, at the end of forty minutes, there was a knock at the door, and a woman with a lanky son was shown in. This was the young man who wanted to go on the stage. The pressman departed and the mother started forth on a long harangue about what people said about her son's remarkable genius for acting. Before Willy Nilly knew where he was, he was listening to the boy giving imitations of Beerbohm Tree and Henry Ainley. It was quite easy to tell which was meant to be which, and so Willy grasped the young man's hand and said:

"Very good, old boy! Very good."

He promised to do what he could, but by the time the mother had gone all over the same ground three times he found it was too late to pop round to the club again. It was nearly time to make up for the second show. He dozed in the chair for a few moments. Suddenly he thought:

"They've had dinner. They're probably taking a stroll on the front before turning in."

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He poured himself out another tot of whisky and picked up his red nose.

"O God! How tired I feel! . . . Not quite the man you were, old boy."

He found it a terrible effort to go on that second time. "Old Fags" seemed flat. He began to be subtly aware that the audience knew that he knew that the song wasn't really funny at all. At the end the applause was mild. "The Carpet Salesman" went even worse.

"Pull yourself together, old boy," he muttered as he staggered off. It wouldn't do. A man who tops the bill can't afford not to bring the house down with every song. He made a superhuman effort with "The lady who works for the lady next door." It certainly went better than the others, just well enough to make an encore rather quickly. On this occasion he altered his encore. Instead of "Maryvitch," he sang a hilarious song with the refrain:

> O my! Hold me down!
> My wife's gone away till Monday!

At the end of the first verse he felt that he had got them. Success excited him. He went for it for all he was worth. Willy Nilly was himself again. The house roared at him. He had the greatest difficulty in escaping without giving a further encore. As he stumbled up the stone staircase to his dressing-room, he suddenly thought:

"They've gone to bed now."

The imperturbable Flood followed him, laden with properties.

"I'll just have one more spot, Flood, old boy."

How tired he was! He cleaned up languidly and got into his normal clothes.

"Well, that's that, old boy," he said to Flood. "Now I think we'll toddle off."

"Excuse me, Mr. Nilly, wasn't you going to Mr. Crafts?"

Eh? Oh, yes, for sure; he'd forgotten about poor old Bird. Couldn't exactly let an old pal in. Well, he would have a cab and hang the expense—just stay a few minutes—dear old Bird would understand. But he stayed an hour at Bird Crafts. He listened to three new comic songs and a lot of patter.

"Yes, you've got a winner there, old boy," he remarked at the end of each song.

It was nearly one o'clock when he groped his way up the dim staircase of his own house. The bedroom looked bleak and uninteresting. It had never struck him before in quite that way. He had always liked his bedroom with its heavy mahogany furniture and red plush curtains, but somehow tonight the place seemed forlorn . . . as though something was terribly lacking.

"You're tired, old boy."

He undressed and threw his clothes carelessly on chairs and tables. He got into bed and regarded the room, trying with his tired brain, to think what was wrong. His clothes ought not to have been thrown about like that, of course. He felt that they and he were out of place in the large room. A strange feeling of melancholy crept over him.

"It's badly ordered . . . it's badly ordered, old boy."

He had a great desire to cry, so weak he felt. But no, a man mustn't do that; a funny man certainly mustn't. His mind wandered back to his old mother. He remembered the days when she had taught him to pray. He would give anything for the relief of prayer. But he couldn't do that either. It didn't seem exactly playing the game. He had put all that kind of thing by so long ago. He despised those people who lead unvirtuous lives and then in the end turned religious. He wasn't going to pretend at all. He turned out the light, and closed his eyes. He would neither weep nor pray, but he must express himself somehow. Perhaps he compromised between these two human frailties. Certainly his voice was very near a sob, and his accents vividly alive with prayer as he cried to the darkness:

"Charlie, old boy, be good to her. . . . For God's sake, be good to her."

*For mixed companies a whale is one of the best and the easiest things to talk about that I know of. In regard to whales and their peculiarities you can make almost any assertion without fear of successful contradiction. Nobody knows any more about them than you do. You are not hampered by facts. If someone mentions the blubber of the whale and you chime in and say it may be noticed for miles on a still day when the large but emotional creature has been moved to tears by some great sorrow coming into its life, everybody is bound to accept the statement. For after all, how few among us really know whether a distressed whale sobs aloud or does so under its breath? . . . The possibilities of the proposition for purposes of informal debate, pro and con, are apparent at a glance.*

—Irvin S. Cobb.

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# The Jewel Merchants

## By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

*I have seen many mothers raise the veil from their daughters' faces because you were passing.*

THE CHARACTERS:

GRACIOSA: *Daughter of Balthazar Valori.*

GUIDO: *A jewel merchant.*

ALESSANDRO DE MEDICI: *Duke of Florence.*

*The play begins with the sound of a woman's voice singing a song (adopted from Rosetti's version) which is delivered to the accompaniment of a lute.*

SONG:

Let me have dames and damsels richly clad
To feed and tend my mirth,
Singing by day and night to make me glad.

Let me have fruitful gardens of great girth
Filled with the strife of birds,
With water-springs and beasts that house i' the earth.

Let me seem Solomon for lore of words
Samson for strength, for beauty Absalom.

Knights as my serfs be given;
And as I will, let music go and come,
Till, when I will, I will to enter Heaven.

*As the singing ends, the curtain rises upon a corner of Balthazar Valori's garden near the northern border of Tuscany. The garden is walled. There is a shrine in the wall: the tortured figure upon the crucifix is conspicuous. To the right a rather high-backed stone bench: by mounting from the seat to the top of the bench it is possible to scale the wall. To the left a crimson pennant on a high pole shows against the sky. The period is 1533 and a few miles southward the Florentines, after three years of formally recognizing Jesus Christ as the sole lord and king of Florence, have lately altered matters as profoundly as was possible by electing* ALESSANDRO DE MEDICI *to be their* DUKE.

GRACIOSA *sits on the bench with a lute. The girl is, to our modern taste, very quaintly dressed in gold-colored satin, with short, tight bodice, cut square and low at the neck and with long full skirt. When she stands erect her preposterous "flowing" sleeves lined with sky blue, reach to the ground. Her blond hair of which she has a great deal, is braided, in the intricate early sixteenth century fashion, under a jeweled cap and a veil the exact color of this hair. There is a call. Smiling, she answers this call by striking her lute. She pats straight her hair and gown, and puts aside the instrument.* GUIDO *appears at the top of the wall. All you can see of the handsome young fellow, in this posture, is that he wears a green skull cap and a dark blue smock, the slashed sleeves of which are lined in green.*

GUIDO—Ah, madonna...

GRACIOSA—Welcome, Sir Guido. Your journey has been brief.

GUIDO—It has not seemed brief to me.

GRACIOSA—Why, it was only three days ago you told me it would be a fortnight before you came this way again.

GUIDO—Yes, but I did not then know that each day spent apart from you, Madonna Graciosa, would be a century in passing.

GRACIOSA—Dear me, but your search must have been desperate!

GUIDO—Yes, my search is desperate.



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*The wicked Duke Alessandro de Medici is in quest of amusement this fine sunny morning. And Guido and Graciosa are the playthings with which he diverts himself.*

*"I flung my sewing bag straight at her head."*

GRACIOSA (*who speaks, as almost always hereinafter, with sober enjoyment of the fact that he is stating the exact truth unintelligibly*)—Did you find gems worthy of your search?

GUIDO—Very certainly, since at my journey's end I find Madonna Graciosa, the chief jewel of Tuscany.

GRACIOSA—Such compliments, Guido, make your speech less like a merchant's than a courtier's.

GUIDO—Ah, well, to balance that, you will presently find courtiers in Florence who will barter for you like merchants. May I descend?

GRACIOSA—Yes, if you have something of interest to show me.

GUIDO—Am I to be welcomed merely for the sake of my gems? You were more gracious, you were more beautifully like your lovely name, on the fortunate day that I first encountered you . . . only six weeks ago, and only yonder, where the path crosses the highway. But now that I esteem myself your friend, you greet me like a stranger. You do not even invite me into your garden. I much prefer the manner in which you told me the way to the inn when I was an unknown passer-by. And yet your pennant promised greeting.

GRACIOSA (*with the smile of an exceptionally candid angel*)—Ah, Guido, I flew it the very minute the boy from the inn brought me your message!

GUIDO—Now, there is the greeting I had hoped for! But how do you escape your father's watch so easily?

*"Oh, you would make me your duchess."*

GRACIOSA—My father has no need to watch me in this lonely hill castle. Ever since I can remember I have wandered at will in the forest. My father knows that to me every path is as familiar as one of the corridors in his house; and in no one of them did I ever meet anybody except charcoal-burners, and sometimes a nun from the convent, and—oh, yes!—you. But descend, friend Guido.

(*Thus encouraged* GUIDO *descends from the top of the wall to the top of the bench, and thence via its seat, to the ground. You are thereby enabled to discover that his nether portions are clad in dark blue tights and soft leather shoes with pointed turned-up toes. It is also noticeable that he carries a jewel pack of purple which, when opened, reveals an orange lining.*)

GUIDO (*with as much irony as the pleasure he takes in being again with this dear child permits*)—That "Oh, yes, you!" is a very fitting reward for my devotion. For I find that nowadays I travel about the kingdom buying jewels less for my patrons at court than for the pleasure of having your eyes appraise them and smile at me.

GRACIOSA (*with the condescension of a great lady*)—Guido, you have in point of fact been very kind to me, and very amusing too, in my loneliness on the top of this hill. See, here is the turquoise I had from you the second time you passed. I wear it always—secretly.

GUIDO—That is wise, for the turquoise is a talisman. They say that the woman who wears a turquoise is thereby assured of marrying the person whom she prefers.

GRACIOSA—I do not know about that, nor do I expect to have much choice as to what rich nobleman marries me, but I know that I love this bracelet——

GUIDO—In fact they are handsome stones.

GRACIOSA—Because it reminds me constantly of the hours which I have spent here with my lute——

GUIDO—Oh, with your lute!

GRACIOSA—And with your pack of lovely jewels——

GUIDO—Yes, to be sure! with my jewels.

GRACIOSA—And with you.

GUIDO—There is again my gracious lady. Now, in reward for that, you shall feast your eyes.

GRACIOSA (*all eagerness*)—And what have you today?

(GUIDO *opens his pack. She bends above it with hands outstretched.*)

GUIDO (*taking out a necklace*)—For one thing,



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pearls, black pearls, set with a clasp of emeralds. See! They will become you.

GRACIOSA (*taking them, pressing them to her cheek*)—How cool! But I—poor child of a poor noble—I cannot afford such.

GUIDO—Oh, I did not mean to offer them to you today. No, this string is intended for the Duke's favorite, Count Eglamore.

GRACIOSA (*stiffening*)—Count Eglamore! These are for him?

GUIDO—For Count Eglamore.

GRACIOSA—Has the upstart such taste?

GUIDO—If it be taste to appreciate pearls, then the Duke's chief officer has excellent taste. He seeks them far and wide. He will be very generous in paying for this string.

(GRACIOSA *drops the pearls, in which she no longer delights. She returns to the bench and sits down and speaks with a sort of disappointment.*)

GRACIOSA—I am sorry to learn that this Eglamore is among your patrons.

GUIDO (*still half engrossed by the contents of his pack. The man loves jewels equally for their value and their beauty.*)—Oh, the nobles complain of him, but we merchants have no quarrel with Eglamore. He buys too lavishly.

GRACIOSA—Do you think only of buying and selling, Guido?

GUIDO—It is a pursuit not limited to us who frankly live by sale and purchase. Count Eglamore, for example, knows that men may be bought as readily as merchandise. It is one reason why he is so hated—by the unbought.

GRACIOSA (*irritated by the title*)—Count Eglamore, indeed! I ask in my prayers every night that some honest gentleman may contrive to cut the throat of this abominable creature.

GUIDO (*his hand going to his throat*)—You pray too much, madonna. Even very pious people ought to be reasonable.

GRACIOSA (*rising from the bench*)—Have I not reason to hate the man who killed my kinsman?

GUIDO (*rising from his jewels*)—The Marquis of Cibo conspired, or so the court judged——

GRACIOSA—I know nothing of the judgment. But it was this Eglamore who discovered the plot, if there indeed was any plot, and who sent my cousin Cibo to a death—(*pointing to the shrine*)—oh, to a death as horrible as that. So I hate him.

GUIDO—Yet you have never even seen him, I believe?

GRACIOSA—And it would be better for him never to see me or any of my kin. My father, my uncles and my cousins have all sworn to kill him——

GUIDO—So I have gathered. They remain among the unbought.

GRACIOSA (*returning, sits upon the bench, and speaks regretfully*)—But they have never any luck. Cousin Pietro contrived to have a beam dropped on Eglamore's head, and it missed him by not half a foot——

GUIDO—Ah, yes, I remember.

GRACIOSA—And Cousin Georgio stabbed him in the back one night, but the coward had on chain-armor under his finery——

GUIDO—I remember that also.

GRACIOSA—And Uncle Lorenzo poisoned his soup, but a pet dog got at it first. That was very unfortunate.

GUIDO—Yes, the dog seemed to think so, I remember.

GRACIOSA—However, perseverance is always rewarded. So I still hope that one or another of my kinsmen will contrive to kill this Eglamore before I go to court.

GUIDO (*sits at her feet*)—Has my Lord Balthazar yet set a day for that presentation?

GRACIOSA—Not yet.

GUIDO—I wish to have this Eglamore's accounts all settled by that date.

GRACIOSA—But in three months, Guido, I shall be sixteen. My sisters went to court when they were sixteen.

GUIDO—In fact, a noble who is not rich cannot afford to continue supporting a daughter who is salable in marriage.

GRACIOSA (*She speaks in the most matter-of-fact tone possible. Then more impulsively, the girl slips down, and sits by him on the ground.*)—Do you think I shall make as good a match as my sisters, Guido? Do you think some great rich nobleman will marry me very soon? And shall I like the court? What shall I see there?

GUIDO—Marvels. I think—yes, I am afraid that you will like them.

GRACIOSA—And Duke Alessandro—shall I like him?

GUIDO—Few courtiers have expressed dislike of him in my presence.

GRACIOSA—Do you like him? Does he too buy lavishly?

GUIDO—Eh, madonna! some day, when you have seen his jewels——

GRACIOSA—Oh! I shall see them when I go to court?

GUIDO—Yes, he will show them to you, I think, without fail, for the Duke loves beauty in all its forms. So he will take pleasure in confronting the brightness of your eyes with the brightness of the four kinds of sapphires, of the twelve kinds of rubies, and of many extraordinary pearls——

GRACIOSA (*eyes shining, and lips parted*)—Oh!

GUIDO—And you will see his famous emerald necklace, and all his diamonds, and his huge turquoises, which will make you ashamed of your poor talisman—

GRACIOSA—He will show all these jewels to me!

GUIDO (*looking at her, and still smiling thoughtfully*)—He will show you the very finest of his gems, assuredly. And then, worse still, he will be making verses in your honor.

GRACIOSA—It would be droll to have a great duke making songs about me!

GUIDO—It is a preposterous feature of the Duke

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Alessandro's character that he is always making songs about some beautiful thing or another.

GRACIOSA—Such strange songs, Guido! I was singing over one of them just before you came,——

> Let me have dames and damsels richly clad
> To feed and tend my mirth,
> Singing by day and night to make me glad——

But I could not quite understand it. Are his songs thought good?

GUIDO—The songs of a reigning duke are always good.

GRACIOSA—And is he, too, as good as people report?

GUIDO—Tastes differ, of course——

GRACIOSA—And is he handsome?

GUIDO—I have a portrait of the Duke. It does not, I think, unduly flatter him. Will you look at it?

GRACIOSA—Yes, with both eyes.

GUIDO (*drawing out a miniature on a chain*)—Here is the likeness.

GRACIOSA—But how should you—who are but a merchant——?

GUIDO (*seeing her surprise*)—Oh, it was a gift to me from his highness for a special service I did him, and as such, must be treasured.

GRACIOSA—Perhaps, then, I shall see you at court, Messer Guido, who are the friend of princes?

GUIDO—If you do, I ask only that in noisy Florence you remember this quiet garden.

GRACIOSA (*looks at him silently, then glances at the portrait. She speaks with evident disappointment*)—Is this the Duke?

GUIDO—You may see his arms on it, and on the back his inscription.

GRACIOSA—Yes, but—(*looking at the portrait again*) but . . . he is . . . so . . .

GUIDO—You are astonished at his highness' coloring? That he inherits from his mother. She was, you know, a blackamoor.

GRACIOSA—And my sisters wrote me he was like a god!

GUIDO—Such observations are court etiquette.

GRACIOSA (*with an outburst of disgust*)—Take it back! Though how can you bear to look at it, far less to have it touching you! And only yesterday I was angry because I had not seen the Duke riding past!

GUIDO—Seen him! here! riding past!

GRACIOSA—Old Ursula told me that the Duke had gone by with twenty men, riding down toward the convent at the border. And I flung my sewing-bag straight at her head because she had not called me.

GUIDO—That was idle gossip. I fancy the Duke rarely rides abroad without my—(*he stops*)—without my lavish patron Eglamore, the friend of all honest merchants.

GRACIOSA—But that abominable Eglamore may have been with him. I heard nothing to the contrary.

GUIDO—True, madonna, true. I had forgotten you did not see them.

GRACIOSA—No. What is he like, this Eglamore? Is he as appalling to look at as the Duke?

GUIDO—Madonna! but wise persons do not apply such adjectives to dukes. And wise persons do not criticise Count Eglamore's appearance, either, now that Eglamore is indispensable to the all-powerful Duke of Florence.

*Guido: "You risk your life, for I mean to kill you."*

GRACIOSA—Indispensable?

GUIDO—It is thanks to the Eglamore whom you hate that the Duke has ample leisure to indulge in recreations which are reputed to be—curious.

GRACIOSA—I do not understand you, Guido.

GUIDO—That is perhaps quite as well (*attempting to explain as much as is decently expressible*). To be brief, madonna, business annoys the Duke.

GRACIOSA—Why?

GUIDO—It interferes with the pursuit of all the beautiful things he asks for in that song.

GRACIOSA—But how does that make Eglamore indispensable?

GUIDO—Eglamore is an industrious person who affixes seals, and signs treaties, and musters armies, and collects revenues, upon the whole, quite as efficiently as Alessandro would be capable of doing these things.

GRACIOSA—So Duke Alessandro merely makes verses?

GUIDO—And otherwise amuses himself as his inclinations prompt, while Eglamore rules Tuscany—and the Tuscans are none the worse off on account of it. (*He rises, and his hand goes to the dagger at his belt.*) But is not that a horseman?

GRACIOSA (*standing on the bench, looking over the wall*)—A solitary rider, far down by the convent, so far away that he seems hardly larger than a scarlet dragon-fly.

GUIDO—I confess I wish to run no risk of being found here by your respected father or by your ingenious cousins and uncles.

GRACIOSA (*she remains standing upon the bench*)—I think your Duke is much more dangerous looking than any of them. Heigho! I can quite foresee that I shall never fall in love with this Duke.

GUIDO—A prince has means to overcome all obstacles.

GRACIOSA—No. It is unbefitting and a little cowardly for Duke Alessandro to shirk the duties of his station for verse-making and eternal pleasure-seeking. Now if I were duke——

GUIDO—What would you do?

GRACIOSA (*posturing a little as she stands on the bench*)—If I were duke? Oh . . . I would grant my father a pension . . . and I would have Eglamore hanged . . . and I would purchase a new gown of silvery green——

GUIDO—In which you would be very ravishingly beautiful. (*His tone has become rather ardent, and he is now standing nearer to her than the size of the*

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*garden necessitates. So* GRACIOSA *demurely steps down from the bench and sits at the far end.*)

GRACIOSA—And that is all I can think of. What would you do if you were duke, Messer Guido?

GUIDO (*who is now sitting beside her at closer quarters than the length of the bench quite strictly demands*)—I? What would I do if I were a great lord instead of a tradesman? (*Softly.*) I think you know the answer madonna.

GRACIOSA—Oh, you would make me your duchess, of course. That is quite understood. But I was speaking seriously, Guido.

GUIDO—And is it not a serious matter that a pedler of crystals should have dared to love a nobleman's daughter?

GRACIOSA (*delighted*)—This is the first I have heard of it.

GUIDO—But you are perfectly right. It is not a serious matter. That I worship you is an affair which does not seriously concern any person save me in any way whatsoever. Yet I think that knowledge of the fact would put your father to the trouble of sharpening his dagger.

GRACIOSA—Ye-es. But not even Father would deny that you were showing excellent taste.

GUIDO—Indeed, I am not certain that I do worship you; for in order to adore whole-heartedly, the idolater must believe his idol to be perfect (*taking her hand*). Now your nails are of an ugly shape, like that of little fans. Your nose is nothing to boast of. And your mouth is too large. I do not admire these faults, for faults they are undoubtedly——

GRACIOSA—Do they make me very ugly? I know that I have not a really good mouth, Guido, but do you think it is positively repulsive?

GUIDO—No. . . . Then, too, I know that you are vain and self-seeking, and look forward contentedly to the time when your father will transfer his ownership of your physical attractions to that nobleman who offers the highest price for them.

GRACIOSA—But we daughters of the poor Valori are compelled to marry—suitably. We have only the choice between that and the convent yonder.

GUIDO—That is true, and nobody disputes it. Still, you participate in a monstrous bargain, and I would prefer to have you exhibit distaste for it.

(GUIDO *contemplates his pearls. Bending forward* GUIDO *draws from his jewel pack the string of pearls and this he moodily contemplates in order to evince his complete disinterestedness. The pose has its effect.* GRACIOSA *looks at him for a moment, rises, draws a deep breath, and speaks with a sort of humility.*)

GRACIOSA—And to what end, Guido? What good would weeping do?

GUIDO (*smiling whimsically*)—I am afraid that men do not always love according to the strict laws of logic. (*rises, and follows her*) I desire your happiness above all things, yet to see you so abysmally untroubled by anything which troubles me is—another matter.

GRACIOSA—But I am not untroubled, Guido.

GUIDO—No?

GRACIOSA—No (*rather tremulously*). Sometimes I sit here dreading my life at court. I want never to leave my father's bleak house. I fear that I may not like the man who offers the highest price for me. And it seems as if the court were a horrible painted animal, dressed in bright silks, and shining with jewels, and waiting to devour me.

(*Beyond the wall appears a hat of scarlet satin with a divided brim which rising is revealed to surmount the head of an extraordinarily swarthy person to whose dark skin much powder has only loaned the hue of death. His cheeks are visibly carmined. This is all, however, the audience can see of the young* DUKE OF FLORENCE, *whose proximity the two in the garden are just now too much engrossed to notice. The* DUKE *looks from one to the other. His eyes narrow, his teeth are displayed in a wide grin; he now understands the situation. He lowers his head as* GRACIOSA *moves.*)

GRACIOSA—No, I am not untroubled. For I cannot fathom you, and that troubles me. I am very fond of you—and yet I do not trust you.

GUIDO—You know that I love you.

GRACIOSA—You tell me so. It pleases me to have you say it——

GUIDO—Madonna is candid this morning.

GRACIOSA—Yes, I am candid. It does please me. And I know that for the sake of seeing me you endanger your life, for if my father heard of our meetings here he would have you killed.

GUIDO—Would I incur such risks without caring?

GRACIOSA—No,—and yet, somehow, I do not believe it is altogether for me that you care.

(*The* DUKE *laughs.* GUIDO *starts, half drawing his dagger.* GRACIOSA *turns with an instinctive gesture of seeking protection.. The* DUKE'S *head and shoulders appear above the wall.*)

THE DUKE—And you will find, my friend, that the most charming women have just these awkward intuitions.

(THE DUKE *ascends the wall, while the two stand motionless and silent. When he is on top of the wall,* GUIDO, *who now remembers that omnipotence perches there, makes haste to serve it, and obsequiously assists him to descend.* THE DUKE *hands first his gloves, then his scarlet cloak, which you now perceive to be lined with ermine and sable in four stripes, to* GUIDO, *who takes them as a servant would attend his master. The removal of the cloak reveals* THE DUKE *clad in a scarlet satin doublet which has a high military collar and sleeves puffed in black. His tights are also of scarlet and he wears shining soft riding boots. Jewels glisten at his neck. About his middle too, there is a metallic gleaming for he is equipped with a noticeably long sword and a dagger. Such is the personage who now addresses himself to* GRACIOSA.)

THE DUKE (*sits upon bench*)—Yes, madonna, I suspect that Eglamore here cares greatly for the fact that you are Balthazar Valori's daughter, and cousin to the late Marquis of Cibo.

GRACIOSA (*just in bewilderment*)—Eglamore!

THE DUKE (*who is pleased alike by Eglamore's neat plan and by his own cleverness in unriddling it*)—But if rich Eglamore should make a stolen match with you, your father—good thrifty man!—could be appeased without much trouble. Your cousins, those very angry but penniless Valori, would not stay over-obdurate to

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a kinsman who had at his disposal so many pensions and public offices. Honor would permit a truce with their new cousin Eglamore, a truce very profitable to everybody.

GRACIOSA—He said they must be bought somehow!

THE DUKE—Yes, Eglamore could bind them all to his interest within ten days. All could be bought at a stroke by marrying you. And Eglamore would be rid of the necessity of sleeping in chain-armor. Have I not unraveled the scheme correctly, Eglamore?

GUIDO (*smiling and deferential*)—Your highness was never lacking in penetration.

(GRACIOSA, *at this, turns puzzled from one man to the other.*)

GRACIOSA—Are you——?

THE DUKE—I am Alessandro de Medici, madonna.

GRACIOSA—The Duke!

THE DUKE—A most sadly neglected prince, who wondered over the frequent absences of his chief counselor, and set spies upon him. Eglamore here will attest as much—(*as* GRACIOSA *draws away from* GUIDO)—or if you cannot believe Eglamore any longer in anything, I shall have other witnesses within the half-hour. Yes, my twenty cut-throats are fetching back for me a brace of nuns from the convent yonder. I can imagine that just about now my cut-throats will be in your opinion more trustworthy witnesses than is poor Eglamore. And my stout knaves will presently assure you that I am in every way, a Medici.

GUIDO (*suavely*)—It happens that not a moment ago we were admiring your highness' portrait.

GRACIOSA—And so you are Count Eglamore. That is very strange. So it was the hand of Eglamore (*rubbing her hands as if to clean them*) that I touched just now. I thought it was the hand of my friend Guido. But I forget. There is no Guido. You are Eglamore. It is strange you should have been capable of so much wickedness, for to me you seem only a smirking and harmless lackey.

(THE DUKE *is watching as if at a play. He is aesthetically pleased by the girl's anguish.* GUIDO *winces. As* GRACIOSA *begins again to speak; they turn facing her, so that to the audience the faces of both men are invisible.*)

GRACIOSA—And it was you who detected—so you said—the Marquis of Cibo's conspiracy. Tebaldeo was my cousin, Count Eglamore. I loved him. We were reared together. We used to play here in this garden. I remember how Tebaldeo once fetched me a wren's nest from that maple yonder. I stood just here. I was weeping, because I was afraid he would fall. If he had fallen, if he had been killed then, it would have been the luckier for him. They say that he conspired. I do not know. I only know that by your orders, Count Eglamore, my playmate Tebaldeo was fastened to a cross, like that (*pointing to the shrine*). I know that his arms and legs were each broken in two places with an iron bar. I know that this cross was then set upon a pivot, so that it turned slowly. I know that my dear Tebaldeo died very slowly in the sunlit marketplace, while the cross turned, and turned, and turned. I know this was a public holiday; the shopkeepers took holiday to watch him die, the boy who fetched me a wren's nest from yonder maple. And I know that you are Eglamore, who ordered these things done.

GUIDO—I gave orders for the Marquis of Cibo's execution, as was the duty of my office. I did not devise the manner of his punishment. The punishment for Cibo's crime was long ago fixed by our laws. All who attack the Duke's person must die thus.

GRACIOSA (*waves this aside*)—And then you plan this masquerade. You plan to make me care for you so greatly that even when I know you to be Count Eglamore I must still care for you. You plan to marry me, so as to placate Tebaldeo's kinsmen, so as to leave them—in your huckster's phrase—no longer unbought. It was a fine bold stroke of policy, I know, to use me as a stepping-stone to safety. But was it fair to me?

GUIDO—Graciosa . . . you shame me——

GRACIOSA—Look you, Count Eglamore, I was only a child, playing here, alone, and not unhappy. Oh, was it fair, was it worth while to match your skill against my ignorance?

THE DUKE—Fie, Donna Graciosa, you must not be too harsh with Eglamore——

GRACIOSA—Think how unhappy I would be if even now I loved you, and how I would loathe myself!

THE DUKE—It is his nature to scheme, and he weaves his plots as inevitably as the spider does her web——

GRACIOSA—But I am getting angry over nothing. Nothing has happened except that I have dreamed—of a Guido. And there is no Guido. There is only an Eglamore, a lackey in attendance upon his master.

THE DUKE—Believe me, it is wiser to forget this clever lackey—as I do—except when there is need of his services. I think that you have no more need to consider him——

(*He takes the girl's hand. Graciosa now looks at him as though seeing him for the first time. She is vaguely frightened by this predatory beast, but in the main her emotion is as yet bewilderment.*)

THE DUKE—For you are very beautiful, Graciosa. You are as slim as a lily, and more white. Your eyes are two purple mirrors in each of which I see a tiny image of Duke Alessandro. (GUIDO *takes a step forward, and* THE DUKE *now addresses him affably.*) Those nuns they are fetching me are big high-colored wenches with cheeks like apples. It is not desirable that women should be so large. Such women do not inspire a poet. Women should be little creatures that fear you. They should have thin plaintive voices, and in shrinking from you should be as slight to the touch as a cobweb. It is not possible to draw inspiration from a woman's beauty unless you comprehend how easy it would be to murder her.

GUIDO (*softly, without expression*)—God, God!

(THE DUKE *looks with delight at* GRACIOSA, *who stands bewildered and childlike.*)

THE DUKE—You fear me, do you not, Graciosa? Your hand is soft and cold as a serpent's skin. When I touch it you shudder. I am very tired of women who love me, of women who are infatuated by my beauty. You, I can see, are not infatuated. To you my touch will always be a martyrdom, you will always loathe me. And therefore I shall not weary of you for a long while, because the misery and the helplessness of my

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*The Duke: "Get up, you muddy lout, and let us kill each other with some pretension of adroitness."*

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

lovely victim will incite me to make very lovely verses. (*He draws her to the bench, sitting beside her.*)

THE DUKE—Yes, Graciosa, you will inspire me. Your father shall have all the wealth and state that even his greedy imaginings can devise, so long as you can contrive to loathe me. We will find you a suitable husband—say, in Eglamore here. You shall have flattery and titles, gold and fine glass, soft stuffs and superb palaces and many lovely jewels——

(THE DUKE *glances down at the pedler's pack.*)

THE DUKE—But Eglamore also has been wooing you with jewels. You must see mine, dear Graciosa.

GRACIOSA (*without expression*)—Count Eglamore said that I must.

THE DUKE (*raises the necklace, and lets it drop contemptuously*)—Oh, not such trumpery as this. I have in Florence gems which have not their fellows anywhere, gems which have not even a name, and the value of which is incalculable. I have jewels engendered by the thunder, jewels taken from the heart of the Arabian deer. I have jewels cut from the brain of a toad, and from the eyes of serpents. I have jewels which are authentically known to have fallen from the moon. Well, we will select the rarest, and have a pair of slippers encrusted with them, and in these slippers you shall dance for me, in a room that I know of——

GUIDO (*without moving*)—Highness—!

THE DUKE—It will all be very amusing, for I think that she is now quite innocent, as pure as the high angels. Yes, it will be diverting to make her as I am. It will be an atrocious action that will inspire me to write lovelier verses than even I have ever written.

GUIDO—She is a child——

THE DUKE—Yes, yes, a frightened child who cannot speak, who stays as still as a lark that has been taken in a snare. Who would have thought that old rogue Balthazar Valori had such a jewel to offer! Well, I will buy it.

GUIDO—Highness, I love this child——

THE DUKE—Ah, then you cannot ever be her husband. You would have suited otherwise. But we will find some other person of discretion——

(*For a moment the two men regard each other in silence.* THE DUKE *becomes aware that he is being opposed. His brows contract a little but he rises from the bench rather as if in meditation than in anger. Then* GUIDO *drops the cloak and gloves he has been holding until this. His lackeyship is over.*)

GUIDO—No!

THE DUKE—My friend, some long-faced people say you made a beast of me——

GUIDO—No, I will not have it.

THE DUKE—So do you beware lest the beast turn and rend you.

GUIDO—I have never been too nice to profit by your vices. I have taken my thrifty toll of abomination, I have stood by contentedly, not urging you on, yet never trying to stay you as you waded deeper and ever deeper into the filth of your debaucheries, because meanwhile you left me so much power.

THE DUKE—Would you reshape your handiwork more piously? Come, come, man, be content with it as I am. And be content with the kingdom I leave you to play with.

GUIDO—It was not altogether I who made of you a brain-sick beast. But what you are is in part my handiwork. Nevertheless, you shall not harm this child.

THE DUKE—"Shall not" is a delightfully quaint expression. I only regret that you are not likely ever to use it to me again.

GUIDO—I know this means my ruin.

THE DUKE—Indeed, I must venture to remind you, Count Eglamore, that I am still a ruling prince——

GUIDO—This is nothing to me.

THE DUKE—And that, where you are master of very admirable sentiments, I happen to be master of all Tuscany.

GUIDO—At court you are the master. At your court in Florence I have seen many mothers raise the veil from their daughters' faces because you were passing. But here upon this hill-top I can see only the woman I love and the man who has insulted her.

THE DUKE—So all the world is changed, and Pandarus is transformed into Hector! Your words are very sonorous words, dear Eglamore, but by what deeds do you propose to back them?

GUIDO—By killing you, your highness.

THE DUKE—But in what manner? By stifling me with virtuous sentiments? It is rather awkward for

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you—is it not—that our sumptuary laws forbid you merchants to carry swords?

GUIDO (*draws his dagger*)—I think this knife will serve me, highness, to make earth a cleaner place.

THE DUKE (*drawing his long sword*)—It would save trouble now to split you like a chicken for roasting . . . (*He shrugs, and sheathes his sword. He unbuckles his sword-belt, and lays it aside.*) No, no, this farce ascends in interest. So let us play it fairly to the end. I risk nothing, since from this moment you are useless to me, my rebellious lackey——

GUIDO—You risk your life, for very certainly I mean to kill you.

THE DUKE—Two go to every bargain, my friend. Now, if I kill you, it is always diverting to kill; and if by any chance you should kill me, I shall at least be rid of the intolerable knowledge that tomorrow will be just like today.

(*He draws his dagger. The two men engage warily but with determination.* THE DUKE *presently advancing,* GUIDO *steps backward, and in the act trips over the pedler's pack, and falls prostrate. His dagger flies from his hand.* GRACIOSA, *with a little cry, has covered her face.*)

THE DUKE—Well! am I to be kept waiting forever? You were quicker in obeying my caprices yesterday. Get up, you muddy lout, and let us kill each other with some pretension of adroitness.

GUIDO (*rising, with a sob*)—Ah!

(*He catches up the fallen dagger, and attacks* THE DUKE *this time with utter disregard of the rules of fence and his own safety.* GUIDO *drives* THE DUKE *back.* GUIDO *is careless of defense, and desirous only to kill.* THE DUKE *is wounded, and falls with a cry at the foot of the shrine.* GUIDO *utters a strangled growl. He raises his dagger, intending to hack at and mutilate his antagonist, who is now unconscious. As* GUIDO *stoops,* GRACIOSA, *from behind him, catches his arm.*)

GRACIOSA—He gave you your life.

(GUIDO *turns. He drops the weapon. He speaks with great gentleness, almost with weariness.*)

GUIDO—Madonna, the Duke is not yet dead. That wound is not serious.

GRACIOSA—He spared your life.

GUIDO—It is impossible to let him live.

GRACIOSA—But I think he only voiced a caprice——

GUIDO—I think so, too, but I know that all this madman's whims are ruthless.

GRACIOSA—But you have power——

GUIDO—Power! I, who have attacked the Duke's person! I, who have done what your dead cousin planned to do!

GRACIOSA—Guido——!

GUIDO—Living, this brain-sick beast will make of you his plaything—and, a little later, his broken, soiled and cast-by plaything. It is therefore necessary that I kill Duke Alessandro.

(GRACIOSA *moves away, and* GUIDO *rises.*)

GRACIOSA—And afterward —and afterward you must die just as Tebaldeo died!

GUIDO—That is the law, madonna. But what he said is true. I am useless to him, a rebellious lackey to be punished. Whether I have his life or no, I am a lost man.

GRACIOSA—A moment since you were Count Eglamore, whom all our nobles feared——

GUIDO—Now there is not a beggar in the kingdom who would change lots with me. But at least I shall first kill this kingdom's lord.

(*He picks up his dagger.*)

GRACIOSA—You are a friendless and hunted man, in peril of a dreadful death. But even so, you are not penniless. These jewels here are of great value——

(GUIDO *laughs, and hangs the pearls about her neck.*)

GUIDO—Do you keep them, then:

GRACIOSA—There is a world outside this kingdom. You have only to make your way through the forest to be out of Tuscany.

GUIDO (*coolly reflective*)—Perhaps I might escape, going north to Bologna, and then to Venice, which is at war with the Duke——

GRACIOSA—I can tell you the path to Bologna.

GUIDO—But first the Duke must die, because his death saves you.

GRACIOSA—No, Guido! I would have Eglamore go hence with hands as clean as possible.

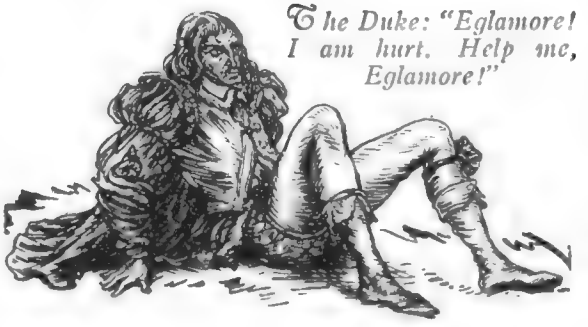
GUIDO—Not even Eglamore would leave you at the mercy of this poet.

GRACIOSA—How does that matter? It is no secret that my father intends to market me as best suits his interests. And the great Duke of Florence, no less, would have been my purchaser! You heard him, "I will buy this jewel," he said. He would have paid thrice what any of my sisters' purchasers have paid. You know very well that my father would have been delighted.

GUIDO (*Since the truth of what she has just said is known to him by more startling proofs than she dreams of, he speaks rather bitterly as he sheathes the dagger.*)—And I must need upset the bargain between these jewel merchants!

GRACIOSA (*lightly*)—"No, I will not have it!" Count Eglamore must cry. (*Her hand upon his arm.*) My dear unthrifty pedler! it cost you a great deal to speak those words.

GUIDO—I had no choice. I love you. (*A pause. As* GRACIOSA *does not speak,* GUIDO *continues, very quiet at first.*) It is a theme on which I shall not embroider. So long as I thought to use you as an instrument I could woo fluently enough. Today I saw that you were frightened and helpless—oh, quite helpless. And something in me changed. I knew for the first time that I loved you. And I knew I was not clean as you are clean. I knew I had more in common with this beast here than with you.



*The Duke: "Eglamore! I am hurt. Help me, Eglamore!"*

GRACIOSA (*who, with feminine practicality while the man talks, has reached her decision*)—We daughters of the Valori are so much

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merchandise. . . . Heigho, since I cannot help it, since bought and sold I must be, one day or another, at least I will go at a noble price. Yet I do not think I am quite worth the wealth and power which you have given up because of me. So it will be necessary to make up the difference, dear, by loving you very much.

(GUIDO *takes her hands, only half-believing that he understands her meaning. He puts an arm about her shoulder, holding her at a distance, the better to see her face.*)

GUIDO—You, who had only scorn to give me when I was a kingdom's master! Would you go with me now that I am homeless and friendless?

GRACIOSA (*archly*)—But to me you do not seem quite friendless.

GUIDO—Graciosa——!

GRACIOSA—And I doubt if you could ever find your way through the forest alone. (*But as she stands there, with one hand raised to each of his shoulders her vindication is self-revealed, and she indicates her bracelet rather indignantly.*) Besides, what else is a poor maid to do when she is burdened with a talisman that compels her to marry the man whom she—so very much—prefers?

GUIDO (*drawing her to him*)—Ah, you shall not regret that foolish preference.

GRACIOSA—But come! There is a path—(*They are gathering up the pack and its contents, as* GUIDO *pauses by* THE DUKE.) Is he——?

GUIDO—He will not enter Hell today. (THE DUKE *stirs.*) Already he revives, you see. So let us begone before his attendants come to seek him.

(GUIDO *lifts her to the top of the wall. He lifts up the pack.*)

GRACIOSA—My lute!

GUIDO (*giving it to her*)—So we may pass for minstrels on our way to Venice.

GRACIOSA—Yes, singing the Duke's songs to pay our way. (GUIDO *climbs over the wall, and stands on the far side, examining the landscape beneath.*) Horsemen!

GUIDO—The Duke's attendants fetching him new women—two more of those numerous damsels that his song demands. They will revive this ruinous songmaker to rule over Tuscany more foolishly than Eglamore governed when Eglamore was a great lord. (*He speaks pensively, still looking down.*) It is a very rich and lovely country, this kingdom which a half-hour since lay in the hollow of my hand. Now I am empty-handed.

GRACIOSA (*with mocking reproach*)—Empty-handed! (*She extends to him both her hands.* GUIDO *takes them, and laughs joyously, saying, "Come!" as he lifts her down.*)

(*There is a moment's silence, then is heard the song and lute-playing with which the play began, growing ever more distant: . . . "Knights as my serfs be given; And as I will, let music go and come." . . .* THE DUKE *moves.* THE DUKE *half raises himself at the foot of the crucifix.*)

THE DUKE—Eglamore! I am hurt. Help me, Eglamore!

(CURTAIN)

# Dictionary Blues

*"Blues" have done much to color our mother tongue.*

**Blues**

To have the blues is to be despondent and see *blue devils,* which were supposed to appear to persons suffering delirium tremens—thereby indicating very low spirits. "Can Gumbo shut the hall door upon blue devils," wrote Thackeray, "or lay them all in a red sea of claret?"

**Blue Laws**

These originated in Connecticut during the 17th and 18th centuries. They were called blue perhaps because the printed laws were bound in blue covers, or simply because the word blue meant "severe or strict in morals." Their object was to stamp out heresy, enforce a strict observance of the Sabbath, and regulate every kind of social intercourse between the sexes, and even kissing between husbands and wives.

**Blue blood**

Those who claim aristocratic descent have blue blood in their veins, which is meant to be complimentary in a manner of speaking. The expression comes from Spain where, after the expulsion of the Moors (who were dark-skinned), people with light skins claimed pure descent from ancestors who lived before the Moorish conquest. The light skins permitted the blue veins to show more vividly, whence the term *blue blood,* an aristocrat.

**Blue Monday**

Blue Monday is the Monday just before Lent, devoted to dissipation. In America "Blue Monday" has come to mean the day of the week following a Sunday spent in pleasure-seeking—hence, a day of depressed spirits.

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# The Were-Tiger

## By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD

¶ THREE TIMES Patimah awoke to find her husband gone and a tiger's tracks leading away from the door.

Twenty years as Colonial Administrator among the Malays gave Sir Hugh Clifford his deep knowledge of the people of this story.

IN THE MORE REMOTE parts of the Malay Peninsula five and twenty years ago we lived in the Middle Ages, surrounded by all the appropriate accessories of the dark centuries. Magic and evil spirits, witchcraft and sorcery, spells and love-potions, charms and incantations are, to the mind of the unsophisticated native, as much a matter of everyday life, and almost as commonplace, as is the miracle of the growing rice or the mystery of the reproduction of species. This basic fact must be realized by the European, if the native's view of human existence is to be understood, for it underlies all his conceptions of things as they are. Tales of the marvelous and of the supernatural excite interest and it may be fear in a Malayan audience, but they occasion no surprise. Malays, were they given to such abstract discussions, would probably dispute the accuracy of the term "supernatural" as applied to much that white men would place unhesitatingly in that category. They *know* that strange things have happened in the past and are daily occurring to them and to their fellows.

The Slim Valley lies across the mountain range which divides Pahang from Pêrak. It used to be peopled by Malays of various races—Râwas and Mĕnangkâbaus from Sumatra, men with high-sounding titles and vain boasts wherewith to carry off their squalid, dirty poverty; Pêrak Malays from the fair Kinta Valley, prospecting for tin or trading skilfully; fugitives from troublous Pahang, long settled in the district; and the sweepings of Java, Sumatra, Singapore and the rest of the Malay Peninsula.

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Into the Slim Valley, some thirty years ago, there came a Korinchi trader named Haji Ali, and his two sons, Abdulrahman and Abas. They came, as is the manner of their people, laden with heavy packs of *sárong*—the native skirt or waistcloth—trudging in single file through the forest and through the villages, hawking their goods among the natives of the place, driving hard bargains and haggling cunningly. But though they came to trade, they stayed long after they had disposed of the contents of their packs, for Haji Ali took a fancy to the place. In those days, of course, land was to be had almost for the asking; wherefore he and his two sons set to work to clear a compound, to build a house, with a grove of young cocoanut trees planted around it, and to cultivate a rice swamp. They were quiet, well-behaved people; they were regular in their attendance at the mosque for the Friday congregational prayers; and as they were wealthy and prosperous, they found favor in the eyes of their poorer neighbors. Accordingly, when Haji Ali let it be known that he desired to find a wife, there was a bustle in the villages among the parents of marriageable daughters, and though he was well past middle life, a wide range of choice was offered to him.

The girl he finally selected was named Patîmah, the daughter of poor folk, peasants who lived on their little patch of land in one of the neighboring villages. She was a comely maiden, plump and round and light of color, with a merry face to cheer, and willing fingers wherewith to serve a husband. The wedding-portion was paid; a feast proportionate to Haji Ali's wealth was held to celebrate the occasion; and the bride, after a decent interval, was carried off to her husband's house among the newly planted fruit trees and palm groves. This was not the general custom of the land, for among Malays the husband usually shares his father-in-law's home for a long period after his marriage. But Haji Ali had a fine new house, brave with wattled walls stained cunningly in black and white, and with a luxuriant covering of thatch. Moreover, he had taken the daughter of a poor man to wife, and could dictate his own terms, in most matters, to her and to her parents.

THE GIRL went willingly enough, for she was exchanging poverty for wealth, a miserable hovel for a handsome home, and parents who knew how to get out of her the last ounce of work of which she was capable, for a husband who seemed ever kind, generous, and indulgent. She had also the satisfaction of knowing that she had made an exceedingly good marriage, and was an object of envy to all her contemporaries. None the less, three days later, at the hour when the dawn was breaking, she was found beating upon the door of her father's house, screaming to be taken in, trembling in every limb, with her hair disordered, her garments drenched with dew from the underwood through which she had rushed, and in a state of panic bordering on dementia.

Her story—the first act in the drama of the were-tiger of Slim—ran in this wise:

She had gone home with Haji Ali to the house in which he lived with his two sons, Abdulrahman and Abas, and all had treated her kindly and with courtesy. The first day she had cooked the rice insufficiently, and though the young men had grumbled Haji Ali had said no word of blame, when she had expected a slapping, such as would have fallen to the lot of most wives in similar circumstances. She had, she declared, no complaint to make of her husband's treatment of her; but she had fled his roof forever, and her parents might "hang her on high, sell her in a far land, scorch her with the sun's rays, immerse her in water, burn her with fire," ere aught should induce her to return to one who hunted by night in the likeness of a were-tiger.

Every evening, after the hour of evening prayer, Haji Ali had left the house on one pretext or another, and had not returned until an hour before the dawn. Twice she had not been aware of his return until she had found him lying on the sleeping-mat by her side; but on the third night she had remained awake until a noise without told her that her husband was at hand. Then she had arisen and had hastened to unbar the door, which she had fastened on the inside after Abdulrahman and Abas had fallen asleep. The moon was behind a cloud and the light she cast was dim, but Patîmah had seen clearly enough the sight which had driven her mad with terror.

On the topmost rung of the ladder, which in this, as in all Malay houses, led from the ground to the threshold of the door, there rested the head of a full-grown tiger. Patîmah could see the bold, black stripes that marked his hide, the bristling wires of whisker, the long, cruel teeth, the fierce green light in the beast's eyes. A round pad, with long curved claws partially concealed, lay on the ladder-rung, one on each side of the monster's head; and the lower portion of the body, reaching to the ground, was so foreshortened that, to the girl, it looked like the body of a man. Patîmah stood gazing at the tiger from the distance of only a foot or two, for she was too paralyzed with fear and could neither move nor cry out; and as she looked, a gradual transformation took place in the creature at her feet. Much as one sees a ripple of cool air pass over the surface of molten metal, the tiger's features palpitated and were changed, until the horrified girl saw the face of her husband come up through that of the beast, just as that of a diver comes up from the depths through still waters. In another moment Patîmah understood that it was Haji Ali, her husband, who was ascending the ladder of his house, and the spell which had held her motionless was snapped. The first use which she made of her recovered power to move was to leap past him through the doorway, and to plunge into the jungle which edged the compound.

Malays do not love to travel singly through the forest, even when the sun is high, and in ordinary circumstances no woman could by any means be prevailed upon to do such a thing. But Patîmah was distraught with fear; and though she was alone, though the moonlight was dim and the dawn had not yet come, she preferred the terror-haunted depths of the jungle to the home of her were-tiger husband. Thus she forced her way through the brushwood, tearing her clothes, scarifying her flesh with thorns, catching her feet in creepers and trailing vines, drenching

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herself to the skin with dew, and so running and falling, and rising to run and fall again, she made her way to her father's house, there to tell the tale of her appalling experience.

The story of what had occurred was speedily noised abroad through the villages, and was duly reported to the nearest white man, who heard it with the white man's usual skepticism; while the parents of marriageable daughters, who had been mortified by Haji Ali's choice of a wife, hastened to assure Patîmah's papa and mama that they had always anticipated something of the sort.

A really remarkable fact, however, was that Haji Ali made no attempt to regain possession of his wife; and this acquires a special significance owing to the extraordinary tenacity which characterizes all Sumatra Malays in relation to their rights in property. His neighbors drew a natural inference from his inaction, and shunned him so sedulously that thenceforth he and his sons were compelled to live in almost complete isolation.

BUT THE DRAMA of the were-tiger of Slim was to have a final act.

One night a fine young water-buffalo, the property of the Headman, Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh, was killed by a tiger, and its owner, saying no word to any man, constructed a cunningly arranged spring-gun over the carcass. The trigger-lines were so set that if the tiger returned to finish his meal—which, after the manner of his kind, he had begun by tearing a couple of hurried mouthfuls out of the rump—he must infallibly be wounded or killed by the bolts and slugs with which the gun was charged.

Next night a loud report, breaking in clanging echoes through the stillness an hour or two before the dawn was due, apprised Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh that some animal had fouled the trigger-lines. The chances were that it was the tiger; and if he were wounded, he would not be a pleasant creature to meet on a dark night. Accordingly, Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh lay still until morning.

In a Malayan village all are astir very shortly after daybreak. As soon as it is light enough to see to walk, the doors of the houses open one by one, and the people of the village come forth, huddled to the chin in their *selimut*, or coverlets. Each man makes his way down to the river to perform his morning ablutions, or stands or squats on the bank of the stream, staring sleepily at nothing in particular, a motionless figure outlined dimly against the broad ruddiness of a Malayan dawn. Presently the women of the village emerge from their houses, in little knots of three or four, with the children astride upon their hips or pattering at their heels. They carry clusters of gourds in their hands, for it is their duty to fill them from the running stream with the water which will be needed during the day. It is not until the sun begins to make its power felt through the mists of morning, when ablutions have been carefully performed and the drowsiness of the waking-hour has departed from heavy eyes that the people of the village turn their indolent thoughts toward the business of the day.

Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh arose that morning and went through his usual daily routine before he set to work to collect a party of Malays to aid him in his search for the wounded tiger. He had no difficulty in finding men who were willing to share the excitement of the adventure, for most Malays are endowed with sporting instincts; and he presently started on his quest with a ragged following of nearly a dozen at his heels, armed with spears and *kris* and having among them a couple of muskets. On arrival at the spot where the spring-gun had been set, they found that beyond a doubt the tiger had returned to his kill. The tracks left by the great pads were fresh, and the tearing up of the earth on one side of the dead buffalo, in a spot where the grass was thickly flecked with blood, showed that the shot had taken effect.

Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh and his people then set down steadily to follow the trail of the wounded tiger. This was an easy matter, for the beast had gone heavily on three legs, the off hind-leg dragging uselessly. In places, too, a clot of blood showed red among the dew-drenched leaves and grasses. None the less, the Pĕnghûlu and his party followed slowly and with caution. They knew that a wounded tiger is an ill beast to tackle at any time, and that even when he has only three legs with which to spring upon his enemies, he can on occasion arrange for a large escort of human beings to accompany him into the land of shadows.

The trail led through the brushwood, in the midst of which the dead buffalo was lying, and thence into a belt of jungle which covered the bank of the river and extended upstream from a point a few hundreds of yards above Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh's village to Kuâla Chin Lâma, half a dozen miles away. The tiger had turned up-river after entering this patch of forest, and half a mile higher he had come out upon a slender foot-path through the woods.

When Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh had followed the trail thus far, he halted and looked at his people.

"What say you?" he whispered. "Do you know whither this track leads?"

His companions nodded, but said never a word. They were obviously excited and ill at ease.

"What say you?" continued the Pĕnghûlu. "Do we follow or not follow?"

"It is as you will, O Pĕnghûlu," replied the oldest man of the party, speaking for his fellows. "We follow whithersoever you go."

"It is well," said the Pĕnghûlu. "Come, let us go."

No more was said when this whispered colloquy was ended, and the trackers set down to the trail again silently and with redoubled caution.

The narrow path which the tiger had followed led on in the direction of the river-bank, and ere long the high wattled bamboo fence of a native compound became visible through the trees. Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh pointed at it, turning to his followers.

"See yonder," he said.

Again the little band moved forward, still tracing the slot of the tiger and the flecks of blood upon the grass. These led them to the gate of the compound, and through it, to the *'âman*, or open space before the house. Here the spoor vanished at a spot where the rank spear-blades of the *lâlang* grass had been crushed to earth by the weight of some heavy body. To it the

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trail of the limping tiger led. Away from it there were no footprints, save those of the human beings who come and go through the untidy weeds and grasses.

Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh and his followers exchanged troubled glances.

"Come, let us ascend into the house," said the former; and forthwith led the way up the stairladder of the dwelling where Haji Ali lived with his two sons, and whence a month or two before Patîmah had fled during the night time with a deadly fear in her eyes and an incredible story faltering upon her lips.

THE Pĕnghûlu and his people found Abas, one of the Haji's sons, sitting cross-legged in the outer apartment, preparing a quid of betel nut with care. The visitors squatted on the mats and exchanged with him the customary salutations. Then Pĕnghûlu Mat Saleh said:

"I have come hither that I may see your father. Is he within the house?"

"He is," replied Abas laconically.

"Then, make known to him that I would have speech with him."

"My father is sick," said Abas in a surly tone, and again his visitors exchanged glances.

"What is that patch of blood in the *lâlang* grass before the house?" asked the Pĕnghûlu conversationally, after a slight pause.

"We killed a goat yesternight," Abas answered.

"Have you the skin, O Abas?" inquired the Headman. "I am renewing the faces of my drums and would fain purchase it."

"The skin was mangy and therefore we cast it into the river," said Abas.

The conversation languished while the Pĕnghûlu's followers pushed the clumsy wooden betel-box along the mat covered floor from one to the other, and silently prepared their quids.

"What ails your father?" asked the Pĕnghûlu.

"He is sick," a rough voice said suddenly, speaking from the curtained doorway which led into the inner apartment.

It was the elder of the two sons, Abdulrahman, who spoke. He held a sword in his hand, a kris was stuck in his girdle, and his face wore an ugly look. His words came harshly and gratingly with the foreign accent of the Korinchi people. He continued to speak, still standing near the doorway.

"My father is sick, O Pĕnghûlu," he said. "Moreover, the noise of your words disturbs him. He desires to slumber and be still. Descend out of the house. He cannot see you. Attend to these my words."

Abdulrahman's manner and the words he spoke were at once so rough and so defiant that the Headman saw that he would have to choose between a scuffle, which would certainly mean bloodshed, and an ignominious retreat. He was a mild old man, and he drew a monthly stipend from the Government of Pêrak. He did not wish to place this in jeopardy, and he knew that the white men entertained prejudices against bloodshed and homicide, even if the person slain was a wizard. So he decided in favor of retreat.

As they were climbing down the stair-ladder, Mat Tahir, one of the Pĕnghûlu's men, plucked him by the sleeve and pointed to a spot beneath the house. Just below the place in the inner apartment where Haji Ali might be supposed to be lying stretched upon the mat of sickness, the ground was stained a dull red color for a space of several inches in circumference. The floors of Malayan houses are made of laths of bamboo laid parallel one to another at regular intervals and lashed together with rattan. The interstices thus formed are convenient, as the slovenly Malays are thereby enabled to use the whole of the ground beneath the house as a slop-pail, waste-basket, and rubbish-heap. The red stain, situated where it was, had the appearance of blood—blood, moreover, from someone within the house, whose wound had been recently washed and dressed. It might equally, of course, have been the rinsings of a spittoon reddened by the expectorated juice of the betel nut, but its stains are rarely seen in such large patches. Whatever the origin of the stain the Pĕnghûlu and his people were afforded no opportunity of examining it more closely, for Abdulrahman and Abas, truculent to the last, followed them out of the compound and barred the gate against them.

Then the Pĕnghûlu, taking a couple of his people with him, set off on foot for Tanjong Mâlim in the neighboring district of Bernam, where lived the white man under whose administrative charge the Slim valley had been placed. He went with many misgivings, for he had had some experience of the easy skepticism of white folk; and when he returned, more or less dissatisfied some days later, he learned that Haji Ali and his sons had disappeared. They had fled down river on a dark night, without a soul being made aware of their intended departure. They had not stayed to reap their crop, which even then was ripening in the fields; to dispose of their house and compound, upon which they had expended, not only labor, but "dollars of the whitest," as the Malay phrase has it; not even to collect their debts, which chanced to be rather numerous. This was the fact which struck the white district officer as by far the most improbable incident of any connected with the strange story of the were-tiger of Slim, and for the moment it seemed to him to admit of only one explanation. Haji Ali and his sons had been the victims of foul play. They had been quietly done to death by the simple villagers of Slim, and a cock-and-bull story had been trumped up to account for their disappearance.

The white man would probably still be holding fast to this theory, were it not that Haji Ali and his sons happened to turn up in quite another part of the Peninsula a few months later. They had nothing out of the way about them to mark them from their fellows, except that Haji Ali limped badly with his right leg.

**To the Critics**

SO SINCE *the world with writing is possessed*
*I'll versify in spite, and do my best*
*To make as much waste paper as the rest.*

—Juvenal (47-138 A.D.)

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*In the heart of the high Sierras.*

# The Ascent of Mount Tyndall

## By CLARENCE KING

*THIS story of the conquest of one of the great unscaled peaks of the Sierra Nevada is an authentic chapter in the autobiography of America*

MORNING DAWNED brightly upon our bivouac among a cluster of dark firs in the mountain corridor opened by an ancient glacier of King's River into the heart of the Sierras. It dawned a trifle sooner than we could have wished, but Professor Brewer and Hoffman had breakfasted before sunrise, and were off with barometer and theodolite upon their shoulders, purposing to ascend our amphitheatre to its head and climb a great pyramidal peak which swelled up against the eastern sky, closing the view in that direction. . . .

It was twilight of evening and almost eight o'clock when they came back to camp, Brewer leading the way, Hoffman following; and as they sat down by our fire without uttering a word, we read upon their faces terrible fatigue. . . .

For eight whole hours they had worked up over granite and snow, mounting ridge after ridge, till the summit was made about two o'clock.

These snowy crests bounding our view at the eastward we had all along taken to be the summits of the Sierra, and Brewer had supposed himself to be climbing a dominant peak, from which he might look eastward over Owen's Valley and out upon leagues of desert. Instead of this a vast wall of mountains, lifted still higher than his peak, rose beyond a tremendous cañon which lay like a trough between the two parallel ranks of peaks. Their peak, as indicated by the barometer, was in the region of thirteen thousand four hundred feet, and a level across to the farther range showed its crests to be at least fifteen hundred feet higher. They had spent hours upon the summit scanning the eastern horizon, and ranging downward into the labyrinth of gulfs below, and had come at last with reluctance to the belief that to cross this gorge and ascend the eastern wall of peaks was utterly impossible.

Brewer and Hoffman were old climbers, and their



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verdict of impossible oppressed me as I lay awake thinking of it; but early next morning I had made up my mind, and, taking Cotter aside, I asked him in an easy manner whether he would like to penetrate the Terra Incognita with me at the risk of our necks, provided Brewer should consent. In a frank, courageous tone he answered after his usual mode, "Why not?". Stout of limb, stronger yet in heart, of iron endurance, and a quiet, unexcited temperament, and, better yet, deeply devoted to me, I felt that Cotter was the one comrade I would choose to face death with, for I believed there was in his manhood no room for fear.

It was a trying moment for Brewer when we found him and volunteered to attempt a campaign for the top of California, because he felt a certain fatherly responsibility over our youth, a natural desire that we should not deposit our triturated remains in some undiscoverable hole among the feldspathic granites; but, like a true disciple of science, this was at last overbalanced by his intense desire to know more of the unexplored region. He freely confessed that he believed the plan madness, and Hoffman, too, told us we might as well attempt to get on a cloud as to try the peak. . . .

Our walking-shoes were in excellent condition, the hobnails firm and new. We laid out a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, a set of wet and dry thermometers, note-books, with bread, cooked beans, and venison enough to last a week, rolled them all in blankets, making two knapsack-shaped packs strapped firmly together with loops for the arms, which, by Brewer's estimate, weighed forty pounds apiece.

Gardner declared he would accompany us to the summit of the first range to look over into the gulf we were to cross, and at last Brewer and Hoffman also concluded to go up with us.

Our way led due east up the amphitheater and toward Mount Brewer, as we had named the great pyramidal peak.

As we climbed, the gorge grew narrow and sharp; and the spurs which projected from them, nearly overhanging the middle of the valley, towered above us with more and more severe sculpture. We frequently crossed deep fields of snow, and at last reached the level of the highest pines, where long slopes of *débris* swept down from either cliff, meeting in the middle. Over and among these immense blocks, often twenty and thirty feet high, we were obliged to climb, hearing far below us the subterranean gurgle of streams. . . .

We had now reached the base of Mount Brewer and were skirting its southern spurs in a wide open corridor surrounded in all directions by lofty granite crags from two to four thousand feet high; above the limits of vegetation, rocks, lakes of deep heavenly blue, and white trackless snows were grouped closely about us. Two sounds, a sharp little cry of martens, and occasional heavy crashes of falling rock, saluted us. . . .

After four hours of slow laborious work we made the base of the *débris* slope which rose about a thousand feet to a saddle pass in the western mountain wall, that range upon which Mount Brewer is so prominent a point. We were nearly an hour in toiling up this slope over an uncertain footing which gave way at almost every step.

The Sierras are here two parallel summit ranges. We were upon the crest of the western ridge, and looked down into a gulf five thousand feet deep, sinking from our feet in abrupt cliffs nearly or quite two thousand feet, whose base plunged into a broad field of snow lying steep and smooth for a great distance, but broken near its foot by craggy steps often a thousand feet high. . . .

Rising on the other side, cliff above cliff, precipice piled upon precipice, rock over rock, up against sky, towered the most gigantic mountain-wall in America, culminating in a noble pile of Gothic-finished granite and enamel-like snow. How grand and inviting looked its white form, its untrodden, unknown crest, so high and pure in the clear strong blue!

I did not wonder that Brewer and Hoffman pronounced our undertaking impossible; but when I looked at Cotter there was such complete bravery in his eye that I asked him if he was ready to start. His old answer, "Why not?" left the initiative with me; so I told Professor Brewer that we would bid him good-by. Our friends helped us on with our packs in silence, and as we shook hands there was not a dry eye in the party. Before he let go of my hand Professor Brewer asked me for my plan, and I had to own that I had but one, which was to reach the highest peak in the range.

After looking in every direction, I was obliged to confess that I saw as yet no practicable way. We bade them a "good-by," receiving their "God bless you" in return, and started southward along the range to look for some possible cliff to descend. . . .

There seemed but one possible way to reach our goal; that was to make our way along the summit of the cross ridge which projected between the two ranges. This divide sprang out from our Mount Brewer wall, about four miles to the south of us. To reach it we must climb up and down over the indented edge of the Mount Brewer wall. In attempting to do this we had a rather lively time scaling a sharp granite needle, where we found our course completely stopped by precipices four and five hundred feet in height. Ahead of us the summit continued to be broken into fantastic pinnacles, leaving us no hope of making our way along it; so we sought the most broken part of the eastern descent, and began to climb down. The heavy knapsacks, beside wearing our shoulders gradually into a black-and-blue state, overbalanced us terribly and kept us in constant danger of pitching headlong. At last, taking them off, Cotter climbed down until he found a resting-place upon a cleft of rock, then I lowered them to him with our lasso, afterwards descending cautiously to his side, taking my turn in pioneering downward, receiving the freight of knapsacks by lasso as before. In this manner we consumed more than half the afternoon in descending a thousand feet of broken, precipitous slope; and it was almost sunset when we found ourselves upon the fields of level snow which lay white and thick over the whole interior slope of the amphitheater. The gorge below us seemed utterly impassable. At our backs the Mount Brewer wall either rose in sheer cliffs or in broken, rugged

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stairway, such as had offered us our descent. From this cruel dilemma the cross divide furnished the only hope and the sole chance of scaling that was at its junction with the Mount Brewer wall. Toward this point we directed our course, marching wearily over stretches of dense frozen snow and regions of *débris*, reaching about sunset the last alcove of the amphitheater, just at the foot of the Mount Brewer wall. It was evidently impossible for us to attempt to climb it that evening, and we looked about the desolate recesses for a sheltered camping-spot. A high granite wall surrounded us upon three sides, recurring to the southward in long elliptical curves; no part of the summit being less than two thousand feet above us, the higher crags not unfrequently reaching three thousand feet. . . .

After searching for a shelter, we at last found a granite crevice near the margin of one of the frozen lakes—a sort of shelf just large enough for Cotter and me—where we hastened to make our bed, having first filled the canteen from a small stream that trickled over the ice, knowing that in a few moments the rapid chill would freeze it. We ate our supper of cold venison and bread and whittled from the sides of the wooden barometer-case shavings enough to warm water for a cup of miserably tepid tea, and then, packing our provisions and instruments away at the head of the shelf, rolled ourselves in our blankets. . . .

The thermometer at nine o'clock marked twenty degrees above zero. We set the "minimum" and rolled ourselves together for the night. The longer I lay the less I liked that shelf of granite; it grew hard in time and cold also, my bones seeming to approach actual contact with the chilled rock; moreover, I found that even so vigorous a circulation as mine was not enough to warm up the ledge to anything like a comfortable temperature. A single thickness of blanket is a better mattress than none, but the larger crystals of orthoclase, protruding plentifully, punched my back and caused me to revolve on a horizontal axis with precision and frequency. How I loved Cotter! how I hugged him and got warm, while our backs gradually petrified, till we whirled over and thawed them out together! The slant of that bed was diagonal and excessive; down it we slid till the ice chilled us awake, and we crawled back and chocked ourselves up with bits of granite inserted under my ribs and shoulders. In this pleasant position we got dozing again and there stole over me a most comfortable ease. The granite softened perceptibly. I was delightfuly warm and sank into an industrious slumber, which lasted with great soundness till four, when we rose and ate our breakfast of frozen venison.

The thermometer stood at two above zero; everything was frozen tight except the canteen, which we had prudently kept between us all night. Stars still blazed brightly, and the moon, hidden from us by western cliffs, shone in pale reflection upon the rocky heights to the east, which rose, dimly white, up from the impenetrable shadows of the cañon. Silence—cold, ghastly dimness, in which loomed huge forms—the biting frostiness of the air, wrought upon our feelings as we shouldered our packs and started with slow pace to climb toward the "divide."

Soon, to our dismay, we found the straps had so chafed our shoulders that the weight gave us great pain and obliged us to pad them with our handkerchiefs and extra socks, which remedy did not wholly relieve us from the constant wearing pain of the heavy load.

As we advanced, the snow sloped more and more steeply up toward the crags, till by and by it became quite dangerous, causing us to cut steps with Cotter's large bowie-knife—a slow, tedious operation, requiring patience of a pretty permanent kind. In this way we spent a quiet social hour or so. The sun had not yet reached us, being shut out by the high amphitheater

NOT *long ago the mountains of our own great Southwest were as mysterious as unknown polar lands. Mount Tyndall and Mount Whitney held the imagined glories and unknown but certain perils of unscaled Everest.*

*Starting out in 1864 with the California Geological Survey, Dr. Clarence King traveled over much of the unexplored Sierra Nevadas. The little group went thousands of miles, made hundreds of toilsome, seemingly impossible climbs, faced blizzards and scathing heat, hunger and thirst, long periods beyond the reach of human help. The picture above shows Mt. Brewer, the giant mountain which had to be crossed before the ascent of Mount Tyndall, told here, could be begun.*

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wall; but its cheerful light reflected downward from a number of higher crags, filling the recess with the brightness of day and putting out of existence those shadows which so somberly darkened the earlier hours. To look back when we stopped to rest was to realize our danger—that smooth, swift slope of ice carrying the eye down a thousand feet to the margin of a frozen mirror of ice; ribs and needles of rock piercing up through the snow, so closely grouped that, had we fallen, a miracle only might save us from being dashed. This led to rather deeper steps and greater care that our burdens should be held more nearly over the center of gravity, and a pleasant relief when we got to the top of the snow and sat down on a block of granite to breathe and look up in search of a way up the thousand-foot cliff of broken surface, among the lines of fracture and the galleries winding along the face.

It would have disheartened us to gaze up the hard, sheer front of precipices and search among splintered projections, crevices, shelves, and snow-patches for an inviting route, had we not been animated by a faith that the mountains could not defy us.

Choosing what looked like the least impossible way, we started; but, finding it unsafe to work with packs on, resumed the yesterday's plan—Cotter taking the lead, climbing about fifty feet ahead and hoisting up the knapsacks and barometer as I tied them to the end of the lasso. Constantly closing up in hopeless difficulty before us, the way opened again and again to our gymnastics, till we stood together upon a mere shelf, not more than two feet wide, which led diagonally up the smooth cliff. Edging along in careful steps, our backs flattened upon the granite, we moved slowly to a platform, where we stopped for breath.

THERE WAS no foothold above. Looking down over the course we had come, it seemed, and I believe it was, an impossible descent; for one can climb upward with safety where he cannot downward. To turn back was to give up in defeat; and we sat at least half an hour, suggesting all possible routes to the summit, accepting none and feeling disheartened. About thirty feet directly over our heads was another shelf, which, if we could reach, seemed to offer at least a temporary way upward. On its edge were two or three spikes of granite; whether firmly connected with the cliff or merely blocks of *débris*, we could not tell from below. I said to Cotter I thought of but one possible plan: it was to lasso one of these blocks and to climb, sailor-fashion, hand over hand, up the rope. In the lasso I had perfect confidence, for I had seen more than one Spanish bull throw his whole weight against it without parting a strand. The shelf was so narrow that throwing the coil of rope was a very difficult undertaking. I tried three times, and Cotter spent five minutes vainly whirling the loop up at the granite spikes. At last I made a lucky throw, and it tightened upon one of the smaller protuberances. I drew the noose close and very gradually threw my hundred and fifty pounds upon the rope; then Cotter joined me, and, for a moment, we both hung our united weight upon it. Whether the rock moved slightly or whether the lasso stretched a little we were unable to decide; but the trial must be made, and I began to climb slowly. The smooth precipice-face against which my body swung offered no foothold, and the whole climb had therefore to be done by the arms, an effort requiring all one's determination. When about half-way up I was obliged to rest, and, curling my feet in the rope, managed to relieve my arms for a moment. In this position I could not resist the fascinating temptation of a survey downward.

Straight down, nearly a thousand feet below, at the foot of the rocks, began the snow, whose steep, roof-like slope, exaggerated into an almost vertical angle, curved down in a long white field, broken far away by rocks and polished, round lakes of ice.

Cotter looked up cheerfully and asked how I was making it; to which I answered that I had plenty of wind left. At that moment, when hanging between heaven and earth, it was a deep satisfaction to look down at the wild gulf of desolation beneath and up to unknown dangers ahead, and feel my nerves cool and unshaken.

A few pulls, hand over hand, brought me to the edge of the shelf, when, throwing an arm around the granite spike, I swung my body upon the shelf and lay down to rest, shouting to Cotter that I was all right and that the prospects upward were capital. After a few moments' breathing, I looked over the brink and directed my comrade to tie the barometer to the lower end of the lasso, which he did, and that precious instrument was hoisted to my station and the lasso sent down twice for knapsacks, after which Cotter came up the rope in his very muscular way without once stopping to rest. We took our loads in our hands, swinging the barometer over my shoulder, and climbed up a shelf which led in a zigzag direction upward and to the south, bringing us out at last upon the thin blade of a ridge which connected a short distance above with the summit. It was formed of huge blocks, shattered and ready, at a touch, to fall.

So narrow and sharp was the upper slope, that we dared not walk, but got astride, and worked slowly along with our hands, pushing the knapsacks in advance, now and then holding our breath when loose masses rocked under our weight.

Once upon the summit, a grand view burst upon us. Hastening to step upon the crest of the divide, which was never more than ten feet wide, frequently sharpened to a mere blade, we looked down the other side, and were astonished to find we had ascended the gentler slope, and that the rocks fell from our feet in almost vertical precipices for a thousand feet or more. A glance along the summit toward the highest group showed us that any advance in that direction was impossible, for the thin ridge was gashed down in notches three or four hundred feet deep, forming a procession of pillars, obelisks, and blocks piled upon each other and looking terribly insecure. . . .

West of us stretched the Mount Brewer wall with its succession of smooth precipices and amphitheater ridges. To the north the great gorge of the King's River yawned down five thousand feet. To the south the valley of the Kern, opening in the opposite direction, was broader, less deep, but more filled with broken masses of granite. Clustered about the foot

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*Looking back on the lofty Sierras from Owens Valley.* Southern Pacific

of the divide were a dozen alpine lakes; the higher ones blue sheets of ice, the lowest completely melted.

Through a deep cut in the Mount Brewer wall we gained our first view to the westward, and saw in the distance the wall of the South King's Cañon, and the granite point which Cotter and I had climbed a fortnight before. But for the haze we might have seen the plain; for above its farther limit were several points of the Coast Ranges, isolated like islands in the sea.

The view was so grand, the mountain colors so brilliant, immense snow-fields and blue alpine lakes so charming, that we almost forgot we were ever to move, and it was only after a swift hour of this delight that we began to consider our future course.

The King's Cañon, which headed against our wall, seemed untraversable,—no human being could climb along the divide; we had then but one hope of reaching the peak, and our greatest difficulty lay at the start. If we could climb down to the Kern side of the divide, and succeed in reaching the base of the precipices which fell from our feet, it really looked as if we might travel without difficulty among the *roches moutonnées* to the other side of the Kern Valley, and make our attempt upon the southward flank of the great peak. . . .

After lying on our faces, looking over the brink, ten or twenty minutes, I suggested that by lowering ourselves on the rope we might climb from crevice to crevice; but we saw no shelf large enough for ourselves and the knapsacks too. However, we were not going to give it up without a trial; and I made the rope fast round my breast, and, looping the noose over a firm point of rock, let myself slide gradually down to a notch forty feet below. There was only room beside me for Cotter, so I made him send down the knapsacks first. I then tied these together by the straps with my silk handkerchief, and hung them off as far to the left as I could reach without losing my balance, looping the handkerchiefs over a point of rock. Cotter then slid down the rope, and, with considerable difficulty, we whipped the noose off its resting-place above, and cut off our connection with the upper world.

"We're in for it now, King," remarked my comrade, as he looked aloft, and then down; but our blood was up, and danger added only an exhilarating thrill to the nerves.

The shelf was hardly more than two feet wide, and the granite so smooth that we could find no place to fasten the lasso for the next descent; so I determined to try the climb with only as little aid as possible. Tying it round my breast again, I gave the other end into Cotter's hands, and he, bracing his back against the cliff, found for himself as firm a foothold as he could, and promised to give me all the help in his power. I made up my mind to bear no weight unless it was absolutely necessary; and for the first ten feet I found cracks and protuberances enough to support me, making every square inch of surface do friction duty, and hugging myself against the rocks as tightly as I could. When within about eight feet of the next shelf, I twisted myself round upon the face, hanging by two rough blocks of protruding feldspar, and looked vainly for some further hand-hold; but the rock, beside being perfectly smooth, overhung slightly, and my legs dangled in the air. I saw that the next cleft was over three feet broad, and I thought, possibly, I might, by a quick slide, reach it in safety without endangering Cotter. I shouted to him to be very careful and let go in case I fell, loosened my hold upon the rope, and slid quickly down. My shoulder struck against the rock and threw me out of balance; for an instant I reeled over upon the verge, in danger of falling, but, in the excitement, I thrust out my hand and seized a small alpine gooseberry-bush, the first piece of vegetation we had seen. Its roots were so firmly fixed in the crevice that it held my weight and saved me.

I could no longer see Cotter, but I talked to him, and heard the two knapsacks come bumping along till they

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slid over the eaves above me, and swung down to my station, when I seized the lasso's end and braced myself as well as possible, intending, if he slipped, to haul in slack and help him as best I might. As he came slowly down from crack to crack, I heard his hobnailed shoes grating on the granite; presently they appeared dangling from the eaves above my head. I had gathered in the rope until it was taut, and then hurriedly told him to drop. He hesitated a moment, and let go. Before he struck the rock I had him by the shoulder, and whirled him down upon his side, thus preventing his rolling overboard, which friendly action he took quite coolly.

THE THIRD descent was not difficult, nor the fourth; but when we had climbed down two hundred and fifty feet, the rocks were so glacially polished and water-worn that it seemed impossible to get any farther. To our right was a crack penetrating the rock perhaps a foot deep, widening at the surface to three or four inches, which proved to be the only possible ladder. As the chances seemed rather desperate, we concluded to tie ourselves together, in order to share a common fate; and with a slack of thirty feet between us, and our knapsacks upon our backs, we climbed into the crevice, and began descending with our faces to the cliff. This had to be done with unusual caution, for the foothold was about as good as none, and our fingers slipped annoyingly on the smooth stone; besides, the knapsacks and instruments kept a steady backward pull, tending to overbalance us. But we took pains to descend one at a time, and rest wherever the niches gave our feet a safe support. In this way we got down about eighty feet of smooth, nearly vertical wall, reaching the top of a rude granite stairway, which led to the snow; and here we sat down to rest, and found to our astonishment that we had been three hours from the summit.

After breathing a half-minute we continued down, jumping from rock to rock, and, having by practice, become very expert in balancing ourselves, sprang on, never resting long enough to lose the *aplomb*, and in this manner made a quick descent over rugged *débris* to the crest of a snow-field, which, for seven or eight hundred feet more, swept down in a smooth, even slope, of very high angle, to the borders of a frozen lake.

Without untying the lasso which bound us together, we sprang upon the snow with a shout, and glissaded down splendidly, turning now and then a somersault, and shooting out like cannon-balls almost to the middle of the frozen lake; I upon my back, and Cotter feet first, in a swimming position. The ice cracked in all directions. It was only a thin, transparent film, through which we could see deep into the lake. Untying ourselves, we hurried ashore in different directions, lest our combined weight should be too great a strain upon any point.

With curiosity and wonder we scanned every shelf and niche of the last descent. It seemed quite impossible we could have come down there, and now it actually was beyond human power to get back again. But what cared we? "Sufficient unto the day—" We were bound for that still distant, though gradually nearing, summit; and we had come from a cold shadowed cliff into deliciously warm sunshine, and were jolly, shouting, singing songs, and calling out the companionship of a hundred echoes. Six miles away, with no grave danger, no great difficulty, between us, lay the base of our grand mountain. Upon its skirts we saw a little grove of pines, an ideal bivouac, and toward this we bent our course.

After the continued climbing of the day, walking was a delicious rest, and forward we pressed with considerable speed, our hobnails giving us firm footing on the glittering glacial surface. Every fluting of the great valley was in itself a considerable cañon, into which we descended, climbing down the scored rocks, and swinging from block to block, until we reached the level of the pines. . . .

It was sunset when we reached the eastern ascent, and began to toil up through scattered pines, and over trains of moraine rocks, toward the great peak. Stars were already flashing brilliantly in the sky, and the low glowing arch in the west had almost vanished when we reached the upper trees, and threw down our knapsacks to camp. The forest grew on a sort of plateau-shelf with a precipitous front to the west—a level surface which stretched eastward and back to the foot of our mountain, whose lower spurs reached within a mile of camp. Within the shelter lay a huge fallen log, like all these alpine woods one mass of resin, which flared up when we applied a match, illuminating the whole grove. By contrast with the darkness outside, we seemed to be in a vast, many-pillared hall. The stream close by afforded water for our blessed teapot; venison frizzled with mild, appetizing sound upon the ends of pine sticks; matchless beans allowed themselves to become seductively crisp upon our tin plates. That supper seemed to me then the quintessence of gastronomy, and I am sure Cotter and I must have said some very good *après dîner* things, though I long ago forgot them all. Within the ring of warmth, on elastic beds of pine-needles, we curled up, and fell swiftly into a sound sleep. . . .

Cotter woke me at half past three, when we arose, breakfasted by the light of our fire, which still blazed brilliantly, and, leaving our knapsacks, started for the mountain with only instruments, canteens, and luncheon.

In the indistinct moonlight climbing was very difficult at first, for we had to thread our way along a plain which was literally covered with glacier boulders, and the innumerable brooks which we crossed were frozen solid. However, our march brought us to the base of the great mountain, which, rising high against the east, shut out the coming daylight, and kept us in profound shadow. From base to summit rose a series of broken crags, lifting themselves from a general slope of *débris*. Toward the left the angle seemed to be rather gentler, and the surface less ragged; and we hoped, by a long *détour* round the base, to make an easy climb up this gentler face. So we toiled on for an hour over the rocks, reaching at last the bottom of the north slope. Here our work began in good earnest. The blocks were of enormous size, and in every stage of unstable equilibrium, frequently rolling over as we jumped upon them, making it necessary for us to take a second leap and land where we best

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could. To our relief we soon surmounted the largest blocks, reaching a smaller size, which served us as a sort of stairway. . . .

Immense boulders were partly embedded in the ice just above us, whose constant melting left them trembling on the edge of a fall. It communicated no very pleasant sensation to see above you these immense missiles hanging by a mere band, and knowing that, as soon as the sun rose, you would be exposed to a constant cannonade.

The east side of the peak, which we could now partially see, was too precipitous to think of climbing. The slope toward our camp was too much broken into pinnacles and crags to offer us any hope, or to divert us from the single way, dead ahead, up slopes of ice and among fragments of granite. The sun rose upon us while we were climbing the lower part of this snow, and in less than half an hour, melting, began to liberate huge blocks, which thundered down past us, gathering and growing into small avalanches below.

We did not dare climb one above another, according to our ordinary mode, but kept about an equal level, a hundred feet apart, lest, dislodging the blocks, one should hurl them down upon the other.

We climbed alternately up smooth faces of granite, clinging simply by the cracks and protruding crystals of feldspar, and then hewed steps up fearfully steep slopes of ice, zigzagging to the right and left to avoid the flying boulders. When midway up this slope we reached a place where the granite rose in perfectly smooth bluffs on either side of a gorge,—a narrow cut, or walled way, leading up to the flat summit of the cliff. This we scaled by cutting ice steps, only to find ourselves fronted again by a still higher wall. Ice sloped from its front at too steep an angle for us to follow, but had melted in contact with it, leaving a space three feet wide between the ice and the rock. We entered this crevice and climbed along its bottom, with a wall of rock rising a hundred feet above us on one side, and a thirty-foot face of ice on the other, through which light of an intense cobalt-blue penetrated.

Reaching the upper end, we had to cut our footsteps upon the ice again, and, having braced our backs against the granite, climb up to the surface. We were now in a dangerous position: to fall into the crevice upon one side was to be wedged to death between rock and ice; to make a slip was to be shot down five hundred feet, and then hurled over the brink of a precipice. In the friendly seat which this wedge gave me, I stopped to take wet and dry observations with the thermometer,—this being an absolute preventive of a scare,—and to enjoy the view.

The wall of our mountain sank abruptly to the left, opening for the first time an outlook to the eastward. Deep—it seemed almost vertically—beneath us we could see the blue water of Owen's Lake, ten thousand feet down. The summit peaks to the north were piled in titanic confusion, their ridges overhanging the eastern slope with terrible abruptness. Clustered upon the shelves and plateaus below were several frozen lakes, and in all directions swept magnificent fields of snow. The summit was now not over five hundred feet distant, and we started on again with the exhilarating hope of success. But if Nature had intended to secure the summit from all assailants, she could not have planned her defences better; for the smooth granite wall which rose above the snow-slope continued, apparently, quite round the peak, and we looked in great anxiety to see if there was not one place where it might be climbed. It was all blank except in one place; quite near us the snow bridged across the crevice, and rose in a long point to the summit of the wall,—a great icicle-column frozen in a niche of the bluff,—its base about ten feet wide, narrowing to two feet at the top. We climbed to the base of this spire of ice, and, with the utmost care, began to cut our stairway. The material was an exceedingly compacted snow, passing into clear ice as it neared the rock. We climbed the first half of it with comparative ease; after that it was almost vertical, and so thin that we did not dare to cut the footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe. There was a constant dread lest our ladder should break off, and we be thrown either down the snow-slope or into the bottom of the crevasse. At last, in order to prevent myself from falling over backwards, I was obliged to thrust my hand into the crack between the ice and the wall, and the spire became so narrow that I could do this on both sides; so that the climb was made as upon a tree, cutting mere toe-holes and embracing the whole column of ice in my arms. At last I reached the top, and, with the greatest caution, wormed my body over the brink, and, rolling out upon the smooth surface of the granite, looked over and watched Cotter make his climb. He came steadily up, with no sense of nervousness, until he got to the narrow part of the ice, and here he stopped and looked up with a forlorn face to me; but as he climbed up over the edge the broad smile came back to his face, and he asked me if it had occurred to me that we had, by and by, to go down again.

We had now an easy slope to the summit, and hurried up over rocks and ice, reaching the crest at exactly twelve o'clock. I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak Mount Tyndall.

# Where None Intrudes

By LORD BYRON

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

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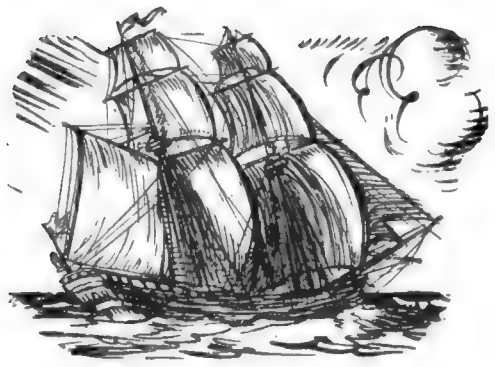
# Freya of the Seven Isles



By JOSEPH CONRAD

*FREYA, blond goddess of a lonely isle in the South Seas, has promised her heart to Jasper Allen, the romantic young English skipper of the white-winged trader,* Bonito. *But her aged father looks askance at the Englishman because he fears the Dutch authorities, and the wily black-browed official, Heemskirk, plays on his fear in the hope of winning Freya for himself. The day following her twenty-first birthday is set for an elopement with Jasper who until then sails away on one of his obscure trading ventures.*

PART TWO

AT NELSON'S COVE I missed Jasper by only a couple of days. Freya and I talked of "that lunatic" and "perfect idiot" with great delight and infinite appreciation. She was very radiant, with a more pronounced gaiety, notwithstanding that she had just parted from Jasper. But this was to be their last separation.

"Do get aboard as soon as you can, Miss Freya," I entreated.

She looked me straight in the face, her color a little heightened and with a sort of solemn ardor—if there was a little catch in her voice.

"The very next day."

Ah, yes! The very next day after her twenty-first birthday. I was pleased at this hint of deep feeling. It was as if she had grown impatient at last of the self-imposed delay. I supposed that Jasper's recent visit had told heavily.

"That's right," I said approvingly. "I shall be much easier in my mind when I know you have taken charge of that lunatic. Don't you lose a minute. He, of course, will be on time—unless the heavens fall."

"Yes. Unless——" she repeated in a thoughtful whisper, raising her eyes to the evening sky without a speck of cloud anywhere.

Silent for a time, we let our eyes wander over the waters below, looking mysteriously still in the twilight, as if trustfully composed for a long, long dream in the warm tropical night. And the peace all round us seemed without limits and without end.

*"Nobody knows I am here," she whispered. "And nobody can see us," I whispered back.*



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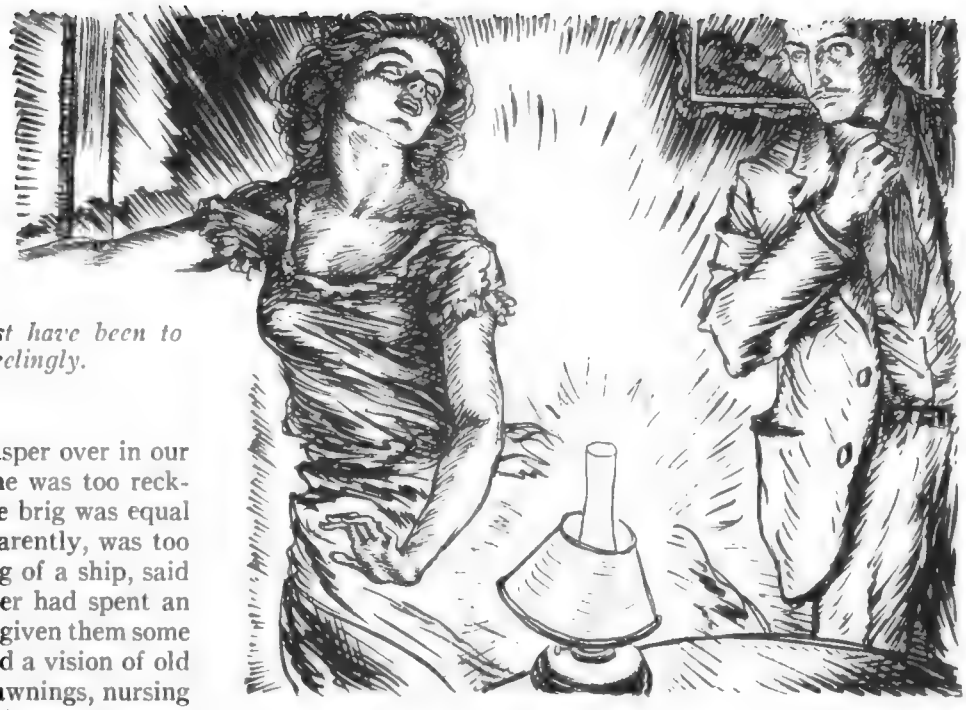
Illustrations by
John Alan Maxwell



*"What a nuisance he must have been to you two," I said feelingly.*

And then we began to talk Jasper over in our usual strain. We agreed that he was too reckless in many ways. Luckily, the brig was equal to the situation. Nothing, apparently, was too much for her. A perfect darling of a ship, said Miss Freya. She and her father had spent an afternoon on board. Jasper had given them some tea. Papa was grumpy. . . . I had a vision of old Nelson under the brig's snowy awnings, nursing his unassuming vexation, and fanning himself with his hat. A comedy father. . . . As a new instance of Jasper's lunacy, I was told that he was distressed at his inability to have solid silver handles fitted to all the cabin doors. "As if I would have let him!" commented Miss Freya, with amused indignation. Incidentally, I learned also that Schultz, a nautical kleptomaniac with a pathetic voice, was still hanging on to his job, with Miss Freya's approval. Jasper had confided to the lady of his heart his purpose of straightening out the fellow's psychology. Yes, indeed. All the world was his friend because it breathed the same air with Freya.

Somehow or other, I brought Heemskirk's name into conversation, and, to my great surprise, startled Miss Freya. Her eyes expressed something like distress, while she bit her lip as if to contain an explosion of laughter. Oh! Yes. Heemskirk was at the bungalow at the same time with Jasper, but he arrived the day after. He left the same day as the brig, but a few hours later.

"What a nuisance he must have been to you two," I said feelingly.

Her eyes flashed at me a sort of frightened merriment, and suddenly she exploded into a clear burst of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

I echoed it heartily, but not with the same charming tone: "Ha, ha, ha! . . . Isn't he grotesque? Ha, ha, ha!" And the ludicrousness of old Nelson's inanely fierce round eyes in association with his conciliatory manner to the lieutenant presenting itself to my mind brought on another fit.

"He looks," I spluttered, "he looks—Ha, ha, ha! —amongst you three . . . like an unhappy black beetle. Ha, ha, ha!"

She gave out another ringing peal, ran off into her own room, and slammed the door behind her, leaving me profoundly astounded. I stopped laughing at once. "What's the joke?" asked old Nelson's voice, half way down the steps.

He came up, sat down, and blew out his cheeks looking inexpressibly fatuous. But I didn't want to laugh any more. And what on earth, I asked myself, have we been laughing at in this uncontrollable fashion? I felt suddenly depressed.

Oh, yes. Freya had started it. The girl's overwrought, I thought. And really one couldn't wonder at it.

I had no answer to old Nelson's question, but he was too aggrieved at Jasper's visit to think of anything else. He as good as asked me whether I wouldn't undertake to hint to Jasper that he was not wanted at the Seven Isles group. I declared that it was not necessary. From certain circumstances which had come to my knowledge lately, I had reason to think that he would not be much troubled by Jasper Allen in the future.

He emitted an earnest "Thank God!" which nearly set me laughing again, but he did not brighten up proportionately. It seemed Heemskirk had taken special pains to make himself disagreeable. The lieutenant had frightened old Nelson (or Neilsen) by expressing a sinister wonder at the Government permitting a white man to settle down in that part at all. "It is against our declared policy," he had remarked. He had also charged him with being in reality no better than an Englishman. He had even tried to pick a quarrel with him for not learning to speak Dutch.

"I told him I was too old to learn now," sighed out old Nelson (or Nielsen) dismally. "He said I ought to have learned Dutch long before. I had been making my living in Dutch dependencies. It was disgraceful of me not to speak Dutch, he said. He was as savage with me as if I had been a Chinaman."

It was plain he had been viciously badgered. He did not mention how many bottles of his best claret he had offered up on the altar of conciliation. It must have been a generous libation. But old Nelson (or Nielsen) was really hospitable. He didn't mind



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that; and I only regretted that this virtue should be lavished on the lieutenant-commander of the *Neptun*. I longed to tell him that in all probability he would be relieved from Heemskirk's visitations also. I did not do so only from the fear (absurd, I admit) of arousing some sort of suspicion in his mind. As if with this guileless comedy father such a thing were possible!

Strangely enough, the last words on the subject of Heemskirk were spoken by Freya, and in that very sense. The lieutenant was turning up persistently in old Nelson's conversation at dinner. At last I

*He said no more because his head received a terrific concussion.*

muttered a half audible "Damn the lieutenant." I could see that the girl was getting exasperated, too.

"And he wasn't well at all—was he, Freya?" old Nelson went on moaning. "Perhaps it was that which made him so snappish, hey Freya? He looked very bad when he left us so suddenly. His liver must be in a bad state, too."

"Oh, he will end by getting over it," said Freya impatiently. "And do leave off worrying about him, papa. Very likely you won't see much of him for a long time to come."

The look she gave me in exchange for my discreet smile had no hidden mirth in it. Her eyes seemed hollowed, her face gone wan in a couple of hours. We had been laughing too much. Overwrought! Overwrought by the approach of the decisive moment. After all, sincere, courageous, and self-reliant as she was, she must have felt both the passion and the compunction of her resolve. The very strength of love which had carried her up to that point must have put her under a great moral strain, in which there might have been a little simple remorse, too. For she was honest—and there, across the table, sat poor old Nelson (or Nielsen) staring at her, round-eyed and so pathetically comic in his fierce aspect as to touch the most lightsome heart.

He retired early to his room to soothe himself for a night's rest by perusing his account-books. We two remained on the veranda for another hour or so, but we exchanged only languid phrases on things without importance, as though we had been emotionally jaded by our long day's talk on the only momentous subject. And yet there was something she might have told a friend. But she didn't. We parted silently. She distrusted my masculine lack of common sense, perhaps. . . . O! Freya!

Going down the precipitous path to the landing-stage, I was confronted in the shadows of boulders and bushes by a draped feminine figure whose appearance startled me at first. It glided into my way suddenly from behind a piece of rock. But in a moment it occurred to me that it could be no one else but Freya's maid, a half-caste Malacca Portuguese. One caught fleeting glimpses of her olive face and dazzling white teeth about the house. I had also observed her at times from a distance, as she sat within call under the shade of some fruit-trees, brushing and

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plaiting her long raven locks. And once I had watched her approvingly make funny and expressive grimaces behind Heemskirk's back. I understood (from Jasper) that she was in the secret, like a comedy camerista. She was to accompany Freya on her irregular way to matrimony and "ever after" happiness. Why should she be roaming by night near the cove—unless on some love affair of her own—I asked myself. But there was nobody suitable within the Seven Isles group, as far as I knew. It flashed upon me that it was myself she had been lying in wait for.

She hesitated, muffled from head to foot, shadowy and bashful. I advanced another pace, and how I felt is nobody's business.

"What is it?" I asked, very low.

"Nobody knows I am here," she whispered.

"And nobody can see us," I whispered back.

The murmur of words, "I've been so frightened" reached me. Just then, from the yet lighted veranda, unexpected and startling, Freya's voice rang out in a clear, imperious call: "Antonia!"

With a stifled exclamation, the hesitating girl vanished out of the path. A bush near by rustled; then silence. I waited wondering. The lights on the veranda went out. I waited a while longer, and then continued to my boat, wondering more than ever.

I remember the occurrences of that visit especially, because this was the last time I saw the Nelson bungalow. On arriving at the Straits I found cable messages which made it necessary for me to throw up my employment at a moment's notice and go home at once. I had a desperate scramble to catch the mailboat which was due to leave next day, but I found time to write two short notes, one to Freya, the other to Jasper. Later on I wrote at length, this time to Allen alone. I got no answer. I then hunted up his brother, or, rather, half-brother, a solicitor in the city, a sallow, calm, little man who looked at me over his spectacles.

Jasper was the only child of his father's second marriage, a transaction which had failed to commend itself to the first, grown-up family.

"You haven't heard for ages," I repeated, with secret annoyance. "May I ask what 'for ages' means?"

"It means that I don't care whether I ever hear from him or not," retorted the little man of law, turning nasty suddenly.

I could not blame Jasper for not wasting his time in correspondence with such an outrageous relative. But why didn't he write to me—a decent sort of friend, after all; enough of a friend to find for his silence the excuse of forgetfulness natural to a state of transcendental bliss? I waited indulgently, but nothing ever came. And the East seemed to drop out of my life without an echo, like a stone falling into a well of prodigious depth.

## IV

I SUPPOSE praiseworthy motives are a sufficient justification for almost anything. What could be more commendable in the abstract than a girl's determination that "poor papa" should not be worried, and her anxiety that the man of her choice should be kept by any means from every occasion of doing something rash, something which might endanger the whole scheme of their happiness?

Nothing could be more tender and more prudent. We must also remember the girl's self-reliant temperament, and the general unwillingness of women—I mean women of sense—to make a fuss over matters of that sort.

As has been said already, Heemskirk turned up some time after Jasper's arrival at Nelson's Cove. The sight of the brig lying right under the bungalow was very offensive to him. He did not fly ashore before his anchor touched the ground as Jasper used to do. On the contrary, he hung about his quarter-deck mumbling to himself; and when he ordered his boat to be manned it was in an angry voice. Freya's existence, which lifted Jasper out of himself into a blissful elation, was for Heemskirk a cause of secret torment, of hours of exasperated brooding.

While passing the brig he hailed her harshly and asked if the master was on board. Schultz, smart and neat in a spotless white suit, leaned over the taffrail, finding the question somewhat amusing. He looked humorously down into Heemskirk's boat and answered, in the most amiable modulations of his beautiful voice: "Captain Allen is up at the house, sir." But his expression changed suddenly at the savage growl: "What the devil are you grinning at?" which acknowledged that information.

He watched Heemskirk land and, instead of going to the house, stride away by another path into the grounds.

The desire-tormented Dutchman found old Nelson (or Nielsen) at his drying-sheds, very busy superintending the manipulation of his tobacco crop, which, though small, was of excellent quality, and enjoying himself thoroughly. But Heemskirk soon put a stop to this simple happiness. He sat down by the old chap, and by the sort of talk which he knew was best calculated for the purpose, reduced him before long to a state of concealed and perspiring nervousness. It was a horrid talk of "authorities," and old Nelson tried to defend himself. If he dealt with English traders it was because he had to dispose of his produce somehow. He was as conciliatory as he knew how to be, and this very thing seemed to excite Heemskirk, who had worked himself up into a heavily breathing state of passion.

"And the worst of them all is that Allen," he growled. "Your particular friend—eh? You have let in a lot of these Englishmen into this port. You ought never to have been allowed to settle here. Never. What's he doing here now?"

Old Nelson (or Nielsen), becoming very agitated, declared that Jasper Allen was no particular friend of his. No friend at all—at all. He had bought three tons of rice from him to feed his workpeople on. What sort of evidence of friendship was that? Heemskirk burst out at last with the thought that had been gnawing at his vitals:

"Yes. Sell three tons of rice and flirt three days with that girl of yours. I am speaking to you as a friend, Nielsen. This won't do. You are only on sufferance here."

Old Nelson was taken aback at first, but recovered

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pretty quickly. Won't do! Certainly! Of course, it wouldn't do! The last man in the world. But his girl didn't care for the fellow, and was too sensible to fall in love with anyone. He was very earnest in impressing on Heemskirk his own feeling of absolute security. And the lieutenant, casting doubting glances sideways, was yet willing to believe him.

"Much you know about it," he grunted nevertheless.

"But I do know," insisted old Nelson, with the greater desperation because he wanted to resist the doubts arising in his own mind. "My own daughter! In my own house, and I not to know! Come! It would be a good joke, lieutenant."

"They seem to be carrying on considerably," remarked Heemskirk moodily. "I suppose they are together now," he added, feeling a pang which changed what he meant for a mocking smile into a grimace.

The harassed Nelson shook his hand at him. He was at bottom shocked at this insistence, and was even beginning to feel annoyed at the absurdity of it.

"Pooh! Pooh! I'll tell you what lieutenant: you go to the house and have a drop of gin-and-bitters before dinner. Ask for Freya. I must see the last of this tobacco put away for the night, but I'll be along presently."

Heemskirk was not insensible to this suggestion. It answered to his secret longing, which was not a longing for drink, however. Old Nelson shouted solicitously after his broad back a recommendation to make himself comfortable, and that there was a box of cheroots on the veranda.

It was the west veranda that old Nelson meant, the one which was the living-room of the house, and had split-rattan screens of the very finest quality. The east veranda, sacred to his own privacy, puffing out of cheeks, and other signs of perplexed thinking, was fitted with stout blinds of sailcloth. The north veranda was not a veranda at all, really. It was more like a long balcony. It did not communicate with the other two, and could be approached only by a passage inside the house. Thus it had a privacy which made it a convenient place for a maiden's meditations without words, and also for the discourses, apparently without sense, which, passing between a young man and a maid, become pregnant with a diversity of transcendental meanings.

THIS NORTH veranda was embowered with climbing plants. Freya, whose room opened on it, had furnished it as a boudoir, with a few cane chairs and a sofa of the same kind. On this sofa she and Jasper sat as close together as is possible in this imperfect world where neither can a body be in two places at once nor yet two bodies can be in one place at the same time. They had been sitting together all the afternoon, and I won't say that their talk had been without sense. Loving him with a little judicious anxiety lest in his elation he should break his heart over some mishap, Freya naturally would talk to him soberly. He, nervous and brusque when away from her, appeared always as if overcome by her visibility, by the great wonder of being palpably loved. An old man's child, having lost his mother early, thrown out to sea out of the way while very young, he had not much experience of tenderness of any kind.

In this private, foliage-embowered veranda, and at this late hour of the afternoon, he bent down a little, and, possessing himself of Freya's hands, was kissing them one after another, while she smiled and looked down at his head with the eyes of approving compassion. At that same moment Heemskirk was approaching the house from the north.

Antonia was on the watch on that side. But she did not keep a very good watch. The sun was setting; she knew that her young mistress and the captain of the *Bonito* were about to separate. She was walking to and fro in the dusky grove with a flower in her hair, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly, within a foot of her, the lieutenant appeared from behind a tree. She bounded aside like a startled fawn, but Heemskirk, with a lucid comprehension of what she was there for, pounced upon her, and, catching her arm, clapped his other thick hand over her mouth.

"If you try to make a noise I'll twist your neck!"

This ferocious figure of speech terrified the girl sufficiently. Heemskirk had seen plainly enough on the veranda Freya's golden head with another head very close to it. He dragged the unresisting maid with him by a circuitous way into the compound, where he dismissed her with a vicious push in the direction of the cluster of bamboo huts for the servants.

She was very much like the faithful camerista of Italian comedy, but in her terror she bolted away without a sound from that thick, short, black-eyed man with a cruel grip of fingers like a vice. Quaking all over at a distance, extremely scared and half inclined to laugh, she saw him enter the house at the back.

The interior of the bungalow was divided by two passages crossing each other in the middle. At that point Heemskirk, by turning his head slightly to the left as he passed, secured the evidence of "carrying on" so irreconcilable with old Nelson's assurances that it made him stagger, with a rush of blood to his head. Two white figures, distinct against the light, stood in an unmistakable attitude. Freya's arms were round Jasper's neck. Their faces were characteristically superimposed on each other, and Heemskirk went on, his throat choked with a sudden rising of curses, till on the west veranda he stumbled blindly against a chair and then dropped into another as though his legs had been swept from under him. He had indulged too long in the habit of appropriating Freya to himself in his thoughts. "Is that how you entertain your visitors —you . . ." he thought, so outraged that he could not find a sufficiently degrading epithet.

Freya struggled a little and threw her head back.

"Somebody has come in," she whispered. Jasper, holding her clasped closely to his breast, and looking down into her face, suggested casually:

"Your father."

Freya tried to disengage herself, but she had not the heart absolutely to push him away with her hands.

"I believe it's Heemskirk," she breathed out at him.

He, plunging into her eyes in a quiet rapture, was provoked to a vague smile by the sound of the name.

"The ass is always knocking down my beacons

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outside the river," he murmured. He attached no other meaning to Heemskirk's existence; but Freya was asking herself whether the lieutenant had seen them.

"Let me go, kid," she ordered in a peremptory whisper. Jasper obeyed, and, stepping back at once, continued his contemplation of her face under another angle. "I must go and see," she said to herself anxiously.

She instructed him hurriedly to wait a moment after she was gone and then to slip on to the back veranda and get a quiet smoke before he showed himself.

"Don't stay late this evening," was her last recommendation before she left him.

Then Freya came out on the west veranda with her light, rapid step. While going through the doorway she managed to shake down the folds of the looped-up curtains at the end of the passage so as to cover Jasper's retreat from the bower. Directly she appeared Heemskirk jumped up as if to fly at her. She paused and he made her an exaggerated low bow.

It irritated Freya.

"Oh! It's you, Mr. Heemskirk. How do you do?"

She spoke in her usual tone. Her face was not plainly visible to him in the dusk of the deep veranda. He dared not trust himself to speak, his rage at what he had seen was so great. And when she added with serenity: "Papa will be coming in before long," he called her horrid names silently, to himself, before he spoke with contorted lips.

"I have seen your father already. We had a talk in the sheds. He told me some very interesting things. Oh, very——"

Freya sat down. She thought: "He has seen us, for certain." She was not ashamed. What she was afraid of was some foolish or awkward complication. But she could not conceive how much her person had been appropriated by Heemskirk (in his thoughts). She tried to be conversational.

"You are coming now from Palembang, I suppose?"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes! I come from Palembang. Ha, ha, ha! You know what your father said? He said he was afraid you were having a very dull time of it here."

"And I suppose you are going to cruise in the Moluccas," continued Freya, who wanted to impart some useful information to Jasper if possible. At the same time she was always glad to know that those two men were a few hundred miles apart when not under her eye.

Heemskirk growled angrily.

"Yes. Moluccas," glaring in the direction of her shadowy figure. "Your father thinks it's very quiet for you here. I tell you what, Miss Freya. There isn't such a quiet spot on earth that a woman can't find an opportunity of making a fool of somebody."

Freya thought: "I mustn't let him provoke me." Presently the Tamil boy, who was Nelson's head servant, came in with the lights. She addressed him at once with voluble directions where to put the lamps, told him to bring the tray with the gin-and-bitters, and to send Antonia into the house.

"I will have to leave you to yourself, Mr. Heemskirk, for a while," she said.

And she went to her room to put on another frock. She made a quick change of it because she wished to be on the veranda before her father and the lieutenant met again. She relied on herself to regulate that evening's intercourse between these two. But Antonia, still scared and hysterical, exhibited a bruise on her arm which roused Freya's indignation.

"He jumped on me out of the bush like a tiger," said the girl, laughing nervously with frightened eyes.

"The brute!" thought Freya. "He meant to spy on us, then." She was enraged, but the recollection of the thick Dutchman in white trousers wide at the hips and narrow at the ankles, with his shoulder-straps and black bullet head, glaring at her in the light of the lamps, was so repulsively comical that she could not help a smiling grimace. Then she became anxious. The absurdities of three men were focusing this anxiety upon her: Jasper's impetuosity, her father's fears, Heemskirk's infatuation. She was very tender to the first two, and she made up her mind to display all her feminine diplomacy. All this, she said to herself, will be over and done with before very long now.

Heemskirk, on the veranda, lolling in a chair, his legs extended and his white cap reposing on his stomach, was lashing himself into a fury of an atrocious character altogether incomprehensible to a girl like Freya. His chin was resting on his chest, his eyes gazed stonily at his shoes. Freya examined him from behind the curtain. He didn't stir. He was ridiculous. But this absolute stillness was impressive. She stole back along the passage to the east veranda, where Jasper was sitting quietly in the dark, doing what he was told, like a good boy.

"Psst," she hissed. He was by her side in a moment.

"Yes. What is it?" he murmured.

"It's that beetle," she whispered uneasily. Under the impression of Heemskirk's sinister immobility she had half a mind to let Jasper know that they had been seen. But she was by no means certain that Heemskirk would tell her father—and at any rate not that evening. She concluded rapidly that the safest thing would be to get Jasper out of the way as soon as possible.

"What has he been doing?" asked Jasper in a calm undertone.

"Oh, nothing! Nothing. He sits there looking cross. But you know how he's always worrying papa."

"Your father's quite unreasonable," pronounced Jasper judicially.

"I don't know," she said in a doubtful tone. Something of old Nelson's dread of the authorities had rubbed off on the girl, since she had to live with it day after day. "I don't know. Papa's afraid of being reduced to beggary, as he says, in his old days. Look here, kid, you had better clear out tomorrow, first thing."

Jasper had hoped for another afternoon with Freya, an afternoon of quiet felicity with the girl by his side

(*Continued on page* 120)

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*Ruins at Rome of the famous Caracalla baths in which 25,000 people could bathe at one time. The restoration drawing of a single room gives a faint idea of their vast magnificence.*

Ewing Galloway

# Bathing through the Ages

By LEONORA R. BAXTER

BATHING, both for cleanliness and pleasure, is as old as the story of man, and has played an important part in the making of history. It is always interesting to take a look at how certain things are done today and then search through the ages and compare the manner in which they were attended to when civilization was young. The most ancient records on this subject come from Egypt and India, where the people used the Nile and Ganges rivers as bathrooms as well as laundries. In obedience to their religious rites the Jews at an early period bathed in running water, had both hot and cold baths, employing oils and ointments—and even sand was pressed into service as a cleanser in that soapless age. Darius stands out as a great advocate of bathing, and so in his era in Persia the bath was important in fashionable circles. He seems to have managed a unique combination of bathing and feasting, for it was a common occurrence during a prolonged banquet for him to be lifted, golden chair and all, from the table, to be dipped in perfumed waters by abject slaves and then returned to the next course. Alexander the Great envied the elaborately equipped baths of Darius and wanted to have them copied, but his country didn't think so much of bathing at this time—hence he went back home to his portable tub.

*James Whitcomb Riley's bathroom in the "Little Old Home on Lockerbie Street"—an early attempt to conceal piping now enclosed in the walls.*

In speaking of bathing in the East we cannot fail to say a word about the Mohammedans who took possession of India by conquest in 1524 A. D. The first words of their Great Mogul (who founded the Mogul Empire which lasted three hundred years) when he inspected the conquered land were, "They have no baths or colleges!" He put the two on an equal educational plane and proceeded to establish both with a gesture of great magnificence. He was a prodigious palace builder, and his baths were surpassingly beautiful. Incidentally, to him belongs the honor of having created the most exquisite and imposing tomb in all the world—the Taj Mahal. In his palace the baths were a marvel of lavishness and intricate workmanship. Picture to yourself not just one bath but many, opening into each other, fashioned of pure white marble with numerous columns and sculptured windows interspersed with mosaic panels of lapis lazuli—rivulets of water streaming



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# Art in Everyday Living

*A Monthly Feature*

*Courtesy of The Bath Shop*

*A bathroom in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer shows walls decorated with mural painting on canvas, with background of gold. The tub is a soft yellow, with facing and floor base of black and gold marble. The black marble floor is covered with a zebra skin. Window curtains are gold silk gauze.*

along marble beds from one chamber to another, exotic perfumes mingling with the spray from gold and silver wall fountains (cold showers)—all under a high domed ceiling of fresco and jewels.

The Greeks began with river-bathing, as did everybody else, but they soon got away from such primitive methods and it is recorded that they had private baths several centuries B. C. The first real physical culture program is attributed to that stern old Spartan, Lycurgus, who openly showed contempt for warm-water bathing and forced his army of giant athletes to take their dose of cold water in the open, with much rubbing on of wet sand, accompanied by vigorous pounding of each other.

In their heydey of power the Greeks were worshipers of physical fitness and beauty and so considered the "Gymnafia" the most important feature of the bath—which was never true of their conquerors, the Romans. But eventually this ideal was forgotten in the sensuous pleasure of warm-water bathing, and they proceeded to parboil themselves with great delight and equal detriment. It was the usual thing for the upper classes to spend six or seven hours every day splashing about in the baths, unmindful of the call of duty and the state of health and morals.

The baths of the Greeks and of Eastern nations shrink in comparison with those of the late Roman Empire. They were the largest and most costly public buildings of Rome and occupied an extensive area of the city. Not only the name, Thermae, but the institution itself, the customs connected with it, the luxury and splendor surrounding it, were of Greek origin. When Carthage, Rome's great rival in power, was destroyed, the Roman conquerors, who could bear with unshaken firmness the hardships of war, were not proof against the allurements of Greek luxury, and forsaking simple manners adopted those of the vanquished nation—a people long used to the refinements of art. Rome was now filled with masters in various arts hitherto unknown, and unbridled magnificence reigned — in architecture, furnishings, personal apparel, and in habits of living. Such luxuries aroused the city fathers and Cato, speaking in the Senate (180 B. C.), sounded his note of warning: "This opulence alarms me—makes me tremble. I fear the spoils of our enemies will ensnare us and that from possessing so much wealth we shall come to be slaves of it." And Pliny the younger exclaimed: "We are come to that pitch of luxury that we disdain to bathe unless the water is carried in silver pipes and comes murmuring down marble steps—unless we are bathed and sunburned at the same time—unless from the bathing vessel in its court of columns and statues we have a view of land and sea." But warnings were not heeded and the riot of self-indulgence and wealth continued until it led to the fall of Rome. When Attila and his Huns arrived, Augustus Romulus, his army and all its leaders, were too busy lolling in hot water to be bothered with defending the Empire. Thus did bathing make history. What might be taken for the motto of the Roman Empire was inscribed on a gaming table of the period: "To hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh—this is to live." And also to die, one could add.

*The swimming pool at the "Port of Missing Men," hunting lodge of Colonel H. H. Rogers at Southampton, N. Y., is the finest and largest private pool in this country. The decorations, done by LeRoy Daniel MacMorris, show motifs characteristic of Pompeiian villas and baths. The color is yellow, jade green, black and rose. John Russell Pope, architect.*

*Courtesy of W. & J. Sloan*



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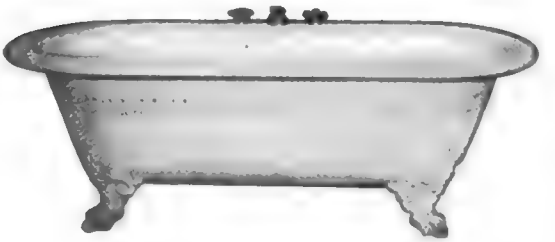
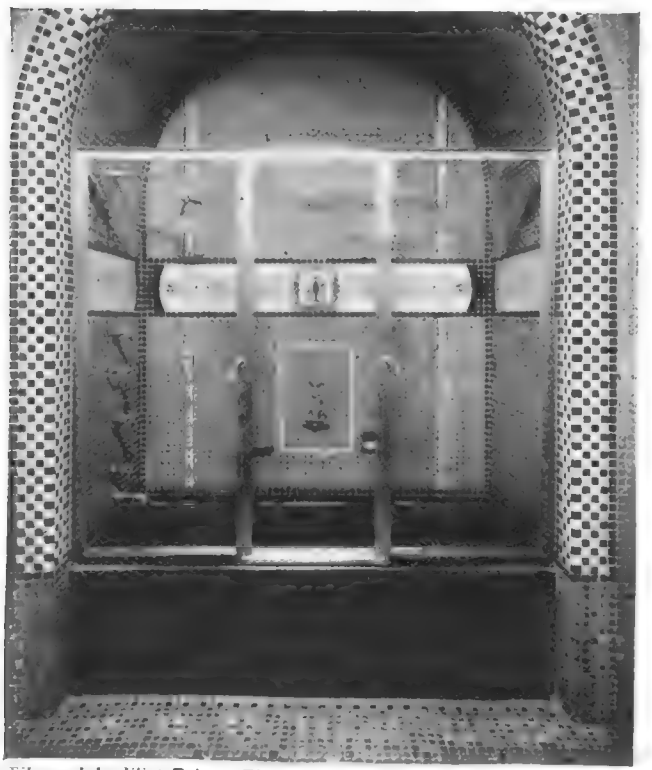
Seeking favor with the people, the Emperors vied with each other in the sumptuousness of the baths they built, and the first public establishment of the kind is credited to Nero. Agrippa, however, whose distinguished abilities adorned the court of Augustus, had private baths which adjoined the Pantheon, and these antedated those of Nero and surpassed them in splendor. At his death he bequeathed them, together with the adjacent gardens, to the Roman people. Typical of all these baths were columns of rich marble surrounding enormous and lofty courts, statuary in niches by Phidias and Praxiteles (now in the museum at Naples), walls lined with a bewildering admixture of colored marbles and gorgeous red and green porphyries from the quarries of Egypt, divided into panels by bronze framing—pavements of oriental alabaster bordered by large slabs of porphyries—domed ceilings done in mosaics—the whole lit by towering torchères holding candles. These baths contained swimming baths, cold and hot baths, hot air and vapor baths, auditoriums, libraries, shops, gymnasiums, stadiums for games, marble seats for spectators, and sometimes even theaters. They were a social institution, and were used somewhat as we use clubs—as a meeting place for friends and for discussion of timely topics, gossip, entertaining, sports, etc. They were open to all the people. The poor man could enter for one quadran (a half cent in our money) and not only choose his type of bath, but feast his soul on beauty. Some idea of their size may be had from the fact that one of the rooms in the baths of Diocletian has been converted into a church of imposing proportions—and that the enclosing walls of Caracalla are a quarter of a mile on each of the four sides. This particular bathing establishment is said to have accommodated twenty-five thousand persons at once. The shops that lined the walls did a thriving business, especially the clothing shops—due to the attendants, who, being slaves without wages, lived up to expectations and stole everything they could get their hands on. The process of bathing was prolonged and complicated. You first entered the spoliatorium and said good-by to your clothes, probably forever; then you were led to the unctuarium to be rubbed down with oils before entering the frigidarium, or cold room, where you passed at length to join in the game of destroying reputations and plotting intrigues. Finally, rested, you proceeded to the tepidarium to stretch out on a marble slab for a vapor bath, followed by a session with the strigillus, an ungentle instrument that looked like a cross between a hoe and a tablespoon and must have felt like a rake. The rich man's strigillus was made of gold or silver and the poor man's of wood. After this ordeal, your strength being equal to it, you plunged into the pool for a swim. Standing in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, or Titus or Diocletian, now yawning to the sky, one has a realization of awesome immensity and grandeur not inspired by structures of modern times. Romans were not content to bathe only in costly public establishments, for no man of wealth built his house without baths. This was not due to a desire for privacy, for promiscuous bathing was widely practised in spite of Hadrian's protests, but that in the home the family could enjoy the benefits which they firmly believed came from bathing. Unfortunately, the remains of private villas are few, for being built less strongly than public places they have crumbled more completely into decay. Wherever Roman conquest took its way, baths were established—as in Bath, England, and even in London there is one—small by comparison, but nevertheless reflecting "the glory that was Rome."

When the Christian fathers came along



*The bathtub of President McKinley, an historical relic in a plumber's shop at Canton, Ohio.*



*Tile work by Flint Faience Tile Company*
*Courtesy of the Kohler Company*

*Courtesy of Crane & Company*

*This inviting bathroom may be developed in almost any color scheme. The use of scenic wallpaper is a distinctive touch, and the step beside the recessed tub is quite new.*

*(Left) An all-tile bathroom is a man's delight, and glass doors as shower protection are the last word in sophistication. The walls are Pompeiian red, the trim is black and white, the tub and fixtures black. The little bronze dolphin in the center spouts drinking water.*

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*Peach, turquoise blue, and black form the color scheme of this luxurious bath-dressing room (right). The wallpaper has a turtle dove design on a peach background, and the carpet is peach chenille. The furniture is painted antique turquoise and gilt, and the tub and basin are peach and black marble.*

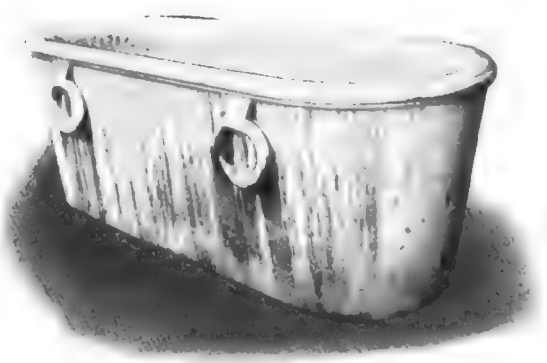
*Modernistic design in the decorative treatment of bathrooms offers many possibilities. The illustration below features a brown rubber floor, yellow tub and basin, and walls a lighter tone with touches of blue and rose.*

*Courtesy Standard Sanitary Mfg. Company*

*Courtesy of Elsie Sloan Farley*

they decried the worldly luxuries of their predecessors and consequently bathing became not merely undesirable but positively not respectable. The edict went forth that it should be done seldom, and for cleanliness only—but Gregory the Great, who no doubt was unusually broad-minded, saw no objection to taking a bath every Sunday, whether you needed it or not. These zealots smashed up all the wonderful aqueducts that carried water to cities, and ruined all the fun. By so doing they plunged the world into a state of dirty pestilence, and for about a thousand years the Christian population was largely unwashed—but the heathens in the East continued to bathe about as usual. Nothing could stop the vapor baths of the Turks and Japanese. But in Russia, Catherine the Great in all her miles of palace had only one bathroom. Isabella of Spain, it is rumored, never took but two baths in all her life, and was proud of it. She and Catherine were eminently respectable. The Puritans in this country frowned upon public bathing, no matter how many clothes one might wear, holding that it was a glorification of the body and took the mind off things of the spirit.

It's a bit obscure as to who started the world thinking about bathing again, and some give the credit to Henry IV. of England, who founded the Order of the Bath. Then, too, the Crusaders went to the East and returned with the idea that a little scrubbing up might do civilization good. But it is quite certain that the XVIII. Century brought a revival of interest in bathing, both public and private. However, it was not until well into the XIX. Century that, generally speaking, we had anything but portable tubs. Many of us can remember them—being brought into the bedroom and deposited before the fire, flanked by towels, sheets, and buckets of water. They stayed with us years after built-in tubs were common, and even now they are fairly usual in England and on the Continent. It hasn't been so long since only a few of the newest houses in Paris had water above the street level. Paris bathed for the most part in the bath establishments that line the Seine, but if you were so unreasonable as to want a hot bath at home, you had to buy it from a public place for delivery at a certain hour—whereupon the bath man would be sent to you with a tub, a tank of hot water, and copper buckets, all mounted on a two-wheeled cart. Your hotel keeper would grumpily send up a quart of hot water to the room, but filling a tub was beyond the capacity of his ménage. Napoleon, being a man of his own mind, was an ardent bather, and his bathroom at Versailles was for years a much talked-of curiosity. It is said that the number of baths he took were exceeded only by the number of cups of coffee he drank.



*A Roman bathtub which one must stand on tiptoe to look into, carved from a block of solid marble. Now in the Field Museum, Chicago.*

One can search Naples from end to end for a public bath and be met with only a vague smile, for Naples knows no such necessity. Of course, the hotels that cater to American tourists have baths, after a fashion, or they wouldn't have tourists, but try one of the small "native" ones and see what happens, not just in Naples, but all over Europe. The Shades of Caracalla, should they be stalking around, would weep to see the stranger led to a

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*White walls with black marbleized pilasters topped by capitals in gold relief form a distinguished background in the bathroom of Mrs. Seton Porter's Park Avenue apartment. The floor is black and white marble, and the tub base is painted to simulate drapery. Mirrors are framed in black glass, the ceiling is jade green, and the stools are covered in gold brocade.*

*Courtesy of McMillen, Inc.*

huge room, recently converted for such use, and deposited in a small zinc tub close by the funny little stove where the water is heating in a copper vessel. Or again, the tub may be in proportion with the room, and high off the floor, looking for all the world like a ship in drydock. You stand expectantly what seems like hours while hot and cold water is brought from distant regions in enormous containers. Steam fills the air, attendants await developments—and it's up to you to decide whether or not you want to scald before an interested audience.

FINALLY THE portable tub lost prestige and was followed by the built-in tin tub that boasted a room all its own, the walls of which were paneled half-way up with mahogany, walnut, or some gloomy imitation—constituting the best dirt-catchers ever invented. The first one in the United States was installed in a home in Cincinnati in 1842. Dolly Madison was the first mistress of the White House who had the nerve to install tin tubs, and Andrew Jackson promptly and carefully removed them, lest the common people be offended by such swank. Another decade ushered in white-enameled iron tubs, raised on bandy-legged supports, leaving space underneath for accumulated dust and rubbish, but at this stage of our journey towards sanitation they were considered the last word in sophistication. Apartments were still unknown and people lived in houses which were inclined to be large, in order to accommodate the family—for children hadn't yet gone out of style. I remember in my father's house there were numerous rooms and almost as many people as there were rooms, but only two baths. When tub-time came for the army of youngsters, the line formed on the right, as it were, and we drew straws for places — hence daily fights ensued. We were submerged in groups—the old Roman custom forced upon us by necessity, and carried out in faithful detail, as far as the social phase was concerned. Nowadays, no matter what our station in life may be, we must have our private bath—and if by any conceivable chance we were obliged to choose between a bedroom and a bathroom, many people would choose the bathroom and sleep in the tub.

It has remained for America to bring the modern bathroom to perfection and place it, like the automobile, within the reach of a very large majority of the population. It is essentially a product of our own age and country, and has developed along entirely different lines from the bathrooms of Europe, which, even now, are a luxury reserved for the wealthy. Not many years ago I told a man in London that there was a hotel in New York with a thousand rooms and a thousand baths, and he took it as a huge joke.

Virtually all the new houses now are being built with a bathroom for every bedroom, while older houses are being remodeled to accommodate additional bathrooms by the redecorating of waste spaces, large closets, etc.

We are world-famous for the degree of sanitation we have attained, and having won that fight, we are well on the way toward covering ourselves with glory as decorators of our plumbing achievements. Sanitary requirements led to standardization of our bathrooms, and for a long time white was the chosen color, as it was considered a symbol of cleanliness. This resulted in a most uninteresting similarity, which we have now left far behind, for equipment comes in any shade one may fancy and the bathroom has taken its place in a gaily colored world, having completely lost its likeness to laundries and hospitals. In fact, one manufacturer of enameled iron and vitreous china plumbing fixtures has found that he can make them in 200 different shades. In this field of decoration we must depend upon our own ingenuity and originality, for none of the great designers ever produced a bathtub or anything to go with it, and there are few period interiors of this kind to be copied. We do, however, choose motifs from all decorative styles to form backgrounds and indicate the type of furnishings that will best enhance the charm of our bathing facilities. A bathroom may be, in effect, Empire, Directoire, Pompeiian, Colonial, Modernistic, or what have you. There are so many ways, both elaborate and simple, to make a bathroom beautiful these days that there is really no excuse for an ugly one. The basis for all bathroom modernizing, of course, should be the plumbing fixtures. It is really not worth while to go into an extensive redecoration of the bathroom while retaining obsolete plumbing fixtures. The effect will never be satisfactory. You will be better satisfied if the old iron tub on legs, the other enameled iron, and wooden fixtures

*The woodwork, ceiling and walls in this bathroom in the Park Avenue apartment of Mrs. William Stern are silver-leafed. On one wall the tiles have been smoothed to give a flat surface for the mural. Bathtub and basin are marbleized a dark green, and the floor is green rubber. Across one end of the room are built-in mirrored cupboards and a dressing table.*

*Courtesy of The Bath Shop*

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both ugly and inefficient are taken out and replaced with a recessed tub, a vitreous china lavatory, a dressing table of vitreous china to match, and a quiet, modern closet combination.

New bathroom fixtures for the old bathroom are a delight not only because of the color note which they can introduce, but because of the many improvements in design and performance which have been made in plumbing fixtures. A bathroom without a shower is hardly modern, so great is the preference for this time-saving method of bathing. A shower may be placed over the tub or in a stall. Faucets and fittings in the new bathroom may be plated with chromium, gold, silver, or nickel. Those who like them can still get china handles. The preference in the moderate priced bathroom, however, is for chromium, which excels in luster and durability.

While you can easily spend a small fortune on redecorating your bathroom, on the other hand, with imagination, a pot of paint, an eye for color and a little money, the most commonplace bathroom can be transformed. Paint the woodwork, using gay water-proofed paper above. Or if there are no tiles, paint or paper the entire wall and marbleize the woodwork, as well as the outside of the tub and basin. Cover an unsightly floor with rubber flooring in any shade desired, or one of the many attractive linoleums that simulate marble. Hang up a mirror or two, and cheerful curtains of oilcloth, organdie, chintz, taffeta, voile, etc. Find place for a comfortable chair and a little table, if possible, and shield the lights with soft shades. Provided there is space for a draped dressing table with a mirrored top, by all means have this touch of luxury and convenience. Rugs, bath mats and towels should harmonize with the color scheme, as well as bottles and other small accessories. Treat your bathroom as carefully as you do the living-room, and you will enjoy it just as much.

The illustrations in this article offer many practical ideas. There are endless wall treatments that are charming, and some of the most interesting bathrooms make use of the various marbleized effects with decorative wall papers in modernistic and Chinese designs. Canvas is often employed as a foundation for mural painting, and of course tiles, marbles, and mosaics are just as beautiful and indispensable as when they adorned the magnificent baths of the ancient world.

Architects have long since put aside the idea that the bathroom should be condensed into the size of an enlarged closet, and whenever possible it is given the dignity and proportion of a real room, with full grown windows and doors of its own, to say nothing of numerous and carefully placed lighting fixtures, cupboards, book shelves —and very often fireplaces. The European conception of luxury has crept into its planning, and the result is the bath-dressing-room, which can be not only very elaborate in its furnishings, but important architecturally. Marble floors are covered with costly rugs, marble tubs are recessed or sunken, walls are columned and painted or frescoed, mirrors are inset as decorative features, and mirrored shelves hold toilet articles, photographs and vases of flowers. Such a room will have a chaise longue, an open fire, a dressing table and occasional tables, books, comfortable chairs and stools—in fact, all the trappings of the boudoir in addition to the mechanical equipment necessary in an ultra-modern bathroom. The impersonal bathroom has gone, as far as the private home is concerned, and in its place is individual conception of beauty. Even in hotels and rented apartments, now that color is the prevailing mode, bathrooms offer an attractive background for the personal touch, which is easily given. A climax in bathing luxury has been reached and has become such a commonplace that we seldom stop to consider that the American bathroom is unique in the history of the world—and that as to actual comfort no ancient king had anything on the small wage-earner of today.

# Freya *of the* Seven Isles

(*Continued from page* 113)

and his eyes on his brig, anticipating a blissful future. His silence was eloquent with disappointment, and Freya understood it very well. She, too, was disappointed. But it was her business to be sensible.

"We shan't have a moment to ourselves with that beetle creeping round the house," she argued in a low, hurried voice. "So what's the good of your staying? And he won't go while the brig's here. You know he won't."

"He ought to be reported for loitering," murmured Jasper with a vexed little laugh.

"Mind you get under way at daylight," recommended Freya under her breath.

He detained her after the manner of lovers. She expostulated without struggling because it was hard for her to repulse him. He whispered into her ear while he put his arms around her.

"Next time we two meet, next time I hold you like this, it shall be on board. You and I, in the brig—all the world, all the life——" And then he flashed out: "I wonder I can wait! I feel as if I must carry you off now, at once. I could run with you in my hands—down the path—without stumbling—without touching the earth——"

She was still. She listened to the passion in his voice. She was saying to herself that if she were to whisper the faintest yes, if she were but to sigh lightly her consent, he would do it. He was capable of doing it—without touching the earth. She closed her eyes and smiled in the dark, abandoning herself in a delightful giddiness, for an instant, to his encircling arm. But before he could be tempted to tighten his grasp she was out of it, a foot away from him and in full possession of her self.

That was the steady Freya. She was touched by the deep sigh which floated up to her from the white figure of Jasper, who did not stir.

"You are a mad kid," she said tremulously. Then with a change of tone: "No one could carry me off. Not even you. I am not the sort of girl that gets carried off." His white form seemed to shrink a little before the force of that assertion and she relented. "Isn't it enough for you to know that you have—that you have carried me away?" she added in a tender tone.

He murmured an endearing word, and she continued:

"I've promised—I've said I'd come—and I shall come of my own free will. You shall wait for me on board. I shall get up the side—by myself, and walk up to you on the deck and say: 'Here I am, kid.' And then—and then I shall be carried off. But it will be no man who will carry me off—it will be the brig, your brig—our brig. . . . I love the beauty!"

She heard an inarticulate sound, something like a moan wrung out by pain or delight, and glided away. There was the other man on the other veranda, that dark, surly Dutchman who could make trouble between Jasper and her father, bring about a quarrel, ugly words, and perhaps a physical collision. What a horrible situation! But, even putting aside that awful extremity, she shrank from having to live for some three months with a wretched, tormented, angry, distracted, absurd man. And when the day came, the day and the hour, what should she do if her father tried to detain her by main force—as was, after all, possible? Could she actually struggle with him hand to hand? But it was of lamentations and entreaties that she was really afraid. Could she withstand them? What an odious, cruel, ridiculous position would that be!

"But it won't be. He'll say nothing," she thought as she came out quickly on the west veranda, and, seeing Heemskirk did not make a move, she sat down on a chair near the doorway and kept her

(*Continued on page* 124)

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*Woodcut by L. Newlands*

# Children of the Sun

IT IS HIGH NOON in Zululand. Native cattle pant along the roadside. Now and again, in grove or gully, monkeys squabble for shade. Here an antelope, there a hare, pause in the stark sunshine to give an inquisitive greeting. Tree and bush wilt. It is hot. . . .

Up low huddled hills, through pleasant valleys, a car throbs, the road twisting deviously as if made by a stanch and practical opponent of Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson's liquor views. A sense of inactivity lies about the round thatch and mud huts on the hillsides.

Zulus come flocking down presently, some merely curious, others commercially inclined. Man and maid, they gather round. They are scantily clad, their fine limbs generously displayed. Indeed, the warriors boast merely a few square inches of covering, a string or two of beads, a spear of sorts, and a shield. Some of the representatives of the rising generation wear nothing at all.

Badinage and bargaining begin. An insistent female of some twenty summers or so, in loin-cloth, vigorously claims four shillings for a string of beads. Words flow freely from prospective seller and buyer alike, and finally the adornment changes hands for eighteen pence. Another damsel, with numerous clicky ejaculations of readily assumed dismay, removes her beaded snuffbox from where it dangles round her neck; the long and argumentative business is concluded, and the queer trinket is the white man's property, the price paid being but a quarter of that originally suggested.

Meantime, piccanin Ngigin'indhlovu (which dreadful combination of n's and i's and other alphabetical characters means "I have swallowed the elephant") has gone for water for the car tank. Ngigin'indhlovu names three shillings as fitting reward for his toil; but finding you without enthusiasm, he agrees to accept a threepenny piece! *En passant*, let it be noted that Fate has played a pithy jest on Ngigin'indhlovu—he is a piccanin of singularly stunted stature.

Thoughts slip back a few decades, and in the mind's eye one sees Zululand torn by factions and sanguinary battle. Torturous warfare waged, sometimes black man against black man, sometimes European against Zulu. The countryside, as far as the sight would carry, and far beyond, has witnessed a long-drawn-out maelstrom of barbaric greed, despotism, and cruelty. But out of the war-torn past has arisen a land of contentment and sufficiency. .

Ngigin'indhlovu, returned from his pilgrimage and clamoring for his reward, jabbers his way in upon the retrospect. So the stipulated payment is made, the car given water, and away you speed from the cluster of brown-black humanity, wildly gesticulating and loudly chattering, as is the custom of the South African aboriginal when interest has been stirred.

Appetites by now are well whetted for the sights, so you cry a halt at another *kraal*, or native village, again going through the business of badinage and bargaining. Thereafter, gifts of tobacco having thawed his reserve, you find the headman a merry and hospitable old fellow; and in his primitive sanctum, over meat and mugs of kafir-beer, you talk together.

THE OLD headman knows your language. Years earlier he labored in a Johannesburg gold mine, where he acquired that knowledge. Through the shrewd host, you grasp something of what was said when wizened warriors came to tell of bloody battles of long ago in which they had a part, while youthful *indunas*, mouths open, relished the savage tales.

Zululand has been described as a land drenched with the grossest superstition. There are spirits everywhere, usually evil spirits, the Zulu will tell you. And of course, the witch doctor is a natural corollary of such belief. To be lord over the superstitions of these people, it has been said, is to be lord over their whole lives.

The witch doctor, or diviner, is reputed to perform many remarkable feats at will. For instance, when a tottering and bony veteran seeks conquests among youthful maidens, the witch doctor's love potions are professed to overcome opposition on the part of the damsels. The diviner is also credited with power to ward off or bring evil to the *kraal*, to cause rain to fall, and, indeed, control the elements generally.

Then there is the medicine man. His knowledge of herbs renders him less dangerous than would otherwise be the case, and on occasions, no doubt, his aid is timely. Surgery, as practised by the medicine man, is apt to make you shudder; but it is agreed that here the Zulu exhibits considerable skill, especially when one remembers how crude are his surgical instruments.

Just as the European girl will spend hours (apparently) before her glass preparing for a meeting with her swain, so, too, does the Zulu damsel give deft touches to her toilet, calculated to set the hearts of amorous youths beating exultantly.

Happy, indeed, is the father when a suitor brings the purchase of a bride—probably half-a-dozen cattle. And wives are well worth having in Zululand, for the reason that most of the work falls to their lot, and the much-married Zulu (often unable to count his wives on the fingers of one hand) apparently lives in a near approach to perpetual idleness!

The hours have slipped by unnoticed while you move among a people of absorbing interest, who, despite decades of some intercourse with the Europeans, still very largely retain the customs and beliefs of the savage. It is time to leave the *kraal;* so, amid a great hullabaloo you start away. The car throbs up a hillside. You dip into a valley. The huts are lost to sight.

As you speed across the darkening countryside your mind harks back to the many novel and likeable traits in the character of the *kraal* Zulu; and it occurs to you that, after all, in their natural state, these brown-black people are indeed "white-souled children of a savage race."



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# Freya of the Seven Isles

(*Continued from page* 120)

eyes on him. The outraged lieutenant had not changed his attitude; only his cap had fallen off his stomach and was lying on the floor. His thick black eyebrows were knitted by a frown, while he looked at her out of the corners of his eyes. And their sideways glance in conjunction with the hooked nose, the whole bulky, ungainly, sprawling person, struck Freya as so comically moody that, inwardly discomposed as she was, she could not help smiling. She did her best to give that smile a conciliatory character. She did not want to provoke Heemskirk needlessly.

And the lieutenant, perceiving that smile, was mollified. It never entered his head that his outward appearance, a naval officer, in uniform, could appear ridiculous to that girl of no position—the daughter of old Nielsen. The recollection of her arms round Jasper's neck still irritated and excited him. "The hussy!" he thought. "Smiling—eh? That's how you are amusing yourself. Fooling your father finely, aren't you? You have a taste for that sort of fun—have you? Well, we shall see——" He did not alter his position, but on his pursed-up lips there also appeared a smile of surly and ill-omened amusement, while his eyes returned to the contemplation of his boots.

Freya felt hot with indignation. She sat radiantly fair in the lamplight, her strong, well-shaped hands lying one on top of the other in her lap. . . . "Odious creature," she thought. Her face colored with sudden anger. "You have scared my maid out of her senses," she said aloud. "What possessed you?"

He was thinking so deeply of her that the sound of her voice, pronouncing these unexpected words, startled him extremely. He jerked up his head and looked so bewildered that Freya insisted impatiently:

"I mean Antonia. You have bruised her arm. What did you do it for?"

"Do you want to quarrel with me?" he asked thickly, with a sort of amazement. He blinked like an owl. He was funny. Freya, like all women, had a keen sense of the ridiculous in outward appearance.

"Well, no; I don't think I do." She could not help herself. She laughed outright, a clear, nervous laugh in which Heemskirk joined suddenly with a harsh "Ha, ha, ha!"

Voices and footsteps were heard in the passage, and Jasper, with old Nelson, came out. Old Nelson looked at his daughter approvingly, for he liked the lieutenant to be kept in good humor. And he also joined sympathetially in the laugh. "Now, lieutenant, we shall have some dinner," he said, rubbing his hands cheerily. Jasper had gone straight to the balustrade. The sky was full of stars, and in the blue velvety night the cove below had

(*Continued on page* 127)

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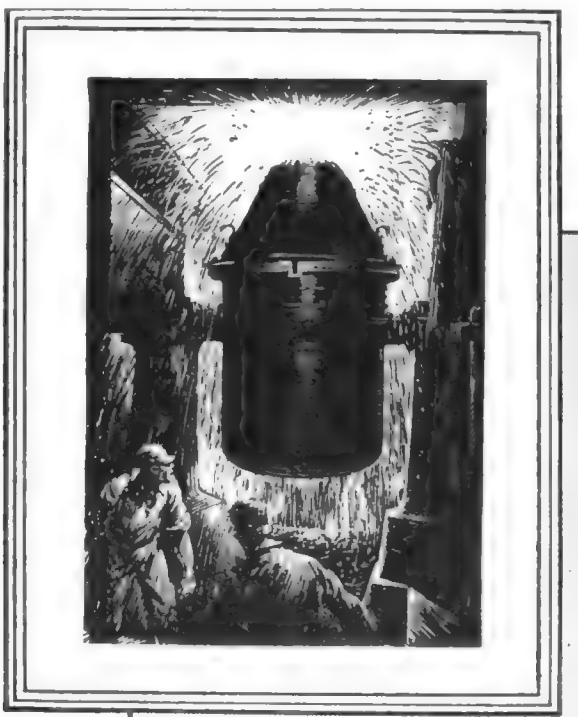

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The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Investments for your individual needs. Upon request the National City Company will submit a list of recommended issues. The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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## Freya of the Seven Isles

(*Continued from page* 124)

a denser blackness, in which the riding-lights of the brig and of the gunboat glimmered redly, like suspended sparks. "Next time this riding-light glimmers down there, I'll be waiting for her on the quarter-deck to come and say 'Here I am.'" Jasper thought; and his heart seemed to grow bigger in his chest, dilated by an oppressive happiness that nearly wrung out a cry from him. There was no wind. Not a leaf below him stirred, and even the sea was but a still, uncomplaining shadow. Far away on the unclouded sky the pale lightning, the heat-lightning of the tropics, played tremulously amongst the low stars in short, faint, mysteriously consecutive flashes, like incomprehensible signals from some distant planet.

The dinner passed off quietly. Freya sat facing her father, calm but pale. Heemskirk affected to talk only to old Nelson. Jasper's behavior was exemplary. He kept his eyes under control, basking in the sense of Freya's nearness, as people bask in the sun without looking up to heaven. And very soon after dinner was over, mindful of his instructions, he declared that it was time for him to go on board his ship.

Heemskirk did not look up. Ensconced in the rocking-chair, and puffing at a cheroot, he had the air of meditating surlily over some odious outbreak. So at least it seemed to Freya. Old Nelson said at once, "I'll stroll down with you." He had begun a professional conversation about the dangers of the New Guinea coast, and wanted to relate to Jasper some experience of his own "over there." Jasper was such a good listener! Freya made as if to accompany them, but her father frowned, shook his head, and nodded significantly towards the immovable Heemskirk blowing out smoke with half-closed eyes and protruded lips. The lieutenant must not be left alone. Take offense, perhaps.

Freya obeyed these signs. "Perhaps it is better for me to stay," she thought. Women are not generally prone to review their own conduct, still less to condemn it. The embarrassing masculine absurdities are in the main responsible for its ethics. But, looking at Heemskirk, Freya felt regret and even remorse. His thick bulk in repose suggested the idea of repletion, but as a matter of fact he had eaten very little. He had drunk a great deal, however. The fleshy lobes of his unpleasant big ears with deeply folded rims were crimson. They quite flamed in the neighborhood of the flat, sallow cheeks. For a considerable time he did not raise his heavy brown eyelids. To be at the mercy of such a creature was humiliating; and Freya, who always ended by being frank with herself, thought regretfully: "If only I had been open with papa from the first! But then what an impossible life he would


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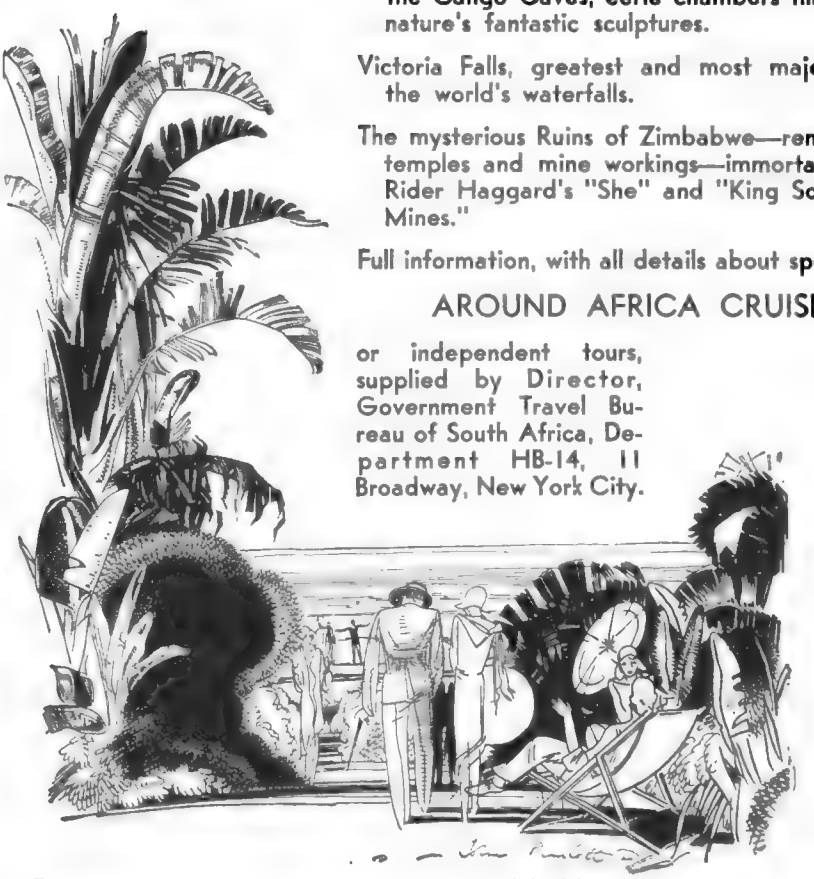

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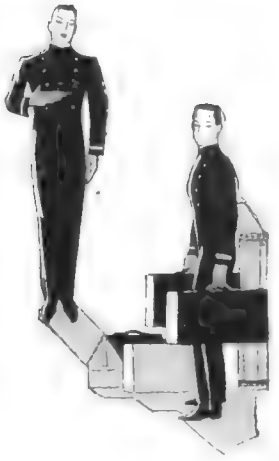

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have led me!" Yes. Men were absurd in many ways; lovably like Jasper, impracticably like her father, odiously like that grotesquely supine creature in the chair. Was it possible to talk him over? Perhaps it was not necessary? "Oh! I can't talk to him," she thought. And when Heemskirk, still without looking at her, began resolutely to crush his half-smoked cheroot on the coffee-tray, she took alarm, glided toward the piano, opened it in tremulous haste, and struck the keys before she sat down.

In an instant the veranda, the whole carpetless wooden bungalow raised on piles, became filled with an uproarious, confused resonance. But through it all she heard, she felt on the floor the heavy, prowling footsteps of the lieutenant moving to and fro at her back. He was not exactly drunk, but he was sufficiently primed to make the suggestions of his excited imagination seem perfectly feasible and even clever; beautifully, unscrupulously clever. Freya, aware that he had stopped just behind her, went on playing without turning her head. She played with spirit, brilliantly, a fierce piece of music, but when his voice reached her she went cold all over. It was the voice, not the words. The insolent familiarity of tone dismayed her to such an extent that she could not understand at first what he was saying. His utterance was thick, too.

"Is suspected. . . . Of course I suspected something of your little goings on. I am not a child. But from suspecting to seeing—seeing, you understand—there's an enormous difference. That sort of thing. . . . Come! One isn't made of stone. And when a man has been worried by a girl as I have been worried by you, Miss Freya—sleeping and waking, then, of course. . . . But I am a man of the world. It must be dull for you here . . . I say, won't you leave off this confounded playing . . . ?"

This last was the only sentence really which she made out. She shook her head negatively, and in desperation put on the loud pedal, but she could not make the sound of the piano cover his raised voice.

"Only, I am surprised that you should. . . . An English trading skipper, a common fellow. Low, cheeky lot, infesting these islands. I would make short work of such trash! While you have here a good friend, a gentleman ready to worship at your feet —your pretty feet—an officer, a man of family. Strange, isn't it? But what of that! You are fit for a prince."

Freya did not turn her head. Her face went stiff with horror and indignation. This adventure was altogether beyond her conception of what was possible. It was not in her character to jump up and run away. It seemed to her, too, that if she did move there was no saying what might happen. Presently her father would be back, and then the other would have to leave off. It was best to ignore—to ignore. She went on playing loudly and correctly, as though she were alone, as if Heemskirk did not exist. That proceeding irritated him.

"Come! You may deceive your father," he bawled angrily, "but I am not to be made a fool of! Stop this infernal noise . . . Freya . . . Hey! You Scandinavian Goddess of Love! Stop! Do you hear? That's what you are—of love. But the heathen gods are only devils in disguise, and that's what you are, too—a deep little devil. Stop it, I say, or I will lift you off that stool!"

Standing behind her, he devoured her with his eyes, from the golden crown of her rigidly motionless head to the heels of her shoes, the line of her shapely shoulders, the curves of her fine figure swaying a little before the keyboard. She had on a light dress; the sleeves stopped short at the elbows in an edging of lace. A satin ribbon encircled her waist. In an excess of irresistible, reckless hopefulness he clapped both his hands on that waist—and then the irritating music stopped at last. But, quick as she was in springing away from the contact (the round music-stool going over with a crash), Heemskirk's lips, aiming at her neck, landed a hungry, smacking kiss just under her ear. A deep silence reigned for a time. And then he laughed rather feebly.

He was disconcerted somewhat by her white, still face, the big light violet eyes resting on him stonily. She had not uttered a sound. She faced him, steadying herself on the corner of the piano with one extended hand. The other went on rubbing with mechanical persistency the place his lips had touched.

"What's the trouble?" he said, offended. "Startled you? Look here: don't let us have any of that nonsense. You don't mean to say a kiss frightens you so much as all that. . . . I know better. . . . I don't mean to be left out in the cold."

He had been gazing into her face with such strained intentness that he could no longer see it distinctly. Everything round him was rather misty. He forgot the overturned stool, caught his foot against it, and lurched forward slightly, saying in an ingratiating tone:

"I'm not bad fun, really. You try a few kisses to begin with——"

He said no more, because his head received a terrific concussion, accompanied by an explosive sound. Freya had swung her round, strong arm with such force that the impact of her open palm on his flat cheek turned him half round. Uttering a faint, hoarse yell, the lieutenant clapped both his hands to the left side of his face, which had taken on suddenly a dusky brick-red tinge. Freya, very erect, her violet eyes darkened, her palm still tingling from the blow, a sort of restrained determined smile showing a tiny gleam of her white teeth, heard her father's rapid, heavy tread on the path below the veranda. Her expression lost its pugnacity and became sincerely concerned. She was sorry for her father. She stooped quickly

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to pick up the music-stool, as if anxious to obliterate the traces. . . . But that was no good. She had resumed her attitude, one hand resting lightly on the piano, before old Nelson got up to the top of the stairs.

Poor father! How furious he will be—how upset! And afterwards, what tremors, what unhappiness! Why had she not been open with him from the first? His round, innocent stare of amazement cut her to the quick. But he was not looking at her. His stare was directed to Heemskirk, who, with his back to him and with his hands still up to his face, was hissing curses through his teeth, and (she saw him in profile) glaring at her balefully with one black, evil eye.

"What's the matter?" asked old Nelson, very much bewildered.

She did not answer him. She thought of Jasper on the deck of the brig, gazing up at the lighted bungalow, and she felt frightened. It was a mercy that one of them at least was on board, out of the way. She only wished he were a hundred miles off. And yet she was not certain that she did. Had Jasper been mysteriously moved that moment to reappear on the veranda she would have thrown her insistency, her firmness, her self-possession, to the winds, and flown into his arms.

"What is it? What is it?" insisted the unsuspecting Nelson, getting quite excited. "Only this minute you were playing a tune, and——"

Freya, unable to speak in her apprehension of what was coming (she was also fascinated by that black, evil, glaring eye), only nodded slightly at the lieutenant, as much as to say: "Just look at him!"

"Why, yes!" exclaimed old Nelson. "I see. What on earth——"

Meantime he had cautiously approached Heemskirk, who, bursting into incoherent imprecations, was stamping with both feet where he stood. The indignity of the blow, the rage of baffled purpose, the ridicule of the exposure, and the impossibility of revenge maddened him to a point when he simply felt he must howl with fury.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he howled, stamping across the veranda as though he meant to drive his foot through the floor at every step.

"Why, is his face hurt?" asked the astounded old Nelson. The truth dawned suddenly upon his innocent mind. "Dear me!" he cried, enlightened. "Get some brandy, quick, Freya. . . . You are subject to it, lieutenant? Fiendish, eh? I know, I know! Used to go crazy all of a sudden myself at the time. . . . And the little bottle of laudanum from the medicine-chest, too, Freya. Look sharp. . . . Don't you see he's got a toothache?"

Concluded in October


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# Art
## IN EVERYDAY LIVING

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ENTHUSIASTIC response — sincere and whole hearted—greeted this new department from its first appearance in *The Golden Book*. While this tangible expression of approval is gratifying to the editors, it is logical that "Art in Everyday Living" should appeal to the readers of this magazine.

For five years, *The Golden Book* has brought to a discriminating audience the best of literature. From all time, all lands and all authors, the editors of *The Golden Book* have culled those stories which can be read, and as keenly re-read. They are the stories that live. They are vivid—entertaining—very much worth-while.

Logically, those who read and appreciate the literary merits of *The Golden Book* would quickly respond to the introduction to "Art in Everyday Living" in the June magazine. It sketched the development of furniture from the all-important chest, the forerunner of all furniture. The July article carries on under the title "The Golden Age of Furniture." And the subject was continued in the August issue with "Early American and Colonial Furniture." Of course, *Golden Book* readers respond! Who does not desire a wider knowledge of our background of beauty?

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Mrs. Baxter's article in this issue of *The Golden Book* is keenly interesting—entirely in keeping with those which have preceded it in her department, "Art in Everyday Living." Read "Bathing Through the Ages" (starting on page 114), and you will want to follow this department each month. And these worth-while articles are but one feature of *The Golden Book*—the magazine that selects from the world's heritage of literature the entertainment that deserves to live. The coupon is a convenient means of ordering your *Golden Book* for the coming year.

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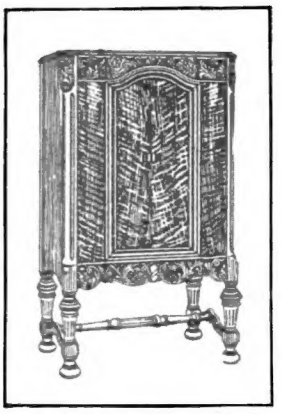

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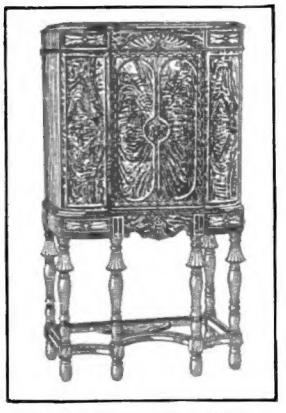

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